

THE LEATHERNECK

May, 1928

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American Fleet in the Strait of Magellan During Its World-Cruise, 1907

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NUMBER 5

FROM MAST TO MAST

By EDWIN BALMER

Author of "Keeban," "The Breath of Scandal," "Resurrection Rock," etc.

T HAD been cold, even for December, on Superior. At eleven o'clock in the morning, when Captain Clem Milter noticed the thermometer, the mercury was away down below zero, with a good gale blowing. Snow was in the wind; but there was nothing to bother sight or start the steam whistle. Captain Milter stood on the bridge of the "Blaine," one of the big ore-carriers of the Red Arrow Line, and gazed out at the "Howell," her sister ship, which was steaming steadily on about two miles ahead and as much more to the North.

"What's that?" he shouted to Tinsman, the second mate, whose words, as he climbed up to the bridge beside his skipper, had been whipped away by the gale.

"Keeler's getting a call from Marquette, sir! They think the 'Grand Marais' is in trouble off Keweenaw!" Keeler was the radio man on the "Blaine." "Not sure, though, sir! Here's the message."

The captain held out his hand for the paper.

"Signals from steamer in extreme distress registered this station" (it read). "Incomplete or badly interferred with. This station immediately answered, but continued to receive only weak and interrupted signals, accompanied repeated calls distress. A private station Keweenaw claims definitely made out name 'Marais' and information 'helpless off Copper.' Message picked up, however, by amateur installation copper miner's son, and may not be reliable. If reliable may refer Copper Falls, Keweenaw. Amateur also made reply and received repeated distress signals, after which all signals ceased."

"Package freighter 'Grand Marais,' master, Henry Stanton, Boynton and Downey, mates, nineteen crew, left this port yesterday 4 P. M. for Duluth; met heavy ice, but got through; passed Gran-

ite Island light 8:30 p. m. Vessel making distress signal may be 'Grand Marais,' helpless somewhere off Keweenaw. Tugs attempting leave this port are meeting very heavy ice. All vessels passing Keweenaw warned watch for signals or boats or wreckage 'Grand Marais'."

Milter turned his head. "Tell 'em we expect to reach position they've reported 'bout three o'clock," he called. "Tell 'em we'll make sure nobody's there before we go on."

Tinsman nodded and climbed down. The old captain turned once more to the North, his keen blue eyes sweeping the shortening horizon. The snow was about to set in. Beneath him the vessel was pitching and rolling in the ever-rising wind. The "Grand Marais" helpless off Keweenaw in that wind and sea! Twenty-two men aboard her! He knew none of them, except Stanton and Boynton by name, but he knew the ship—an old, high-decked steamer, white-painted and mostly wood, with old machinery, undoubtedly; just the sort of hooker to snap her shaft or burst a main feed pipe in a blow; and then, God help her, with that ugly, rocky coast of Keweenaw down wind and her high, wooden sides catching the gale.

The day was the fourth of December, at the very end of the season of possible navigation on Superior. Officially, the ports of Marquette, Ashland, L'Anse, and Passage Island already were closed, and, in physical fact, locked and sealed with ice. Duluth, far to the west, and protected by the west gales from the onslaught of floes, might remain "open"—that meant passable—for a week yet, but the Soo in the east, toward which the "Blaine" was headed, was fast freezing. The Soo, of course, is the gate of the Great Lakes. When it closes, Superior is shut. So each of the dozen ships still left on the lake was racing to reach the

Soo and get through before the freeze-up. "Ice; drift ice ahead, sir!" came back the hail from the lookout in the bow.

Milter saw it at almost the same moment—more of that floe which he had sighted before the snow had shut out everything. No danger to the "Blaine" from that in deep water; so he held his helm where it was. While the ice, tossed back from the "Blaine's" sides, rode on the waves and drummed upon the long, resounding sides of his ship, Milter repeated to himself ". . . after which all signals ceased." The requiem of how many ships and how many good men!

Perhaps, though, the "Grand Marais" was helpless and unable even to send radio signals, but still floated; in that event—and it was the only one which offered Milter hope of arriving in time to be of any use—the "Grand Marais" must be being blown upon the rocks of Keweenaw.

"Fosdick's been warned, too, of course," Milter shouted to Tinsman when the second mate returned. Fosdick was captain of the "Howell," the sister ship, now lost from sight in the snow.

"Yes, sir! He's replied to Marquette like we have."

Abaft the bridge, the "Blaine's" steam whistle burst the three short blasts of a steamer under way through snow; and back on the wind from the northeast came the sound of the "Howell's" steam whistle.

Until two o'clock nothing more was to be heard, and nothing at all was to be seen; the radio bore no more signals having to do with the "Grand Marais" or efforts for its relief except that, about half past one, Marquette wirelessed that the tugs, which had been trying to leave the harbor, had given it up.

At two o'clock—in accordance with the agreement by which Captains Milter

and Fosdick were to inform each other of any change of course or speed—Fosdick wirelessed to the "Blaine": "I am making fourteen knots; bearing now east-northeast."

This meant that after more than a hundred miles of safe going there was creeping in on them from the south the ugly, barbed point of Keweenaw, all mountain, mine, rock and deadly shoal. Here, if a skipper is weak, or not sure of himself, he longs to edge off and off. Of course, it is, in such weather, the safe and sensible thing to do; that was what Fosdick was doing. "East-northeast. He's pointed north of his previous course. North! God knows, the 'Grand Marais' could not be there!"

Clement Milter realized this, and himself did differently from Fosdick without contempt or feeling himself superior. Fosdick was a good navigator and, by all the records of the Red Arrow ledgers, a far better man than Clem Milter.

Though a dozen boards of trade from Duluth to Buffalo had voted Milter thanks and praise for his seamanship and courage in saving life on the lakes; though his testimonial gold watches—which his wife wound every morning for him—ticked in the drawer in his Charlevoix cottage like timepieces in a pawnbroker's window, yet the stern, unemotional balance sheets of the Red Arrow line proved that he was by far the most extravagant of its skippers, and the "Blaine" the most unreliable ship of the line. Reliable, with Clem Milter aboard? The Lord knew that when any craft called for help anywhere from Granite Point to Pancake shoals, Clem Milter was never going to keep in mind a little matter like an appointment for four thousand tons of iron in Chicago.

Consequently, in these seasons of high costs and hard money, he could no longer be forgiven. That incident with the "Nerenden" finally had exhausted patience with him. There the "Nerenden" had been hard and fast aground on Gull Island, with her crew in no real danger; but Milter had gone in to try to help them. He had accomplished nothing. The "Nerenden" broke in two and her crew got away in their own boats. So Milter scraped his bottom for nothing, and brought his ship, almost in a sinking state, into Duluth, where it required twenty days in dock for repairs at appalling figures. Now the "Blaine" was out, with Milter on the bridge; but no one knew better than he that in all human probability it was his last run. For the sake of his long service with the line, the directors were letting him finish the season before they would "retire" him—with a testimonial dinner perhaps. Young Heron, his mate, would be on the bridge next April.

Milter, while holding his own course, to keep his ship close to the Keweenaw rocks, wondered only whether he was a fool. He wondered if he was actually becoming too old and emotional; he wondered if going in, at risk of his own ship, to help another was becoming a curse to him. But he held his course close and each minute closer to the shoals of Keweenaw.

At three o'clock he reached the position off the point on the cape known as Copper Falls. That is, by dead reckon-

ing he was there. He could not see the shore, for the snow was succin and thick, as at noon; the wind was straight down from the North and blowing a blizzard. The thermometer had dropped to five below zero; and the "Blaine," as she rolled, was heavier bow and stern by mounting tons of ice. Fosdick at the same time had reached the probable position of the "Grand Marais," he reported by wireless to Marquette. He reported to Milter that he had slowed to seven knots and was circling to left in his search for the ship.

For three hours without encountering each other—without the steam whistle of one being heard by the other—the two vessels searched for the "Grand Marais" for boats or wreckage, and found nothing.

At six o'clock the storm was still blowing; the gale, if anything, was increasing and the thermometer showed ten below. Night had come then, of course—the blackest of black nights penciled with white where the snow scurried in front of the searchlight, but elsewhere blind-black and thick. The "Howell" for some time had been talking with Marquette; of course, Keeler on the "Blaine" picked up both sides of the exchange. Fosdick inquired whether Marquette had any original information—except the broken messages said to have been received by the boy who made the first report—that the ship in trouble was the "Grand Marais" off Copper Falls. No, Marquette admitted. Then Fosdick wanted to know whether there was any reliable evidence that any ship was in trouble off Keweenaw.

"No," Marquette admitted again. The "Grand Marais" had left Marquette last night, and since eight-thirty had not been heard from; but, except for the patched-up "strays" which the boy had relayed, there was no proof that the original distress signals recorded at Marquette were made by her or by any vessel off Keweenaw or elsewhere in Superior. At about that time, a ship on Lake Michigan, the "Elenwood," had been making distress signals. It was possible that these were the strays picked up by Marquette.

Ten minutes later the "Howell" wirelessed, therefore:

"Have searched supposed position of ship possibly 'Grand Marais' for three hours, hearing no signals and finding no evidence of wreck."

At that time, accordingly, the "Howell" abandoned the search, and proceeded on her course for the Soo. Heron, who had gone off duty above when Tinsman began his watch, in person brought the information to Milter, who had been continuously on the bridge since two o'clock.

The spurt of warmth and strength which sustained Milter when first he received the news of men in danger calling to him, had exhausted itself long ago; he was nerveless and weak now, and very cold. Even the hot black coffee brought him in a bottle, and of which he drank a quart, had ceased to stimulate him—but he would not go in. He wanted to be out where he could hear for himself whether on the wind there came the echo of shots or screams of men in open boats, and to see, as the searchlight shifted here and there, whether it lighted anything which might be wreckage.

Young Heron, who had been below long enough to get warm, came up beside him.

"The 'Howell's' going on, sir!" he yelled at Milter. "Fosdick's just heard from Marquette that probably the 'Grand Marais' wasn't in trouble at all. They think now it was signals from the 'Elenwood' over on Michigan."

"How's that?" Milter called back, and made Heron tell him in detail.

"So you see, sir," Heron finished, speaking the word of address to his skipper but just as though to a child—or a very old man. "There's no use looking for the 'Grand Marais' here. Fosdick's gone on; the Soo's still open. We ought to go on now, sir!"

Milter felt himself giving in; how easy and agreeable to go on! All you'd have to do was to set your course north a bit to clear, without danger, those Keweenaw rocks you'd been hugging for three hours; and stop listening and straining your eyes and worrying; you'd go below and get warm and strong again. Go on! Take your ship through the Soo, as Fosdick was taking his, and to Chicago, as your directors paid you to do.

"The 'Howell's' gone on, sir," young Heron's voice shouted again, in his impatience with a stubborn old man. "We're going on now?"

Clem Milter shook his head. "We've been standing out too far all the time," he said. "Of course, we couldn't find 'em. They're blown aground!"

And he descended to his pilothouse to be within the grip of his wheel, as he bore his ship about and swung closer to that lee shore of rock and shoal, which he could not see.

In that position, the lead could help him hardly at all, as everyone knows who has any familiarity with soundings in Superior; for, off Keweenaw, the water runs deep—eighty fathoms—and ninety almost to the shore; then, from five hundred feet below you, the rocks raise and, if you're on them, that's all. Hearing could not help him that night; for every shore signal was down wind; the sound of the surf was down wind; and the night was almost a useless sense that night. As Milter piloted his ship, he reckoned subconsciously how far he steamed in this direction, subtracted from it the drift of the gale, allowed for the swing of the waves, and this told him where he was. Thus, for three hours more, he guided the "Blaine," with four thousand tons of ore in her hold, up the hidden coast of Keweenaw, turned and came back.

By nine o'clock the young men—Heron and Tinsmal—were certain he was crazy, and talked about taking the ship from him.

They did not guess it, but at times they might have taken it almost without a struggle; for the old man felt himself spent at last, and beaten. He was encountering ice almost ceaselessly now, and more and heavier ice heaped up before the "Blaine's" bows all the time and the night was bitter cold. At nine o'clock, thinking of Fosdick, he realized that the "Howell" by that hour had turned Manitou Island and was out in open water again on the free, southeast reach for the Soo; by morning Fosdick would be

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A NAVAL EPISODE OF 1899

By CAPTAIN T. T. CRAVEN, U. S. Navy

FROM very early days, Samoan affairs have been of peculiar interest to America.

At Samoa, in 1874, the United States first stepped out of continental barriers and into the entanglements which inevitably attended close foreign contacts. In 1889, because of Samoan interests, our government involved itself, through the medium of the Berlin Treaty, in a "League of Nations" which soon failed, despite the best endeavors of the three associated powers.

Hawaii and Samoa, as strategic points important in the adjustment of international problems of the Pacific, were for years focal points of naval activity. The incident described herein probably marked the end of an old form of naval service, in which responsibility for decision and results was vested in local authority. In the future the nerve channels of a world-wide communication service will compel home governments to deny to naval commanders the liberty of action that was exercised in this instance.

The Samoan Islands

The Navigator or Samoan Archipelago, roughly consisting of a dozen small islands, lies well within the tropics, yet, thanks to the influence of the trade winds, has a climate that is both mild and delightful. Visitors soon become bewitched by the charm of their surroundings and can never forget the spell of the beauty that lurks on the steep green hillsides, in the beautiful valleys, and along the shores of these far-off islands.

From the earliest days of which we have record, romance and tragedy are found together on every page of the history of this locality. LaPerouse was the first foreigner to suffer in an encounter with its stalwart inhabitants, he losing eleven of his people in a skirmish with warriors better acquainted than himself with the tactics best adapted for jungle warfare.

For many years the control of the Samoan group supplied a problem for the governments of Great Britain, Germany and the

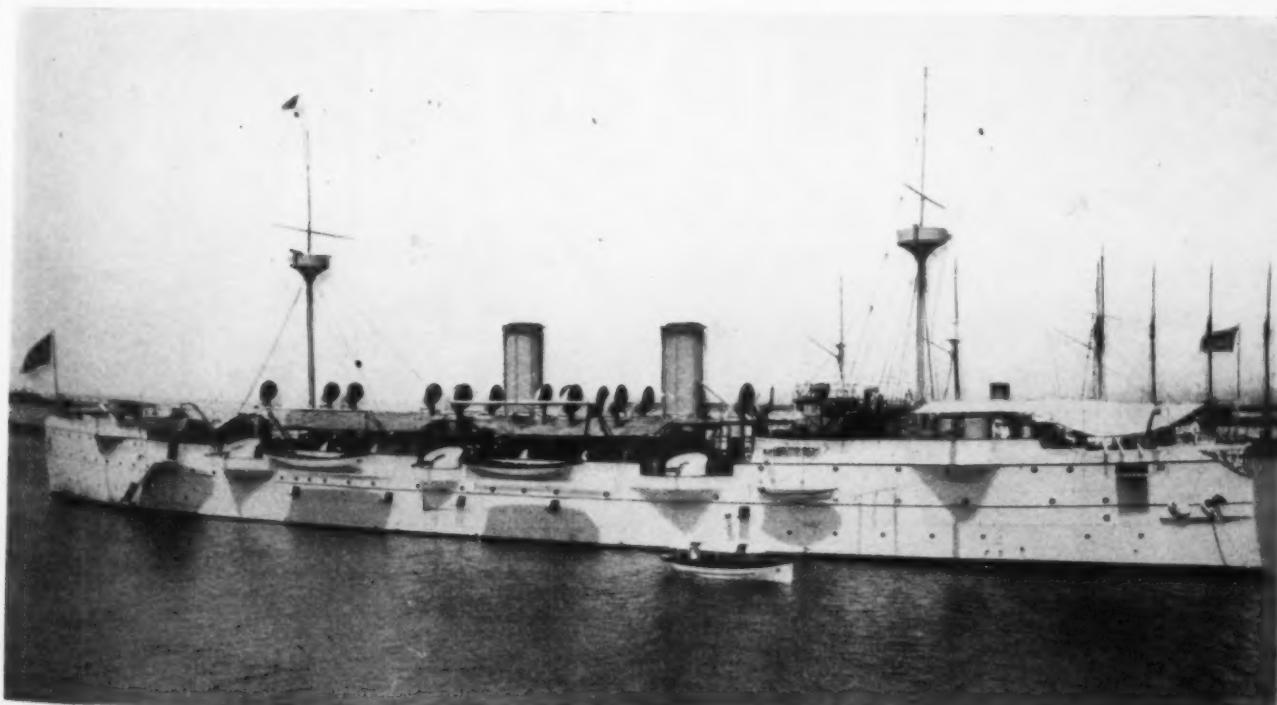
United States. For long each one of the three powers had considered that it held special interests in this group of fertile islands, lying in mid-Pacific near the direct route between the narrow neck at Panama and Australasia and containing several anchorages besides the fine harbor of Pago Pago, where the American Government had been given special privileges.

Judge Mulligan, one time United States consul in Apia, states in an early account of Samoa:

"On the arrival of the missionaries, about 1833, Malietoa, who was christened Davita, was found to be a most powerful chief, his rule extending over the greater part of Savaii and a part of Upolu, but beyond those districts he had little or no influence. In 1872 the natives of the island applied to General Grant to appoint Colonel A. B. Steinberger, of New York, who had already visited the islands, as a special agent and their general adviser. In 1874, Colonel Steinberger arrived in Samoa with letters of recommendation from General Grant and also with a considerable supply of firearms and a fine steam launch.

"National jealousies likewise figured largely in the case, and after a short reign, not exceeding one year in duration, the Colonel was forcibly deported by a British warship, the United States Consul and King Malietoa Laupepa assisting and approving. The result of these measures was an insurrection in favor of the Colonel, then a prisoner on board the 'Barracouta.' The king was deposed and compelled to flee to Savaii, and an attempt by Captain Stevens and an active and intriguing missionary to reinstate him resulted in a conflict at Mulinuu, during which a number of British sailors and some Samoans lost their lives. Malietoa Laupepa's deposition was confirmed and he was succeeded by his uncle, Talavau. For several years the faithful natives waited in vain for the return of the Colonel, to whom they were greatly attached.

"During this time another British warship visited the place and, on a most fanciful pretext, gave the unoffending natives the option of paying a fine of \$5,000, or submitting to a bombardment.



U. S. S. "Philadelphia," Flagship of Rear Admiral Albert Kautz during the fighting around Apia, Samoa, in 1899.

Previous to this the harbor of Pago Pago had been ceded to the United States as a coaling and supply station for naval purposes, and in 1879 the Samoan ambassador, Le Mamea, returned to the islands from Washington, bearing with him a treaty of peace and amity. This was duly ratified by the Samoan Government, which sought in every way to express its gratitude toward the first of the great powers that treated it with courtesy. Feasts were prepared for the officers of the 'Adams,' which vessel had returned Le Mamea to the islands, and it is safe to estimate that more than two thousand pigs and an immense number of fowl, fish and other native productions were presented to the ship.

"Upon the death of Talavau, Laupepa again succeeded, and he in turn was again deposed and exiled by a German fleet, in 1888, on grounds as valid as those which had formerly served the British. An insurrection, under the leadership of Malietoa Mataafa and the active interference of the United States in the matter, resulted in the bringing about of the Berlin Conference, which declared in favor of Laupepa. The return of Laupepa and his reinstatement was in opposition to the wishes of most of the natives, who were heartily tired of him, and who were strongly in favor of the retention of Mataafa, who had defeated the German forces at Vailele. This gave rise to the troubles which have since operated disastrously upon the general welfare of the group.

"In 1893, Laupepa, with the assistance of a German and a British warship, defeated Mataafa, near Apia, and shortly afterward, that brave chieftain surrendered to the British ship rather than continue the struggle against the odds opposed to him. Together with some twenty of his principal chiefs, he was deported to the Island of Jaluit in the Marshall group. On the return of Laupepa, after his deportation by the Germans to the pestilential coast of Africa, his first official act was to abdicate in favor of the great chief Mataafa, who had practically won his release. The Berlin Treaty having provided that an election for king should take place, Mataafa had been induced to waive his claim until such time as the free choice of his countrymen should seat him upon the throne"

Trouble Over Succession

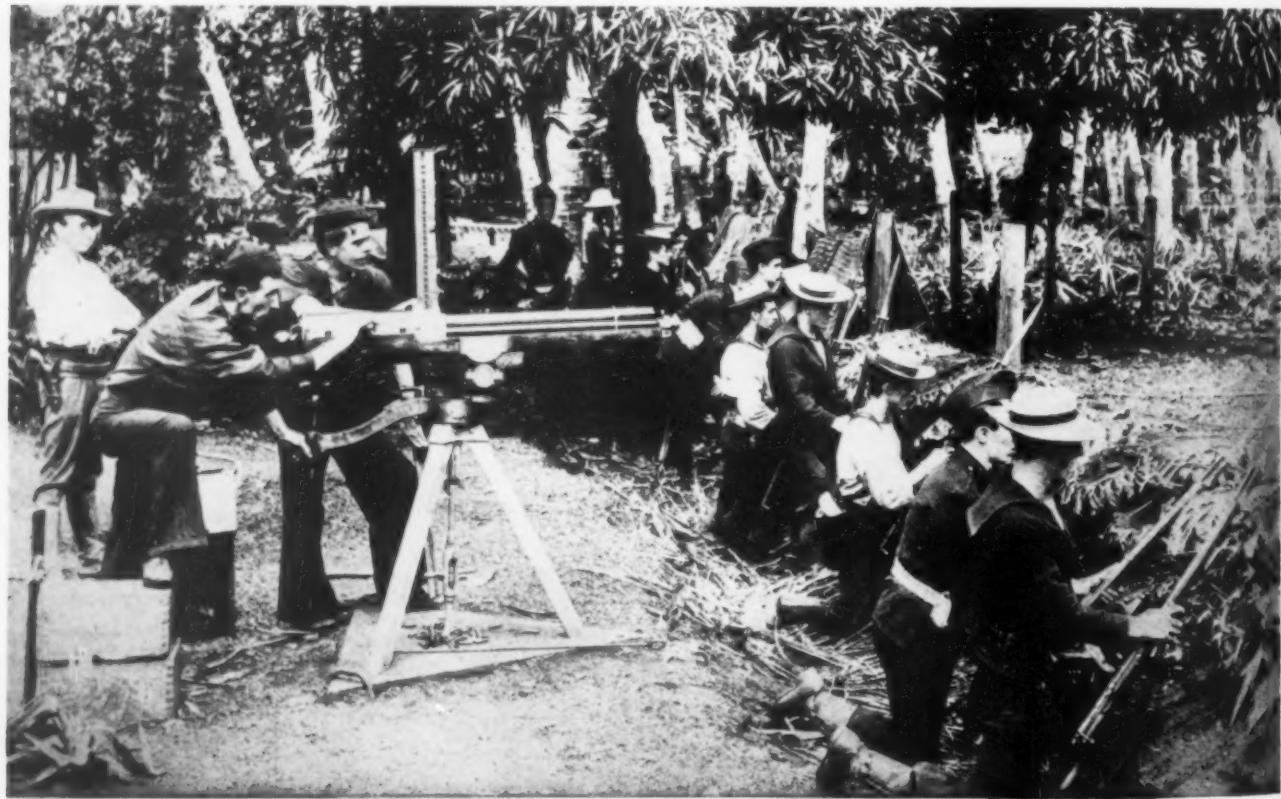
The Treaty of Berlin, regarding the supervision of Samoa, drawn up in 1899 and subscribed to by the three great world

powers, created a "League of Nations," and as a member of it, the United States first departed from the recommended policy of avoiding "foreign entanglements." It brought into existence a tripartite arrangement for the supervision of the Samoan group, but, in accordance with the terms of this treaty, self-government was given the Samoans, together with the right of selecting their own king. The three powers having interests in the Islands engaged, each in turn, to maintain at Apia an officer, to be known as the chief justice and to this official were to be referred all local questions involving serious dispute. He constituted, in fact, a court of high and last appeal, and in accordance with the treaty the signatory powers were pledged to abide by his decision.

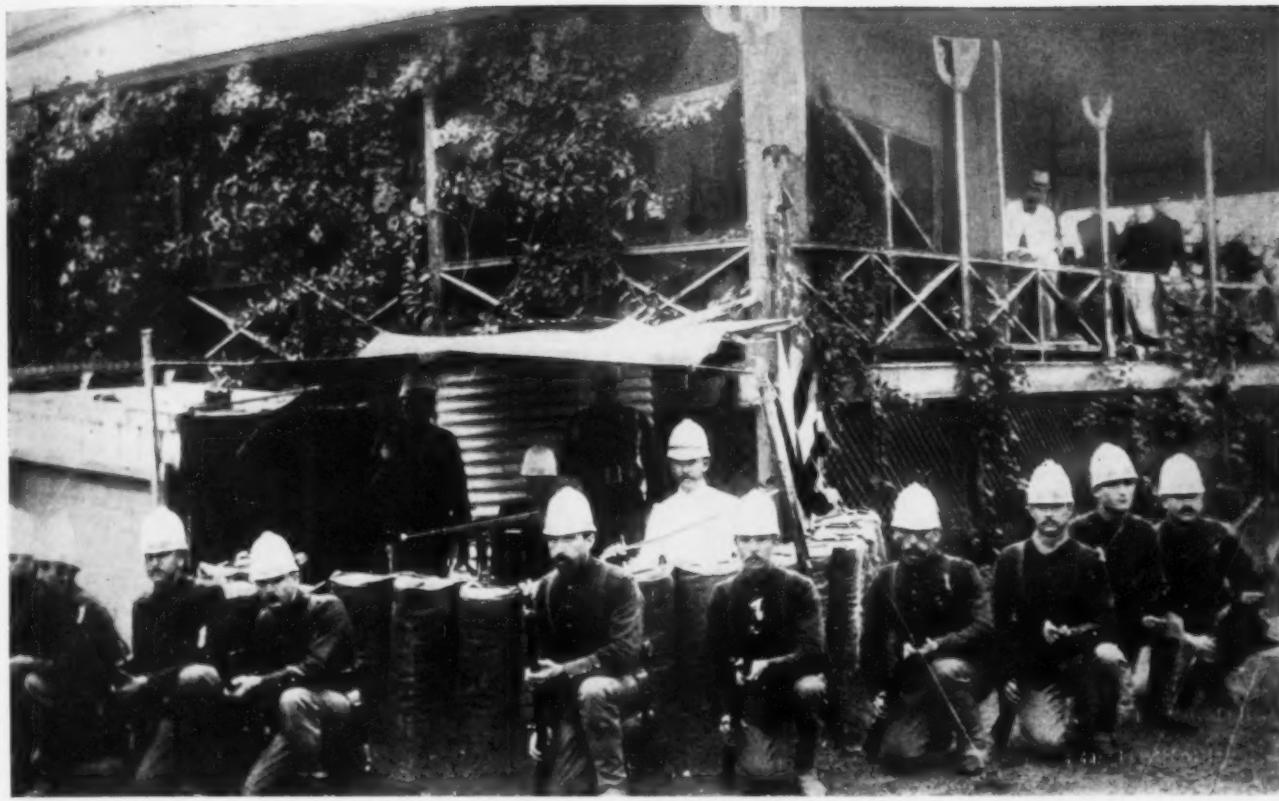
After the death of the old king, Malietoa, the question of his successor had arisen. Two candidates entered the field—one his son, Malietoa Tanu, then a youth of about eighteen years; the other the venerable Mataafa, for many years one of the stormy petrels of Samoa. Might finally asserted itself and Malietoa adherents were driven into the bush by the better-armed Mataafa faction.

"For a while Samoan affairs were in a hopeless tangle. Then an arrangement was made by which the English, German and American consuls, together with Mataafa and thirteen of his chiefs, formed a provisional government. This did not last long. The Germans, who had all along supported Mataafa, claimed that the formation of this provisional government broke up the Tripartite agreement. The English and Americans were equally positive that the agreement still held. The trouble came when Chief Justice Chambers, America's representative, and Consul Maxse, representing England, resolved to open the courthouse in Apia, in order to try certain prisoners. Mr. Rose, the German consul, acting on behalf of Mataafa, refused to give up the keys to the courthouse, and a deadlock issued. H. M. S. "Porpoise" had arrived in Apia, and Commander (now Admiral) Sturdee, who was in command, landed a body of Marines and marched them to the courthouse, where he was met by Consul Rose and Mataafa, backed by a large number of warriors. Captain Sturdee demanded the keys and said that if they were not produced, he would order his armorers to break down the door.

"For a while matters were very serious, and it looked as if there would be a fight, but finally the keys were produced. It



Landing Party of Marines and Sailors defending the United States Consulate, Apia, Samoa, 1899



A detachment of American Marines stationed at the United States Consulate, Apia, Samoa.

is not generally known that the 'Porpoise' and the German cruiser 'Falk' cleared for action on that particular occasion, as it was expected that the German consul would call upon the German warship to uphold him in his refusal to permit the court being opened." (From "Forty Years on the Pacific," by Frank Coffee).

Conditions had become very complicated because of the fact that, acting under general instructions from their respective governments, the senior German naval officer on the ground had shown strong partisanship for the Mataafa party in direct violation of the spirit and the terms of the treaty, while the senior British naval officer present had definitely indicated his support of the decisions of the chief justice, which favored the claims of Malietoa.

The Arrival of the "Philadelphia"

Rumors of a clash at Apia having filtered through to Washington, the Commander-in-Chief of our floating forces in the Pacific was directed to investigate conditions and to guard American interests at this port.

On the morning of Saturday, February 11, 1899, the U. S. S. "Philadelphia," flying the flag of Rear Admiral Albert Kautz, U. S. Navy, and commanded by Captain Edwin White, U. S. Navy, and under orders to proceed to Samoa, entered the port of Honolulu, dropped both anchors and secured stern to reef with wire hawsers as was the custom in that restricted harbor.

Reports of conditions to the southward were disturbing and the stay of the ship in Hawaii was short. On the morning of February 22, President Dole and his staff visited the flagship. At noon the "Philadelphia" fired a national salute in honor of the day, and at 2.20 p. m. weighed her anchors and left the quiet shelter of Honolulu for Apia, Samoa.

In this far off spot, her admiral was destined to assume leadership in an operation of which today but little is known. In modern times with easy and direct communications, the Navy cannot expect to act with the freedom enjoyed by the "Philadelphia" and her consorts in Samoa upon this occasion. Home governments, in the future, will make the decisions formerly demanded of naval officers.

Attached to the "Philadelphia," flagship of the Pacific Fleet, at this time were the following officers:

Rear Admiral Albert Kautz, Lieutenant (jg) W. G. Miller, Flag Lieutenant; Ensign D. F. Sellers, Flag Secretary; Captain Edwin White, Commanding; Lieutenant P. V. Lansdale, Executive; Lieutenant G. W. Brown, Navigator; Lieutenant H. A. Field, Watch Officer; Lieutenant (jg) F. H. Brown, Watch Officer; Ensign J. R. Monaghan, Watch Officer; Ensign T. T. Craven, Watch Officer; Chief Engineer A. B. Bates; Passed Assistant Engineer W. W. Bush; Assistant Engineer B. K. Morris; Passed Assistant Surgeon G. A. Lung; Assistant Surgeon H. E. Odell; Paymaster J. R. Stanton; Chaplain A. A. McAlister; First Lieutenant C. M. Perkins (Marine); Naval Cadet J. F. Babcock; Naval Cadet G. C. Sweet; Naval Cadet G. T. Pettingill; Pay Clerk O. G. Haskett; Pay Clerk J. J. Doyle; Boatswain J. S. Crogan; Gunner C. E. Jaffe; Carpenter J. A. Barton.

The routine of the ship proceeded in accordance with the practices for naval vessels cruising independently, and during the days which followed departure from Honolulu, all hands were exercised at quarters and drilled at the battery in compliance with custom but with no special preparation for the unexpected events which soon were destined to command attention.

On the afternoon of March 1 a target was put over the side and both main and secondary batteries were exercised at practice, conducted in the fashion when good line shots, though often "a little" high or low, were considered to be satisfactory. After completing the firing the ship was swung for compass errors and continued on her way. On Saturday, March 4, the marine detachment was exercised in firing a Colt gun, a new arm which had not been on board the ship for long and with which there was no great familiarity.

Shortly after daylight on Sunday, March 5, land was sighted ahead and the "Philadelphia" rounded the Island of Tutuila, picked up a pilot, and anchored in the harbor of Pago Pago. Here her stay was very brief, but time was well occupied. We note in the log that the ship's company, in the morning, "mustered at quarters," and then held "a general muster," which was followed by "divine service." These were forms of rest in which there was once frequent indulgence on Sunday forenoons on board naval vessels. Later, the ship got underway for Apia, on

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Kupid's Konfidential Klub

By CAPT. JOHN W. THOMASON, Jr., U. S. M. C.

REVEILLE bit into the darkness. The tents stirred uneasily. Marines and sailors of the flagship's landing force, camped ashore at Guantanamo for target-practice, reached for things under their field cots, grunting and swearing in the dark; a few men lighted, behind tent flaps, forbidden candles—issued, these, for the sole and holy purpose of blackening rifle sights. There were confused small noises that shaded into a general clinking of mess pans.

The east grew pale, and the great morning star of the Cuban winter, that had been golden, now blazed silver before the sun. The Marine officer raised himself on his elbow and saw that the tents made a black serrated line against the sky, and the hills to the east, beyond the rifle ranges, were smoky purple with brittle edges. Chow line was forming on the galley. The bluejackets, all in white, showed up solidly; you could see only the white undershirts of the Marines, for their khaki trousers and sunburnt hides were still the color of the dusk.

The line was punctuated with glowing cigarette ends; men sucked hungrily at the day's first smoke.

"Come on, Bozo—gimme a drag at that butt—left mine in my bunk."

"Yeh, you did! Lay offa Bozo, you low moocher—I got seconds on that butt myself."

From the anchorage off Deer Point, all the ships struck two bells—five o'clock. They were not together. The line commented:

"Funny, how you hear things over water. That's a light cruiser, that—kinder high."

"Yeh. And listen—that's a destroyer's bell; shrill-like."

"Very plain, though. Those destroyers is way up near the coaling station."

"Hi! there's ole Rocky's bell—last one, as usual—quartermaster's sho' hard to rouse."

Across the tent, the Marine officer's lieutenant slept profoundly.

The Marine officer settled back himself and felt hazily for the threads of the desirable dream that reveille cut into; bugles before sunup are hard on dreams. Then his trumpeter blew two long wails—bumps, that says five minutes to mess gear. The Marine officer heaved out of his blankets and regarded his boots morosely.

"This settin' an example to the troops is the devil of a nuisance, so early in the mornin'."

He threw his boots at his junior, with effect. The lieutenant's feet hit the deck.

"Soupy, soupy, soupy, and not a single bean," sang the bugle, obscenely cheerful. The chow line passed into the galley, and there arose a pleasant clatter of eating tools, where the men squatted in the growing light over corn-bill hash and coffee. Presently the officers were growling over theirs. Being officers, they had a table and a bench, and a sad-eyed Filipino boy to explain that the eggs were bad.

Outside, the camp filled canteens and pulled rags through its rifles, and made all things ready for the day's shooting. The bluejackets were working with rifles and Lewis guns, and the Marines were doing postgraduate courses in automatic weapons—light and heavy Brownings. And the gunnery sergeant of Marines entered formally with his daily ammunition report.

"Sir," said the gunnery sergeant, saluting, "small arms ammunition on hand, fifteen thousand rounds of .30-calibre and two thousand seven hundred rounds of .45. Small arms ammunition expended to date"—he consulted his memorandum—"two hundred thousand eight hundred thirty rounds, sir. Marines firing

all automatic rifles and two machine guns on D-range, as ordered. First Platoon on the firing line; Second Platoon detailed to butts."

"All right, gunnery sergeant; thank you. I want twenty men to coach the bluejackets on A-range. Pick 'em out, ten from each platoon. And"—for the Marine officer is also range officer, in charge of all instruction in small arms and supplies for the same—"better make out a requisition for some more .30 calibre—say, fifteen thousand. Send it off on the eleven o'clock boat."

"Aye, aye, sir!" The gunnery sergeant saluted and went out, smartly.

"Hear that?" the Marine officer added thoughtfully. "Over two hundred thousand rounds.

An' we've fired over five hundred men—about forty per cent of them never had a rifle in their hands before, I'd say. An' we haven't had a single accidental discharge, or a casualty of any kind."

"That's right, sir. Now that destroyer gang on C yesterday, with just fifty men ashore, got a fellow shot."

Police call went, and sailors and Marines spread over the camp area, intent on trash. Others swept the company streets with brooms.

"There's your boy friend, Will," said the junior ensign, meanly, to the Lieutenant of Marines—"there, crusin' around the galley."

You saw an odd-looking little Marine, deplorably unmilitary. His nose was the biggest part of his face. His shoulders slanted back and his stomach cured out, and he walked with a twist to the left.

"Recruitin' officer that picked that fish will undoubtedly go to everlasting hell," observed the Marine officer.

"How'd they ever saw him off on you, cap'n—you fellows always swankin' around about havin' the best lookin' guard in the navy, an' all that," said the senior naval officer wickedly.

"Well, I have only myself to blame. Had a man go sick the day we shoved off from the yard. Called the barracks to arrange about his transfer ashore. Sergeant-major—you know that sergeant-major—great glad-hander—said didn't I want a man in his place? Said they had a fine man available; wanted to keep him, only he was due for sea service. Havin' my mind on certain domestic matters and a new consignment of trench-mortar ammunition and so forth, I said sure—I always take what's offered. But he came aboard when I was down in the forward hold, checkin', and I didn't see him until we were outside. I was very mad. I gave him to Will, here.

"He's been a great grief to his non-coms. Had to use sand and canvas to get him clean. An' he annoyed all hands by bein' seasick in the hammock nettings. But he's comin' out. Been five years in the service, and committed no offenses—not vicious, just a bum—spent most of his time bein' transferred. You know—the kind of a man that a commanding officer sees and says: 'Good Lord! Put him on the first draft out.' I don't think he's had a chance, ever. We'll make something of him yet only, he does walk with a list to port."

"Well," pointed out the lieutenant, "he looks nice an' clean this morning. Washed his shirt an' everything. And got a hair-cut. I told him yesterday that we were raisin' no Sutherland Sisters or Circassian Belles in this outfit. You know, he's in Bogart's squad—the runts; broke their hearts when I put him with them. Said he spoiled the looks of their squad. And they've raised Cain with him, until he's snappin' out of it. See him coalin' ship the other day? He worked harder'n anybody—though I did holler my head off at him several times for get-



tin' in the way of those coal-bags—once I was sure a coal-bag was goin' to plaster him all over the side, but somebody jerked him clear. He used to be dumb and dirty; now he's just dumb, an' he's respondin' to treatment—I'm gettin' to like him."

"No, it isn't bad to have one blank file in an outfit—like that bird the chief keeps up, in the black gang. You know; a man looks at him and feels better about himself right away. Sort of a horrible example—good for morale."

"He is easier to look at," noted the Marine officer. "Credit to you, to make a soldier out of an egg like that. It's very encouragin'—I must make him my compliments," and he lounged out. "Oh, Kemper—here a minute."

Private Kemper wheeled, saluted and came to attention, even making an effort to bring his stomach to the perpendicular.

"Son, you look very smart this mornin'. Hair-cut an' shave are vastly improvin' to you. Keep it up. You want to be a credit to us you know."

"Aye, aye, sir. Privut Kemper aims to, sir," and Private Kemper, dismissed, trotted off happily.

The sun came up over Cuba, and at once it was hot, and the shadows were hard and blue. Assembly went, and the butts details shoved off without rifles, followed by the firing parties, singing, "Oh, I wouldn't get fresh, so she made me walk home," and presently the steady crackle of Springfields and the drumming of automatic fire told that all ranges were at work.

The range officer goes where he may be needed. He proceeded, as duty bound, to A, where the bluejackets were shooting at the twenty-inch bull's-eye. They fire on that target at all ranges, and this morning they were hitting it with gratifying frequency. All well here; the range officer observed details and came away to spend the morning with his Marines.

He found them, with the lieutenant, finishing up the first range, and getting ready to move back to 300. The automatic rifle men and their carriers were strolling down by twos, arguing about bursts and the best way to hold a Browning to the target when you want to deliver rapid fire. The machine guns, each in charge of a sergeant, with its selected crew, were coming back also.

They fired from the right of the line, with a long interval between them and everything else; one can't be too careful with machine guns.

"Going good, sir," reported the lieutenant. "Only, that number two gun is giving trouble—I think it's the ammunition, because we put all new parts in the firing mechanism last night. She jams and sticks on every string. Only got off one good burst. I put the gunnery sergeant on her himself."

"We'll look it over, at 300. Say! Is that Kemper of that crew there? That—"

"Oh, no, sir—we just let him carry the water tank; he's strong an' willing. He's ambitious, all at once; said he'd like to learn. But he has special orders about keeping clear."

The two walked back with the machine-gun people.

They reached the firing-point and stood by the Marine at the field telephone, who was connecting up with the butts. The man made fast his gadgets, twirled the bell-handle and began to call: "Butts! Hello, butts! Firing-line—firing-line—" Behind them, number two gun, a man to each leg of its tripod came into position. The cover which controls the firing mechanism was raised and the belt disengaged, as safety orders direct. The muzzle was toward the butts, and depressed. The crew halted, except Private Kemper, coming up with the water tank.

They set the gun down, the man on the right leg of the tripod keeping hold, while a sergeant adjusted the other legs. Private Kemper placed the water tank against the left leg and turned around. The man on the right leg lowered it perhaps with a jar. At that instant Private Kemper, in the hesitating manner which characterized him, started to walk across its front. Now, like one obedient to some subtle and appointed prompting, he halted before the blunt muzzle, turned and stopped—nobody ever knew why. No person was touching the gun—the last man, on the right leg had turned away as he set it down.

The raised cover-plate fell with a sharp little sound. The bolt handle snicked forward with a sharp little sound. The gun fired, one shot. Private Kemper swayed, tried to steady himself, and the gunnery sergeant jumped six feet and caught him in time to ease him to the ground. His left arm trailed, and his left leg was bent disturbingly and unusually backward.

Men crowded there. The lieutenant dived at him and cut his trouser leg away. A tall private emptied a bandoleer to make a tourniquet, and they yelled for the Navy Hospital corps man detailed to that range.

The range officer ordered: "Van, call the range sergeant's office. Five rings. Get an ambulance. Mitchell—Corporal Greiser—take the other phone and cut in on the station line at that post, there—tell the hospital. You birds—get to your places! Keep away from here."

He stood over the group by number two gun and saw that everything was being done that could be done. A long bright run of blood led out over the iron-hard ground, but while he looked it stopped increasing.

A tourniquet—two tourniquets—did the business.

"Hit him in the elbow, and drove his elbow right down through his thigh." He looked at the gray face of Private Kemper and compressed his lips. Then he turned quickly to the gun and examined it. First: one cartridge, lying under the gun, still warm. He picked it up, noting that it was split at the mouth. Belt was not engaged; that was correct. "Gunnery-sergeant: did you personally unload this gun?"

"Yes, sir. Disengaged the belt, drew the bolt handle back several times, raised the cover, and reported unloaded to the lieutenant, sir."

"Nobody was on it just now?"

"No, sir. Nobody was touchin' it. I was standin' here, gettin' ready to squat in position. Private Cranford was the last man; he'd set down the leg of the tripod an' turned away. Cover fell, and the piece fired."

"That ought not to fire it. Letting the bolt forward, if you don't touch the trigger, ought not to fire it—we'll see. Here's the ambulance."

The ambulance roared alongside, and halted. When they lifted the man to put him in, he began to cry out. . . . The lieutenant came up, wiping his hands. His face was very red.

"All right, Mr. Howe. Go ahead with your firing. Leave number two off this string. Want to look it over. Got the butts, telephone? Report ready on the firing-line."

The lieutenant found a quivering recruit who said he didn't feel like firing any more that morning; and the lieutenant dressed him down in a voice like a whip, so that the feelings of all were relieved. Five minutes later, firing was proceeding steadily.

The range-officer went on to the hospital. "For he looks very bad to me, Will. I don't like it when they turn the color he did. I'll get over here. And I might as well get the Top started on his papers. We'll be transferrin' him to the hospital. He's through with us."

Private Kemper died at fifteen minutes past noon. They did not sing in camp that night, as was their custom—no "Prisoner's Song," no carol of the chap who lived down by the "Winegar Woiks"; Lulu had rest. The Marine officer sat in his tent, writing the last draft of his report. The pitiful small papers of Private Kemper were spread out before him.

"No next of kin—drifter, evidently—nobody to write to; I'm glad of that. Poor devil!" He picked up a paper. "Correspondin' with two matrimonial agencies, I see—Kupid's Confidential Klub, an' so forth—describes himself as home-lovin', fond of pets, an' yearnin' for an affectionate pal. Well—he knows more about . . . things . . . now, than I do. . . . Five years in the service, and he walks in front of a machine gun. . . . Odd, that—we tried two hundred times to fire that gun that way—and it wouldn't fire. . . . Due to be struck off the rolls, I reckon," concluded the captain.

There was a discreet scratch on the tent-pole. He looked up

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"That number two gun is giving trouble."

Welsh in the U. S. Marine Corps

An Address Delivered by Brigadier General George Richards, U. S. M. C., at Dinner of the Welsh Society of Philadelphia, at Philadelphia, Pa., the Evening of Thursday, March 1, 1928

HE GIVES me much pleasure, gentlemen of the Welsh Society of Philadelphia, to be included among your guests at this annual festival. It is no ordinary privilege to address you; this is an extraordinary occasion. As representatives of the United States Marine Corps, we are most happy to share in this commemorative event. We like to be in company with such men as you. As we here venerate your traditions, so do we also here render honor to one of ours—our attachment to the City of Philadelphia. Every foot of soil about this city is sacred to the Marines. Here we were born. The Continental Congress, when your organization was about fifty years old, assembling in this city provided that our National Defense should include two battalions of American Marines, men of seafaring habits. Philadelphia sent to the Corps its first Marines. Philadelphia ever since has contributed officers and men who have faithfully upheld our best traditions. Your city is rich in memories that appeal to us. These memories make the American Marine a purer and better man—a more faithful soldier.

We come here to join you in commemorating Saint David's Day, an annual observance on your part for nearly two centuries. You, the Welsh Society, are to be congratulated for this distinctive public service. Of all organizations of kindred nature, you are the oldest in this locality, just as we Marines are the oldest arm of our Nation's defense. From the ancient days of your origin you have bound together resident Americans of Welsh descent. Your object is to maintain your rich inheritance, to perpetuate the traditions peculiar to the Welsh people. The Marine in his reverence for his own traditions is taught to believe them to be part of his equipment as a soldier—even as is his pack or his gun. Our traditions we preserve through symbols and customs. They remind the present-day Marine of some act or association that brought some conspicuous honor to those who went their way before him. Welsh influence, let me add, in more recent years has inspired us to fresh efforts to develop and to preserve our inspiring traditions.

We of Welsh extraction view with just pride our contribution to the development of America. As time goes on that contribution becomes increasingly evident. Our Nation is one dedicated to religious, educational, economic, and political liberty. You need not to be reminded that Roger Williams of Rhode Island stood for the first; that Elihu Yale answered for the second; and Robert Morris of Philadelphia the third; while Thomas Jefferson, whose ancestors came from the Snowden District, exemplified the last—All Americans of Welsh ancestry. What a noble contribution to

the ideals of America these names recall, enriching our memories on Saint David's Day, the day all true Welshmen revere. Good Saint David devoted himself, unselfishly, to a cause, but under another name—that of Archbishop Dewi. More than four centuries after his earthly work was done, at the request of Henry the First, of England, Pope Cal-

him from an obligation peculiarly his own. Dewey, after the victory at Manila Bay, said that if he had had an expeditionary force there of 5,000 Marines perhaps there would have been no Philippine Insurrection. When a President of the United States, in 1908, said that the United States Marine Corps should be absorbed into the Army and no vestige of its organization allowed to remain, it was Admiral Dewey, we are told, who sought to tell that President how greatly he had been misinformed.

There was yet another service Admiral Dewey rendered the American Marine. Under Dewey's command on that memorable First of May, 1898, at Manila Bay, there were 150 Marines commanded by one whose name will be recalled with pleasure by many of the members of this Welsh Society. He was a native of Philadelphia—William P. Biddle, the great-grandson of the Colonel Clement Biddle of your Society who helped to draft your Constitution—whose name appeared in 1802 in the 131 subscribers to your certificate of incorporation. That Marine officer is better known to us as Major General William P. Biddle, Commandant of the United States Marine Corps from 1911 to 1914. He, with the help of Admiral Dewey, solved a difficult problem for the Navy, rendering most notable service to it and to the Marine Corps. They helped to preserve the American Marine as an element of our Nation's Defense. For a half century or more there appeared an irrepressible conflict within the Navy between the Navy's soldier, the Marine, and the Navy's sailor, the blue jacket. More than once within this period it had been seriously proposed that the Marine Corps be abolished. General Biddle's official life in his high office at no time had been a pleasant one. In his great struggles to maintain the Marine he suffered not a few humiliations. Finally, it seemed to him that only by his retirement from office could there be furnished the opportunity to correct satisfactorily the existing situation. So he, for the greater good to be accomplished, voluntarily sacrificed his further career. On the day of his self-effacement he emphasized, as his last official act, a proposal that his successor in office, whosoever he might be, should, in the interests of better administration in the Navy, be given such added responsibilities as to enable the Marine Corps better to perform its proper functions in relation to the Navy. He recommended that his successor be made ex-officio a member of the General Board of the Navy, to act as such under Admiral Dewey, the Chairman. Following this suggestion, Admiral Dewey in due time asked that this be done. Major General George Barnett, Biddle's successor, was accordingly given these responsibilities. And now it has come to pass that, in the ad-



Harris & Ewing

Brigadier General George Richards

ixtus canonized Archbishop Dewi under the name of Saint David, chosen as the patron saint of Wales, and he became thenceforth known to posterity under that title, Saint David. As Archbishop Dewi, Saint David established on a remote headland of Wales his Ecclesiastical Seat, known as the House of David, a sacred spot, dear to all loyal Welshmen.

While Welsh contributions in the particulars I have mentioned, so well known to you, helped the upbuilding of this great Republic, there remains yet another Welsh influence that has added to the power of America, with which you are probably not so familiar. Tradition says that Admiral George Dewey was of Welsh extraction. The authority is Dr. Orville Dewey, the Admiral's cousin, once a great Unitarian divine of Boston. He localized that bit of family history by naming his ancestral home in Sheffield, Mass., Saint David's. The family name Dewey was one derived from none other than Archbishop Dewi. Great as was Admiral's Dewey's service to our country and to the American Navy, the American Marine prefers to remember

ministration of the Navy Department, the Marine and the sailor are enabled each to understand the other's limitations and the other's responsibilities; that so-called irrepressible conflict ceased; the Marine with his history and his traditions, through that self-sacrifice, was preserved by General Biddle to the American Nation.

The story of any sacrifice constitutes always the impulse in others to emulate such a deed. The motto of the Marine is "Semper Fidelis," always faithful. His rule of conduct is none other than "One for all and all for one." The Marines of Philadelphia who served their country so nobly in the World War keep before this community the name of Thomas Roberts Reath, another Marine also of Welsh descent. Sergeant Reath, on June 11, 1918, single-handed, without orders, attacked a German machine-gun nest, killing three of the crew, captured the remaining members and the gun, and forced his prisoners to open fire upon another party of Germans, thus enabling his company to advance. On the day following, his company was under a devastating barrage fire. For its salvation an important message had to be sent to the battalion commander. Of several messengers sent, none returned; all were killed or wounded. Knowing all this, Sergeant Reath volunteered to try to get the message through. In doing this he died. In the eyes of every race such devotion represents the acme of accomplishment; this has always been so; it will never be otherwise. Their recital will never fail to exalt all men.

And I would be remiss should I fail to mention yet another Marine equally of Welsh extraction, more closely identified in recent years with the administration of the affairs of your great city—Brigadier General Smedley Darlington Butler. He perpetuated one of our traditions by painting on our drums at Quantico the coiled rattlesnake and the motto "Don't Tread on Me," replete with memories of the American Marine of 1775 who so marched with his drum the streets of Philadelphia stirring up recruits for service on our first ships of war. General Butler's father and my father were born in Chester County. Both were of Welsh ancestry and of the Society of Friends, some times known as Quakers. Both had to make explanations touching the entry of their respective sons into the military service. Quakers are for peace. My father demonstrated that I was put in the Marine Corps to fight for peace. That is what the Marines are doing now in Nicaragua—fighting to alleviate conditions which if neglected would bring our country into war.

I was near General Butler almost 28 years ago when he was shot down on the battlefield of Tientsin, China. Butler had been carried to a moderately secure location, well protected from the enemy's fire. Captain Gwynne of the Royal Welch Fusiliers was also there, a Welshman in fact, the other two of us Marines of Welsh descent. Gwynne examined Butler's wound. Butler's anxiety was that he was to be removed from further fighting. Gwynne reassured him. He said he had had a worse wound at Ashantee. It had only kept him out

of the line for ten days. Then, as the direction of the fire of the enemy was changed, Gwynne helped to move Butler in the nick of time to better protection. Captain Gwynne's regiment exemplified in numerous ways the value of historic tradition. They spell their name W-e-l-c-h, not W-e-l-s-h. Theirs is the Regiment of the Three Feathers and the Three Black Ribbons. Their Depot is at Wrexham, in Wales. And, the Depot of the Marine Corps, you must remember, is here in your City of Philadelphia. There is another bond that should bind us Welsh to Wrexham.

Elihu Yale, whose name I mentioned a moment ago, is buried there, at Wrexham. His tombstone carries an epitaph, revealing an uncommon variety of fortune. It runs in part:

"Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Africa traveled and in Asia wed,
Where long he lived and thrived;
At London dead."

Elihu Yale was, in a way, an Internationalist. The American Marine in the World War might equally have been called an Internationalist. The Honorable Franklin D. Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, found in one of the French hospitals an American youth, badly wounded. The particularly heroic circumstances of his case had been told. Anxious to make the boy's further acquaintance, Mr. Roosevelt approached his bedside, shook his hand, saying: "You are an American soldier, are you not?" "No, sir," promptly replied the boy. "What are you, then?" Mr. Roosevelt asked. The boy, raising himself with great pride, answered: "Why, sir, I'm a Marine." That boy did not show in his answer a want of respect for the name "American." His title sufficiently described him before the World in Arms. He was a "Marine;" his fame then was international.

Wrexham, in addition to being the burial place of Elihu Yale, has that other feature of transcendent interest: the Headquarters, or Depot, of the Royal Welch Fusiliers. It is to that organization the American Marine owes an everlasting debt of gratitude. We formed in North China, in 1900, a friendship with that distinguished regiment that has been kept alive ever since. It should by some enduring memorial be perpetuated.

In that Summer it was my privilege to serve there with Smedley Butler, under the command of (then) Major William P. Biddle. That was in the famous Boxer Uprising. We three of Welsh extraction, with our Marines were, in our combats with hostile Chinese, shoulder to shoulder with a battalion of that Welsh regiment—the 23rd British Foot, or the Royal Welch Fusiliers. The Officer in command was the one I just named: Captain J. H. Gwynne. Some of my forebears were settlers of Gwynedd, very near here. The second in command was Captain H. M. Richards. Their regiment was raised as the 23rd Regiment of Foot, by William of Orange, in 1689.

A while ago I spoke of symbols adopted to perpetuate the memory of deeds that brought honor to military units, acts appealing to the imagination

and pride of its living members. Among these symbols are the battle honors, the names of memorable engagements, displayed conspicuously inscribed on the regimental standards. Perhaps among my hearers there are some who recall that in 1872 Senator Charles Sumner of Massachusetts proposed that the flags of our regular Army should no longer carry the names of their battles of the Civil War. What a tremendous storm of protest went over the entire North! Such a proposal, it was said, was an insult to the memory of the brave soldiers that had saved our country from disunion. Even Senator Sumner's own State, Massachusetts, most violently denounced him. You may remember that when Joan of Arc, at her inquisition was asked why her standard had placed at the Coronation at Rheims, she replied in simple, beautiful language, that will live as long as language lives: "It had borne the burden; it had earned the honor." But there was another way to look at Sumner's proposal! The famous Carl Schurz came in due time to Sumner's defense. No civilized peoples, Schurz said, thought it wise so to preserve in conspicuous form mementos of battles won in a civil war. Citizens, in such circumstances, ought not to be made to feel as a defeated foe; they should continue to regard themselves as of a common country even though won thereto after strife. For instance, Schurz said, would any Irishman fight better for Old England at Waterloo if he beheld on the Royal Standards above him the name of Boyne? Was any Scotch soldier at Sebastopol in like manner to be reminded of Culloden? And the Hanoverian or Saxon at Gravelotte, was he to be taunted by the sight of the name of Konigsgratz on the Black Eagle of Prussia fluttering in the wind? But, of course, it is a different situation where these are the names of battles fought with a foreign foe. The names of Tripoli, Montezuma, and Belleau Wood, on the regimental standards of the Marines, justly appeal to the pride and imagination of the present-day Marine.

Now we Americans of Welsh extraction, fighting as we did in China, shoulder to shoulder with those comrades from Wales, were there told that they as a regiment had fought against our forefathers in the War of the Revolution. They said that their battles included the most conspicuous ones from Lexington to Yorktown. Then, as we stood close under the walls of Tientsin, China, our own dead and their dead at our elbows, we looked to those standards of theirs carrying as they did such names as Namur, Blenheim, Oudenarde, Corunna, Salamanca, Waterloo, Inkerman, Sebastopol, Lucknow, Burma, and others. we looked uneasily to see the names of those American battles. They could not be seen! Pointing to the flags: "Where are the names of those battles you fought against our grandfathers?" we asked. That reply of Captain Gwynne, we can never forget: "They are not there! Upon the regiment's return to Old England," he said, "the British War Office offered to inscribe the American battles on those flags. But our predecessors said they did not wish to re-

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ATM.

SAN DIEGO DETACHMENT, MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

The undersigned attended a meeting of the San Diego Detachment of the Marine Corps League held on Wednesday at 8:00 p. m., March 21, 1928, in the auditorium at the Marine Corps Base. When the meeting was called to order by the commandant, the undersigned was honored by being called on as an old member of the league to address the meeting.

During my experience with the Marine Corps League I can truthfully say that I have never addressed a more enthusiastic meeting. It seems as if the Marines and ex-Marines here in San Diego are out to do things in a big way. They have a great drawing power in this city, namely, the Marine Corps Base. At this meeting there were about 45 present, including active members, ex-Marines and active Marines from the base. Five new members joined this detachment that night and from the looks of things I believe our, or rather the San Diego, detachment will grow from time to time.

The commandant of this detachment asked me to act as detachment paymaster and being a good Marine, could not very well refuse. The proposition was put to me in such a way that there was no chance of using that famous phrase "I do not choose."

Our next meeting will be held on Wednesday, April 4, 1928, in the Chamber of Commerce Building at San Diego, Calif. The aim of this detachment being to hold one meeting a month in the city and the next meeting at the Marine Corps Base. Plans, ways and means are to be taken up at the next meeting to put on a membership drive for this detachment and in that manner swell our membership and give us more active members.

This detachment has a total of 33 paid-up members for the year 1928 and we are sure of at least 5 or 6 new members to sign up with us. If we can successfully put over this membership drive that we are contemplating next month we ought to bring the boys in with us. We have quite a few retired Marines in our organization, several who have served the Corps for 30 or more years and few who have gone into the Fleet Reserve after 16 or 20 years service. These men are willing workers and will do all they can to put our detachment across in great style. We are out to lead the entire U. S. in new members for the balance of the year; our motto from now on will be "BEAT SAN DIEGO IF YOU CAN."

F. R. BUSCH,

Acting Detachment Paymaster, San Diego Detachment, Marine Corps League.

How About
That News Article For
The Leatherneck?

Let's Have It!

MILWAUKEE DETACHMENT

On 8 November, 1927, Milwaukee Detachment reorganized and elected officers for the present year as follows: Charles L. Emerson, commandant; Walter E. Henschen, first vice commandant; William L. Buche, second vice commandant; Robert W. Wentz, adjutant; Grover C. Hoene, paymaster; Edward Wischer, chaplain; John Pradjnski, sergeant-at-arms; other offices being left vacant for the time.

New committees were appointed and began functioning at once. A detachment constitution was drawn up and was ratified by unanimous vote on 14 February, 1928, after having been read at the two preceding regular meetings. This constitution was modeled along the lines of the national document. The commandant then, in compliance with the same, made the sergeant-at-arms Officer of the Day, and appointed George Landow officer of the guard. As yet we have no chief of staff, nor have we a counsellor.

In December the detachment gave a benefit theatre party, with the proceeds of which we have purchased eight bugles, eight street drums, a bass drum, and drum major's baton with which to equip our drum and bugle corps.

We are giving a spring dance on 21 April, the proceeds to go toward the purchase of our stand of colors. We hope to have the colors and the drum and bugle corps on the street for Memorial Day.

Most of our meetings, which are held in the Milwaukee Journal Building on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month, are followed by refreshments in the Journal cafeteria. We have some live meetings and have laid plans for a bright and prosperous future.

We are beginning now to plan for a banquet on 10 November, the birthday of the Marine Corps, and are negotiating to secure the Silver Room at the new Hotel Schroder for the occasion.

That we are advancing is certain. Last November we had nineteen paid-up memberships; we now have forty-one, and are aiming at the one hundred mark by next November.

C. L. EMERSON,
Commandant.
ROBERT W. WENTZ,
Adjutant.

WORCESTER DETACHMENT, MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

By Rudolph A. Trow, Secretary and Treasurer, Worcester, Mass.

Worcester Detachment is pleased to report that they are making progress. During the past two months we have had several meetings and we feel sure the other detachments will be interested to hear about them. About 300 attended a "Marine smoker" in which we had two good speakers. The officers and executive staffs of all the other veterans organizations of the city were invited as our special guests. A large delegation from the Civil and Spanish wars veterans was present. It was China night. Lieutenant Commander Andrew B. Holmstrom, U. S. N. R., officer in charge of this district, U. S. Navy Reserve, gave a moving picture lecture on China.

Major Samuel P. Budd, U. S. M. C., in charge of Eastern District recruiting, who has just returned from China, gave an address on the operations of the Marines in China. Both talks were interesting and it appealed to all ex-service men and the detachment was complimented from all sides. Our object of inviting other military organizations as our guests is to create good will, and the opinion is often that we have one of the best service outfits in Worcester. This detachment is often complimented for its perfect harmony and also that at our meetings we have 75% attendance of all Marines in Worcester that are obtainable. It may be interesting to know that our mailing list contains 145 Marines. That is all the Marines we know that are in town. Last year we had 101 paid members.

We have few business meetings, most all business being transacted by the officers and executive staff of the detachment. Committees are now at work for a theatre party and dinner dance for the near future. Worcester Detachment has never had a get-together where the ladies have been invited. This will give the ladies a chance to see what a good time Sgt. Ganzel can put over.

On April 5th three automobiles filled with ex-Marines went to Boston to attend the 2nd Division reunion at the Elks Hotel. There we met a good many of the Boston Detachment boys. We were all pleased to see and hear Gen. Lejeune.

Worcester has high hopes that we can have an active reserve company. We have about 100 class 6 standing by, waiting and hoping that we can have a company. We know that we have all the qualifications. Worcester has a large armory which Gen. Thomas F. Foley has offered to let us use. The Navy Reserve unit has beautiful quarters on Lake Quinsigamond and they too would be

glad to have us use it. Every time I meet the officer in charge of this unit he inquires, "How are we coming along regarding an active company?" Yesterday I stepped into Recruiting Sgt. Ganzel's office and while I was there two fine looking chaps came in inquiring about an active company.

National Senior Vice Commander W. Karl Lations is chairman of a committee which is going to run a benefit entertainment and military ball. We are fortunate in having the show donated by Clements Entertainment Bureau. We are planning, I think, to make a contribution to Belleau Wood Memorial Fund, and the balance toward a detachment building or headquarters.

We are making a special effort to increase our national 1928 membership dues by 10% over last year. That would be 111 out of a possible 145 ex-Marines in Worcester that we know of.

This detachment acted as pall-bearers at the funeral of Private James T. Hogan, U. S. M. C., who died at Quantico, Va. It was one of the biggest military funerals that this city has seen for a long time. The pall-bearers, members of this detachment, were Sgt. Lloyd D. Ganzel, Sgt. Merrill I. Hutchinson, John G. Kapowick, Rudolph A. Trow, James Malloy, Merton C. Lowe, Ralph Loomis, Richard H. Rawson and Frank Nadler.

Paymaster Talks

By A. E. Beeg

Well, I have received about four telephone calls from the Editor to find out where I was when the last few issues of the Leatherneck were printed and now to surprise everyone, I am coming back with all the dope that I can find and scrape together. Things have been buzzing about national headquarters and the organization of a few detachments, the sending out of lapel buttons, etc., have kept things humming this month.

Final settlement has been made relative to the grave-marker and as memorial day will soon be here detachments are advised to place their orders with national headquarters for grave-markers. Grave-markers will be sold at one dollar each, cash with order only. All orders will be shipped from Schenectady, N. Y., f. o. b. Orders will be accepted for not less than six grave-markers.

The new lapel buttons have been drawing a great deal of favorable comment and several detachments have informed national headquarters that they are doing wonders towards getting members for their respective units. Lapel buttons can be ordered from national headquarters at fifty cents each. Place your order now, second shipment getting low.

A Marine Corps necktie is being offered to every member of any detachment obtaining two members. This tie will be given free to the member of the detachment securing the two members. The names and addresses of the members, also the name of the party securing them must be forwarded to national headquarters by the detachment paymaster. If you wish to buy one, send 75 cents to the Paymaster with your name and address.

New England Division

Bridgeport, who had 29 members last year, has signed up 12 of them in the past two months. Additional lapel buttons have been ordered for the detachment. Charles H. Kessell, Jr., paymaster of the detachment, seems to be out for business, but more members will be appreciated. How about the other 17 members?

The green light flicked in Providence, R. I., the other day and the ex-Marines are ready to go. A detachment with ten charter members was organized. Joseph A. Labbe, temporary commandant, is heading the detachment and in passing he says "The Leathernecks are started." Evidently they have promises of more members. Who knows? The detachment has been named Lieutenant Caldwell Colt Robinson of Providence, R. I.

Worcester last year had 100 members even and ten of them have been listed to date. Rudolph A. Trow, the reliable paymaster, has promised more of the other 90 who are still missing on national headquarters rolls. They will soon come in with the others and as our files are very large, we can make arrangements to hold more than this number of cards. Trow has also ordered additional lapel buttons for his detachment and things look very bright from my desk.

Not long ago we heard from Arthur Lyng, paymaster of the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment in Boston, informing us that he will soon have some members for his detachment lined up, but to date nothing more has been heard or seen. "Oh, where is Boston today?"

Yes, and Pittsfield, also. Have not heard even a peep from the Belleau Wood Detachment, wonder why?

Eastern Seaboard Division

Hudson-Mohawk Detachment, Yes, sir, right this way. Signed up 30 of the fifty-one they had last year. Now that's what I call fine work. James F. Noel, the detachment paymaster, is very busy with his outlying sections getting together the members of last year's rolls and putting them up for 1928 dues. Forty-seven lapel buttons was the first order from Albany. How's that?

Brooklyn, N. Y., is reorganizing, but no word has been received as to their progress. We have heard that they will have to order at least 100 lapel buttons.

Charleston, W. Va., has not sent us any news for a long time; just dropped out of sight. How about the 43 members that were listed last year?

Erie had 30 last year and has signed up 16 of them for 1928, with the promise that more will be coming in. So far no word has been heard, but it is supposed that the gang is still hanging out on the "Wolverine."

Philadelphia believes in business and business only. They were first to pay their 1928 national dues in full, and then they hit us for a nice order for lapel button for everyone in the detachment. That means 33 this year and last year they had only 29. So that's four on the credit side of the books.

New York, with its great white lights, etc., had 48 last year and so far this year no news, but Kilcommons, the paymaster, has promised that they will be listed soon. Let's have the 48 and then add some more.

Pittsburgh, with 63 in 1927, has not been heard from relative to the national dues. Gee, but 63 on the score board would put a whole in the ones which we are minus. How about it, Pittsburgh, can we get 25 of the 63 this month?

Corporal James Dwight Snyder Detachment has informed national headquarters that they will be in market for grave-markers and they are now after rifles for their detachment. We find that they are in good standing and that their national dues will soon be on the list of members. We look forward to the same twenty-one who were on last year's roster.

Mr. Guy S. Crosby has requested information on the Marine Corps League for Rochester, N. Y. It is expected that a detachment will be reorganized in Rochester within a short time.

About a month ago the ex-Marines in Washington, D. C., came to the conclusion that Washington should have a detachment. The charter was granted in the presence of General Lejeune with fifty members on the rolls. The total of the Washington detachment's rolls now show that 57 members have been enrolled and additional ones are now being collected for the next week's returns. Paul Sullivan has been elected as paymaster of the detachment, and Lt. Hart as commandant. The meetings are held in the board room of the District Building on the third Monday of each month. The detachment will hold a dinner in the honor of General Lejeune on April 16th at the Marine Barracks, 8th and Eye Streets SE. Immediately after the dinner the detachment will hold its meeting in the Band Hall at the Marine Barracks. Entertainment has been promised by the American Legion drum corps under the direction of Captain "Heine Miller," U. S. M. C. R. The results obtained by the detachment in the short period of time is somewhat surprising. At the last meeting of the detachment an employment committee was inaugurated.

Southeastern Division

Thurman Waldrep, who now heads the Corporal Marcus W. Beck Detachment, has made an excellent showing through the membership drive of his detachment, the result being a total of 52 members, which is a net gain of 36 over last year's figures. Leland Lance is now serving as paymaster of the detachment. The plans of the detachment for the coming summer have not been learned to date, but it is expected that the exercises at the grave of Corporal Marcus W. Beck will take place on Memorial Day as it has in the past.

Birmingham, Ala., is now in the process of reorganization and the detachment has promised 35 members for the national headquarters. It will be a "grand and glorious feeling" when they arrive. Birmingham has struggled along for three years and finally has taken the steps to produce a live wire detachment.

Charlotte, N. C., has dropped by the wayside and no word has been received.

Jackson, Miss., under the direction of Joseph M. Howorth and Sergeant Dunigan, will be reorganized at the meeting to be held on April 9th, the outcome of the meeting will mean the sending of the 1928 national dues. This is in ac-

cordance with the last-minute word received from Commandant Howorth.

Miami, Fla., has not been heard from for a year. If there is a member of this detachment left, will he please drop the national paymaster a line.

Nashville, Tenn., will be the next detachment to come under the national headquarters membership drive. Word has been sent to Commandant Alfred H. Branham that things will be underway on or about April 15th. It is not known as yet what set figure will be made or the number of members to be procured. Fifty at least are expected.

Parris Island. Many of our good Marines have left the old station at Parris Island for China and Nicaragua. This detachment will no doubt be dropped from our rolls until the return of the faithful members who have stuck with us for the past two years.

Savannah, Ga., has not been heard from recently and we look for something in the next mail. Something must be doing in Savannah. Eleven members last year and again we must repeat we need the 11 members too. All welcome, national dues \$1.50.

Southwestern Division

Otto J. Deden, of Fort Smith, Arkansas, has informed national headquarters that he will organize a detachment of the League in that city. To date no further word has been received as to the progress he is making.

Ira L. Hinton, known to many leaguers and recruiters, is not the Sanitarian and Bacteriologist of the city of Breckenridge, Texas. He has informed national headquarters that he will endeavor to organize a detachment in Breckenridge.

Houston, Texas, has sent in three members for their detachment and the word that since the recruiting office at Houston has been closed, the work lies in the hands of other parties, even though we have been promised the other seventy-nine members that are missing in this mail. We will look forward to seeing each one side by side.

New Orleans, La., has gone over big through the membership drive inaugurated by national headquarters. They came in 50 strong and are now working to double that figure. New Orleans has been with us five years and is an old veteran of the organization. Through all their struggles and mishaps they still remain "Semper Fidelis." First Sergeant J. W. Peden, U. S. M. C., has assumed the roll of detachment paymaster again. C. E. Strauss leads the detachment as commandant; J. E. Barrious, vice commandant; S. B. Streety, adjutant; A. G. Dantagnan, chief of staff; James A. Rhea, judge advocate; J. G. Moore, as chaplain. A number of our old friends are still in the line-up.

Waco has landed 18 of their 26 members and are out for the rest. Judge R. B. Stanford has been reelected as commandant; Charles C. Curtis, vice commandant; H. S. Beard, adjutant; Robert W. Martin, judge advocate; Sam Y. Langston, as paymaster; John Goble, chaplain; Hubert Shannon, as sergeant-at-arms.

Each year the members of the Laster-Lang Detachment give a social for the

families of the above-named men. No word has been received of the affair.

Grady W. Watson Detachment, Shreveport, La., is the name of the new detachment. They came through with fourteen members in fine shape. The following officers were elected and installed. O. O. Wilson, commandant; P. B. Moffet, vice commandant; T. R. Grafton, chief of staff; William E. Farmer, paymaster; L. E. Mackey, chaplain.

Fort Worth is another of our old detachments which has again joined our folds. With 14 members on the list, it has, since organization, increased its membership by seven additional members, making a total of 21 memberships on the rolls. Fine work, keep it up.

Dallas, the host of the 1928 national convention, has been working up steam for memberships. They have increased their membership over last year's figure by six members. Sergeant Stone, the paymaster, knows how to collect. I would like to learn more about it.

Central Division

G. C. Hardesty of Cleveland has been trying to locate a meeting place for the Morrison Webber Detachment. The activities of the detachment have been progressing slowly towards collecting national dues, but the promise from their paymaster, Mr. N. G. Hammerle, is that the dues will continue to come in even though they are minus the meeting place.

Canton, Ohio, under the leadership of J. H. Pence, is at present conducting a membership campaign. The results look very promising. The detachment has gathered together ten of the old stand-by's and is promising more of these as soon as they can get out and get them. The Canton Detachment holds its meetings at the State Armory the first and third Wednesdays of each month.

Congressman Updike, the division officer of the Central Division, will be awarded a Congressional Medal of Honor for his activities in France. Information to this fact has been learned through the Congressional Record.

Milwaukee, Wis., has been led successfully by Mr. Charles Emmerson as commandant. The membership has been coming in very steady and at an excellent rate. Last month the paid membership stood at 29 while this month they have a total of 40 members.

Colonel George C. Reid has requested information relative to the organization of a detachment in Chicago, Ill. We wish the Colonel luck and hope that he can put over a detachment 200 strong.

Omaha, Nebr., has sent in three this month. They will get a detachment started yet. They are on the list for the membership campaign.

Portland, Ore. This detachment has gained in members this year over their 1927 figures by 17. Now that's activity for you. Everyone is busy working the detachment membership for all they're worth. There has been a promise of more. Word has been received from some of the western detachments that they would have delegates, or a delegate at the national convention even if they had to walk them there. Portland sent in five extra members this month.

San Diego. First Sergeant Frank R. Bush has been elected paymaster of the San Diego Detachment. San Diego has increased their membership by eight members this month, also a promise for more members.

Salt Lake City, Utah. Where are you, we have not heard from you since February?

Seattle, Washington, livened up things this month by increasing their membership by 18 members, making a total gain of 26 over 1927 figures. Seattle has been putting on a little chow for each meeting and the result seems that the boys just want to sign up.

Spokane, Washington, is at present nil. This word has been received from one of the division officers. However, he has promised that the detachment will be reorganized and put on a working basis with the rest of the division.

The standing of the division would most likely interest the detachments; therefore I am posting the information.

	Membership	
	1927	1928
New England Division.....	251	32
Eastern Seaboard Division..	420	136
Central Division	321	101
Southeastern Division	159	52
Southwestern Division	134	138
North Central Division.....	5	8
Western Division	144	125
Members at large.....	12	3
	1446	590

Southwestern Division gained 4.
More news wanted.

SEATTLE DETACHMENT TO HONOR PRIVATE McELDERAY

On May 30th the Seattle Detachment of the Marine Corps League will do honor to a dead comrade when the reburial of Private Thomas McElderry, U. S. M. C., will take place. The reburial will be with full military honors; through the efforts of Captain Murl Corbett, U. S. M. C., Seattle Recruiting officer, a complete military funeral has been effected. This will be the first interment at Seattle's new "Veteran's Memorial Cemetery" which is to open Memorial Day.

A Marine Guard of Honor and firing squad has been obtained from the Marine Barracks, Puget Sound Navy Yard, through the courtesy of Colonel Richard S. Hooker, U. S. M. C. This guard, under Colonel Hooker, will guard the remains on their last journey; upon arrival at the cemetery a salute of 21 guns will be fired by a battery from the 146th Field Artillery, National Guard of Washington.

Chaplain Leroy N. Taylor, U. S. N. will deliver the address and Bugler Gurski, U. S. M. C., will sound taps.

Pall bearers are: Sergeants Adams, Covell, Grey, Kenney, Porfert and Wallace. These men are on duty at the Marine Corps Recruiting Station, Seattle, Wash.

THE BROADCAST

Wherein The Leatherneck Publishes News From All Posts

STATION "AIRS" BROADCASTING

Sgt. I. Schneider, U. S. M. C.

At the "Mike."

Good evening, everybody!

Our basketball team did themselves proud when, in winding up the current season, they triumphed over the Fort Humphries quintet by the score of 46 to 38. Excepting for the first few minutes of play, the game was hard fought throughout with first one team and then the other alternating in tying the score. Incidentally the score was tied no less than six times.

As the play started, the Army boys got away to a commanding lead and when time out was called after a few minutes of play, the score stood 15 to 2 in favor of the Army boys. But our lads were not discouraged in the least and after play was resumed with "Red" Fischer in our line-up and Harold Brooks Vincent back at his old position, things began to hum, and when the first half ended the score was 26 to 22 in favor of the Army lads.

In this first half "Red" Fischer, of our team, tallied the first two goals which was followed by a pretty toss from mid-court by Harmon. With Snyder getting the tip-off, it was an easy matter to get the ball to Vincent and in this half he tallied five field goals alone.

The second half started and there was no let-up throughout any part of this half. With their Army opponents leading them by two baskets, our boys were determined to overcome and assume the lead which they did only after playing some of the hardest, yet cleanest basketball it has ever been our pleasure to witness. Every mother's son of them played like they never played before. In the second half there were individual glories for none but there was glory for the team working as one unit. We take off our hats to all the boys who played on our teams and we know that considering the many handicaps with which they were inconvenienced throughout the season, they did exceptionally well. Again, our hats off to:

"Red" Fischer (one of the future Lindbergh's), "Bull" Sievers (he played consistent basketball throughout the season), Hal (Harold Brooks) Vincent (he hopes to be a clerk some day), "Bozo" Snyder (he gets tangled up in his legs),

"Chick" Harmon (he hasn't found out what the score is yet), "Jack" Smith and his twin brother (both from the Carolinas), "Hank" Plourd (they call him "Stinky" now), Jesse Steele (a marvel at guard), Lacey Stafford (he sort of laid down on us toward the end of the season—he's forgiven though), and several of the other boys we can't recall, but whom we wish to remember.

Fischer, were transferred to the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, for the course in flight training for naval aviation pilots.

The following named officers were detached to the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida, for aviation training: 1st Lieut. B. F. Johnson and 2nd Lieuts. W. E. Dickey, H. D. Harris, H. J. Withers, M. S. Crawford, G. K. Frisbie and F. J. McQuillen. First Sergeant Charles E.

Kenney joined this station from marine barracks, Navy Yard, Norfolk, Va., and has been assigned to VJ-6M.

There is being organized a three-team baseball league at the field, comprised as follows:

A-Team, VJ-6M and ZKO-1M; B-Team, Service Squadron; C-Team, VF-8M and VF-9M.

It is planned to work out a schedule and have the league under way by the 16th of April. With no Post baseball league at Quantico, aside from the games played by the Marine Corps team, this will be our only means of being in direct contact with the national pastime. The rivalry of the teams should help towards cementing the relations of the contesting players, also, for a better and more mutual comradeship amongst all men of the command.

Gunnery and bomb-

ing practices have been going on for some time and it is but a matter of waiting for good weather before we start firing for record. Last year VF-1 won the Navy E's and this year VF-8M, the same old VF-1, will be after a new set of E's, and the prize money, too.

We came across Duba the other day as he was reading the newspapers. It might be of interest to some of you to learn that he was perusing the society columns.

Quite a few of the Haitians returned to the field, among them Sergeants C. E. Coder, Otto Herrmann, Dugal Steele, Corporals M. O. Hemness, L. V. Masters, R. V. Burns, P. C. James, C. J. Gosney, R. A. Trevelyan, L. C. Shanklin, S. W. Houseworth and Privates J. B. Melear, K. L. Bocock, G. J. Brumbaugh and W. M. Whittaker. This is to let Obs. Sqdn. 9M know that their boys arrived here safe and quite sound. It is a bit too cold for them they claim, what with Otto going to the movies wrapped up in his overcoat, but spring is here, and summer is in the offing, so it can't be long now!

Good night, everybody!



MINISTER MacMURRAY, GENERAL BUTLER and COLONEL MILLER
Taken during the inspection and review of Marine exhibits in Tientsin.

Plans are under way for our initial effort in holding a dance in our new gymnasium on Saturday evening, April 21st. The various committees are busy as bees getting the odds and ends together, and what with Benny Leonard and his crew doing their stuff in giving the gym a new coat of rouge, it should go over with a bang. Now it is up to the boys to get their best girls down for the shindig and everything will be all set for the gala affair. With this in mind, we believe we did our share when, at a recent dance held at Fort Humphries, we cornered some fifteen or so lassies (not all necessarily Scotch, though) and have their word that they'll be there.

Speaking of Fort Humphries, it was through the good offices of Lieutenant Palmer, our athletic officer, that arrangements have been made providing transportation for the men who take in the weekly dance held each Thursday evening at Fort Humphries. The boys appreciate this and ask us to use this opportunity in saying, "Thanks, a lot, Hoke."

The four future Lindberghs, Davenport, Wagner, "Ted" Nickle and "Red"

U. S. S. New Mexico Wins Pulling Trophy

MARINES HELP TO PILE UP TOTAL OF 164 POINTS

On Saturday, March 17, aboard the "California," the commander-in-chief of the Pacific Fleet, Admiral de Steiguer, presented the pulling crews of the U. S. S. "New Mexico" with the commander-in-chief's pulling trophy, which is presented to the ship winning the greatest number of points in official pulling races during the year. The "New Mexico" won with a total of 164 points; the "Colorado" ran second with 151 points, and the "Pennsylvania" came third with 112.

As was stated in the last number of The Leatherneck, the "New Mexico" tied for fourth place in the Marine whaleboat challenge race, and likewise took fourth place in the final event of the pulling year—the selected raceboat pull. (One lone Marine was a member of her crew in this final race—Private First Class C. L. Peck.) Having taken second place in the Engineers' Raceboat pull, and having walked away with high honors in previous races of the year, however, the "New Mexico" came out on top with thirteen points above the nearest competitor.

Two More Events in Competition for "The Iron Man."

In order to stimulate interest and activity in athletic games and to encourage men to adopt some form of physical development, a trophy has been offered by the

Navy Department for general excellence in athletics, called the Department's General Excellence Trophy (commonly called "the Iron Man"). This trophy will be awarded annually to the ship attaining the highest merit during the preceding year. The athletic events for which points are awarded are as follows: Pulling races, football, boxing, wrestling, sailing races, rifle team, baseball.

Of these events just the rifle team and baseball team competitions remain. All ships rifle teams are now working out on nearby ranges in preparation for the final battle fleet match on or about June 12 on the famous Army range in Hawaii.

The winning team in this match is awarded one hundred points toward the Iron Man. Second place means fifty, and third place means twenty-five.

The teams will shoot the new Navy expert course which is now the hardest expert course. It consists of two hundred yards standing slow, ten shots; two hundred standing to prone, ten shots; two hundred standing to sitting, rapid, ten shots; two hundred surprise fire, ten

shots; five hundred slow, ten shots; and five hundred yards rapid, standing to prone, ten shots.

The first three relays are all fired at "A" targets which is not so easy.

Possible score is three hundred. Expert score is two hundred and fifty-two. An average team score of two hundred and seventy-five will very probably win the match but that means shooting a forty-six at every range.

The "Maryland" has in C. G. M. Slemmer the first enlisted man to be a Navy distinguished marksman, which is a rare honor.

Although very few Marines aboard ships have had any rifle team experience,

and Johnson, of the Marines, and the following wearers of the blue: Wilson, Townsend, Houston, Dagg, Smith, A. J. Turner and Reed.

High scores were as follows: Standing, Dagg, 43; prone, McConaha, 48; sitting, Sorenson, 45. These are all with a possible high score of 50, and are considered excellent for first day's shooting with new unfamiliar rifles. All hands showed up very well, several tying for second place in each position, just one point behind the high scores.

Official Standing in Points For "Iron Man" Competition.

The following is a list of ships with points won thus far in competition for the Navy Department's General Excellence Trophy: Pennsylvania, 530; California, 340; Maryland, 333; Mississippi, 328; Tennessee, 317; Colorado, 231; New Mexico, 217; West Virginia, 196; Idaho, 142; Arizona, 113.

The fact that the Idaho has only 330 possible points, while most ships have 930 possible, makes her average much higher than it seems.

"West Virginia" Shooters Begin Season

The rifle squad led by Ensigns Russell and Funke have been at Mare Island overhauling, testing, and firing for calibration, the rifle team rifles.

A large crowd responded to the call for shooters, and Lieutenant McLaren, who has charge of all the rifle activities, had to pick with a very careful eye in order to decide who was to go up to Mare Island.

The following compose the squad: Ensign J. S. Russell; Ensign F. R. Funke; Beard, E. F., Gy. Sgt. U. S. M. C.; Jardinski, W. J., Cox; Sellers, J. J., Cox; Callaghan, W. P., Cox; Beeker, C. S., Cox; Sanders, L. G., Pvt. First Class, U. S. M. C.; Clark, R. F., Cox; MacLain, D. J., EM3c; Prosise, H. T., FC1c; Brooks, H. G., Sea2c; Myers, H. H., Sea2c; Skells, E. W., Sea2c; Miller, H. F., Sea2c; Kingrey, H. V., Sea2c; Shaw, H. P., BM1c; Grey, J. E., Sea1c.

Many who did not make the Mare Island party—men who have not had quite as much experience—have been "working out" every afternoon on the forecastle with the .22 caliber gallery guns. There is also a lot of promising material in this crowd.



HELPED TO WIN PULLING TROPHY FOR U. S. S. "NEW MEXICO"
Front row, left to right: Bebb, Norling, Gould (coxswain), Tyson, Howard, LoGuidice. Second row, left to right: Gustafson, Lutz, Presco, Hessler, Sitton, Sult and Rollins.

it is a safe bet that every ship's team will have a Marine on it.

Iron Man Rifle Team of U. S. S. "Tennessee" Starts Practice.

Wednesday, April 4th, the advance guard of the Rebel Rifle Squad arose at an unholly hour and left the ship at six in the morning, bound for the California State Rifle Range at Leona Heights, Oakland. About seven-thirty, that evening, they returned, tired but well satisfied with the excellent start made.

Under the tutelage of Lt. Rawlins, former captain and crack shot of the famous Naval Academy Rifle Team, and Ensigns Davis and Smith, two of his star pupils, the men carefully worked in their new rifles and become accustomed to their feel. Most of the day was taken up in this work, and the only record firing done was in three positions at the two hundred yard range. Here they each fired ten shots standing slow fire, ten prone rapid, and ten sitting rapid.

Those who attended the first practice were: Gunnery Sergeant Logue, Sergeant McConnaha, and Privates Sorenson, Jost,

Marine Wins in Yacht Club Races

Corporal Foster Takes First Place at Guantanamo Bay

The last race of the Fleet-Station series of six races of the Guantanamo Bay Yacht Club was sailed on Sunday afternoon, 25 March, 1928, the winner of the series being the Station, with an average of points of 54.5 against 34.8 for the Fleet. The individual winner of the series was Corporal James W. Foster, U. S. M. C.

Prior to the sailing of the first race, Commander G. E. Thomas, Medical Corps, U. S. N., of the U. S. S. "Utah," presented a cup to be held by the Station or the Fleet each year and to be inscribed with the names of the winners. Therefore, for the year 1928 the "Commander Thomas Cup" is held by the Station and will be suitably engraved.

In addition to the large series cup, Commander Thomas also donated cups to be presented to the winners of first, second and third places, respectively. The winner of the first place cup is Corporal James W. Foster, U. S. M. C.; second place cup, Captain C. C. Soule, U. S. N. (Commandant and Commodore of the Yacht Club), and third place cup, Lieutenant F.

E. Fitch, U. S. N. Vice Admiral A. H. Robertson, U. S. N., Commander of the Scouting Fleet and Honorary Commodore of the Yacht Club, presented the cups after the final race and gave a short talk.

The standing of the final score for the series is as follows:

Cpl. J. W. Foster, U. S. M. C.....	86.2
Capt. C. C. Soule, U. S. N.....	69.7
Lieut. F. E. Fitch, U. S. N.....	69.
Gun. Sgt. T. J. Anten, U. S. M. C.....	68.7
Mr. F. R. Crowther.....	62.2
Ensign J. H. Wellings, U. S. N.....	51.7
Mr. H. G. Parker.....	51.1
Sgt. Wm. Melton, U. S. M. C.....	49.8
Lieut. J. L. McKenna, U. S. N.....	37.
Bos'n R. V. Svendsen, U. S. N.....	32.5
Lt. Comdr. W. E. Brown, U. S. N.....	30.7
Lieut. (jg) W. W. Weeden, U. S. N.....	29.7
Mr. W. J. Parkyns.....	28.7
Ensign W. F. Royall, U. S. N.....	28.5
Bos'n M. H. Clark, U. S. N.....	9.
R. M. C. T. Drexler, U. S. N.....	0.

After the presentations for the Fleet-Station series, Admiral Robertson presented Lieutenant J. L. McKenna, U. S. N., with the "Captain of the Yard's Cup"

for the winner of the Yacht Club fall series of races of 1927, which has been inscribed with the winner's name. He also presented the inscribed tennis trophy to the winner of the 1926 tournament, Mr. George Meisel, and in turn presented the same cup to the winner of the 1927 tournament, Mr. R. A. Devenish.

The Major General Commandant has written the following letter to Corporal Foster commanding him on his skill in out-sailing the sailors:

the other Marine crews of the Battle Fleet, thereby returning to its place in our trophy locker the Marine challenge cup. The California Leathernecks got away in the lead at the start, bat this position was soon wrested from them, leaving it anybody's race until well down the course the Mountaineers forged to the front with a display of determination and stamina that secured them the lead to the finish, defeating the efforts of the fighting "Maryland" crew to overtake them in the last few yards. Immediately after the race the crew was assembled on the quarterdeck of the "California" and the Commander-in-Chief of the Battle Fleet returned to their possession the cup, complimenting them upon their achievement.

Spurred by the success of the past two years it goes without saying that the Wee Vee Marines will make a spirited bid for the cup in next year's contest.

Affairs of the Guard have moved along very smoothly in other respects. The recent transfer of some of our non-commissioned officers have resulted in the promotion of A. R. Freeman to ser-

geant; Otto Venohr, E. B. Shiflet and H. S. Stevens to corporal.

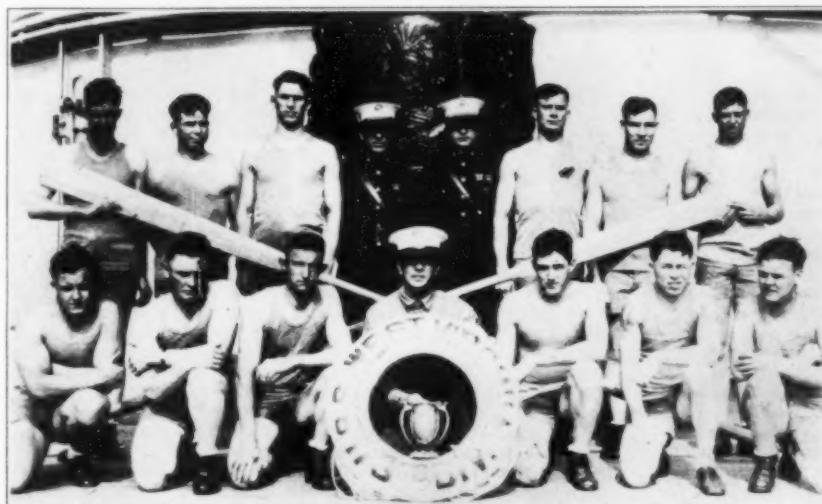
The detachment is very sorry to be losing its present commander in the near future. Captain John T. Walker has been ordered to the staff of the Basic School, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, upon arrival of his relief.

GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA

By "Cerveso."

Well here we are again. This place is sort of dead, for the "Kittery" has forgotten to stop here with troops for several months, and believe me it is sure lonesome without new faces. When you have to look at "mushes" like some of our non-coms it is enough to give you the "jimmies."

The baseball team is sure knocking them off and have won 11 straight games, beating the U. S. S. "Memphis," Antares, Scouting Fleet, 38th Division and many others and no doubt would win the Fleet championship but they couldn't get the cup anyway even if they win it. So, after the game with the "Arkansas" next Saturday it will about finish baseball



Battle Fleet Champs, Marine Whaleboat Crew, U. S. S. "West Virginia." Top row, left to right: Wicks, Coker, Scoonover, Capt. Walker, Lieut. Cloud, Newcomer, Venohr, Stanley. Bottom row, left to right: Manzer, Sanders, Reece, Beard (coxswain), Fredericks, Millard, Thorson.

10 April, 1928.
From: The Major General Commandant.
To: Corporal James W. Foster, U. S. Marine Corps.

Via: The Commandant, Naval Station, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

Subject: Your skill in the handling of small sailing boats.

Reference: (a) Circular letter of the Guantanamo Bay Yacht Club.

1. With much satisfaction this office learns of the fact that you won the Commander Thomas Cup for the year of 1928.

2. This achievement is not only a personal victory but is an act which reflects marked credit on the Corps of which you are a member.

3. The display of such superior skill should be an incentive for the other members of the command to maintain the record established by you.

4. A copy of this letter has become a part of your military record.

(S) JOHN A. LEJEUNE.

MARINE DETACHMENT, U. S. S. "WEST VIRGINIA," SAN PEDRO, CALIF.

By J. C. Newcomer.

In a hotly contested race staged 25 February, 1928, at San Pedro, the Marine whaleboat crew of the U. S. S. "West Virginia" again demonstrated their ability as master oarsmen in defeating

here, as the sad news, yet good for those concerned, is that Derr, Smith, Hannah, Sullivan, Godfrey and old Van Horn are returning to Quantico, presumably for baseball. They go with the best wishes of the Station and the Barracks, for we have all enjoyed their short stay here. Their sportsmanship is par, and we hope they all make the team. Van Horn is, we hear, going to be made a first sergeant. He is an excellent comrade, and a good soldier and there is not a man in Guantanamo Bay who is not hoping he gets it.

The swimming team of the Marines and Station men competing in the Fleet championship are getting in trim under Lieutenant Stuart. We are expecting a draft of men within a few days with hopes of getting rid of some of our oldest timers here, but no word of replacements have been received yet.

Sam Passmore, chauffeur extraordinary, has been promoted vice Willhour, who is about to return to his native land, his FSS having expired. Pop Conyers has been "sour-journing" in the hospital for several days with malaria fever, during which time all trucks were under the able charge of Weaver, who did wonderful under the circumstances.

The speed boat is in "duress." Thomas is relieved and Holtser is now "coxswain." We are hoping it will soon be back on the water as it is a long trip for a cold one in the forty footer.

The sail boat race (catboat type) is getting to be quite a Marine affair. With seven races run in this series, the Marines have copped 10 places. Anten has four first, three seconds; Melton has 2 first, 2 seconds, 1 third; Corporal Foster has 1 first, 2 thirds. The Navy has not shown a clear set of heels in this series.

Well, Sandino better watch out now. Thirty men from this post sailed aboard the U. S. S. "Arkansas" for Managua. Peggy O'Neal and Trotter, both sergeants, went and many other good men and we are all sorry to see them go, both for personality and the need we have for them here. We are now down to 103 and it hurts and hurts, for this is one post that needs men. Let's hope they will get back shortly so we can resume our old status.

MARINE DETACHMENT, U. S. S. "FLORIDA"

By Lea Febiger.

A month to go and we'll be back in the States after a three months' sojourn "south with the birds," spent for the greater part here at Guantanamo Bay with a little of Gonaives and Port au Prince, Haiti, thrown in. But perhaps after spending December in Boston the Cuban and Haitian climate has been appreciated; and then, too, Guantanamo is such a good place to save money! (And Port au Prince is such a good place to spend it!)

This guard is so brimful of athletes that it is surprising that we have no representatives on this year's Olympic team. However, this ship goes out for athletics in "real Florida fashion" and the Marines are well represented.

Sergeant Harry Byrd's baseball team is bidding for the championship of the ship. In playing with other divisions the Marines so far have won five out of six games which is as good an average as any division on the ship. M. P. Rumbaugh is in the box with A. S. Shaffer at the receiving end. E. L. Bouma is high man when it comes to runs.

The brutes in the detachment got together, formed a tug-of-war team and walked (or pulled) away with the ship championship. The sailors, of course, had no chance with Lester Johnston, N. (Brute) Newland, Jim Grueser and such huskies on the team.

C. F. Mutti is on the "Florida" swimming team and in the meet between the "Wyoming," "Arkansas," "Utah" and "Florida" took second place in the hundred-yard race.

On the track team we have George Rea, W. D. Martin, Ray Sundin and F. M. McCorkle. In the track meet between the battleships of the Scouting Fleet the "Florida" came through with first place and, out of forty-seven points won, nineteen were won by the Marines on the team. Martin was the star of the meet, winning the four hundred forty yards and was also anchor man

on our winning relay team. First Sergeant Fred Siegenthaler is again coxswain of the Marine whaleboat crew which has every appearance of being a winner.

Corporal G. C. Crump and Sergeant Ernest E. Fritts in the near future will contend with one another for the acey-deucey championship of the guard; they have now played several hundred preliminary games.

While in Boston last winter we were all sorry to lose Sergeant James Smith who was transferred to the Boston Navy Yard for further transfer to the West Coast to be discharged. We have just heard that he has reached San Diego after a stop off in Nicaragua. Sergeant Smith is close to the thirty-year mark in the service. When he left the ship he was given a big send-off. The detachment was lined up at the gangway. The captain of the ship shook hands with him and then Sergeant Smith was piped over the side with Marine side-boys at the salute.

For two weeks Captain Peasley had the guard firing on the rifle range. Twenty-one men qualified as expert riflemen and twenty-seven as sharpshooters. Private First Class John L. Martinez was high man with a score of three hundred eighteen points out of the possible three hundred fifty.

Three times a day, before each meal, swimming call is sounded on the good ship "Florida." This event is presided over by a guardian angel in the form of a Marine with a loaded rifle who is known as a sharpshooter. He sits on a perch by the diving board on the main deck and his eagle eye searches the water for any shark who might wish to swim in company with the "Florida's" "first-class

qualified swimmers." As yet no sharks have put in their appearance.

Since our last communication to The Leatherneck Corporal Harry Byrd has been promoted to sergeant and Privates First Class Edward H. Aeby and George C. Calvert to corporal vice Sergeant James Smith and Corporals J. B. Syverson and L. A. Tibbetts, transferred.

Before leaving Hampton Roads for southern waters glad to welcome 2nd Lieutenant John F. Hough on board to take the place of Lieutenant Calvin R. Freeman, who went to the "Lexington" as junior marine officer.

"TID BITS" FROM 47TH COMPANY 11TH REGIMENT, NICARAGUA By Sol.

Well, here we are. We haven't been heard of in the States as yet, but nevertheless we are here. First of all we were organized at Parris Island at the spur of the moment, and then the trip.

We got on the boat at Charleston and the weather was fair all the way. But the boys have decided not to ship over in the Navy. For simple reasons, we never saw so many scrubbing brushes, paint brushes, and swabs in our life and there are the reasons.

Finally we landed in Corinto and we proceeded for the hills. The officers have decided to mount us. Well, here is the real dope: The boys were all issued a mule, for no good reason. Everyone got his pick. One mule whether he liked him or not. Sergeant Orudt, formerly from the Naval Prison at Parris Island, picked one and named it Genevive. But she objects to him playing "Tom Mix." The other day he fired a shot over her head so they both had a misunderstanding and the Sergeant got the worst end of it.

We have a few well-known men with us, Captain R. Hunter, one of the old bush fighters from Santo Domingo and Haiti. We also have Lieutenant Humphrey. Everyone knows the Humphrey family in the Marine Corps. The boys are with him all the way. God help

Sandino if his platoon runs onto him.

Lieutenant Piper sure pulled a fast one. He went out on a two-day patrol with his platoon and decided to see Nicaragua first. And it was fully seven days before he reported to his base.

Gunnery Sergeant Wilk keeps in spirits as long as his money holds out. The other day he hiked from Matagalpa to Jinotega and the Sergeant was bringing up the rear. He showed up one hour late, claiming it was due to his

mule being too slow. "That's no excuse."

As far as us being a mounted detachment, it is a joke. All you do is feed, water, groom, saddle and then lead him up and down the hills. My mule gave me the raspberry yesterday because he had an easier time of it than I did.

Sergeant Taylor, the star coach of the rifle range, Parris Island, is also with us. We call him the "Prince of Wales." He is not yet equal to the Prince as he fell off his mule only twice, but there is no doubt he will catch up with the Prince at the rate he is going. Private



May, 1928

THE LEATHERNECK

Seventeen

First Class W. (Fat) Young was transferred to Headquarters Company because his mule objected to carrying 250 pounds.

The boys are all trying to raise potatoes. Some of the boys lost their razors and some haven't any.

Doc L. J. Gerende, our Hospital Corpsman, started a fad and now the boys are all goateed. The chow is terrible what we can get of it. Sergeant Peltz is the mess sergeant and that accounts for it. We got a treat the other day—the boys got three hard tack apiece and three men to a can of beans.

Sergeant John Kelly, formerly of the post laundry of Parris Island, now acting first sergeant, with his melodious voice, "you hear that," etc.

The girls in Beaufort must be awful lonesome as we have most of the Parris Island sheiks here. Corporal Roberts, Corporal Cox, Corporal Williams and Corporal "Chief" Hamyust. Corporal Hamyust is one of those unheard of brave men. We had a little battle the other night about ten o'clock. It lasted a short time. The Chief, in the excitement, lost his mess kit and after the smoke cleared away the boys were mustered and the chief was missing. After a check-up had been made, we discovered that he deliberately, at the risk of his own life, went out in the woods to look for his mess kit. The two best pals he has is his mess kit and his mule.

Private Shackelford and Private Solumon, formerly of the mounted patrol of Parris Island, are still mounted, only on mules now.

Our slogan here is: All we do is sign the pay roll, but no tortillas. In other words, flapjacks.

We thank you.

"NOTES FROM CAVITE"

By S. L. King.

It seems that every other post is always represented in The Leatherneck except this one, so I will endeavor to send in a line.

To begin with, I will give you an idea who is who: Major J. P. Willcox is our commanding officer; Capt. E. J. Mund is the post quartermaster officer; First Lieut. R. Skinner is duty, Post Exchange and athletic officer; Chief Marine Gunner A. D. Ryan is prison, patrol officer; Marine Gunner Higgins is duty and mess officer; Q. M. Clerk W. V. Harris, Chief Pay Clerk E. L. Straight.

Our top sergeant is Staff Sgt. Oconolley, while our D. W. (Peggy) O'Neil is the corporal in charge of muster rolls. Cpl. Ratiff is the pay roll clerk. Then we have for our mail orderly none other than Pfc. Woodard, who is a regular bicycle cowboy.

Another fellow that deserves to be mentioned is Pvt. E. J. Lewis, who holds down the job as managing editor of the station weekly, "Bamboo Breezes."

This station has livened up in the last year and is not at all as dull as it was since Chaplain Riddle took hold of the place. We have a dance every month which is always a big success and also we have a smoker each month that is al-

ways good, soldiers, sailors and marines taking part. Pvt. Lombard is proving himself a sporting little fighter and hasn't lost a fight yet.

Washington's Birthday was celebrated in grand fashion here with a pig roast at the receiving ship; then there were all kinds of contests all during the afternoon—pony races, greased pig, etc. The Marine that won in the pony race rode just like a regular Texan should and won by several feet. Casanova won the prize by throwing the ball the farthest. He also won the 100-yard dash.

The Marines won the 1927 cup for being the best baseball players in the league, the cup was presented to the Marine team by Eddie Hart of The Dreamland. Another pay day has passed and we have our last month's "Jaw Bone" all paid, ready to start anew.

A late order has just been published that after July 1, 1928, men who have thirty months in here will go back to the States, which will be a relief to some, for some fellows have been here for thirty-six months or more now.

The efficient boat orderly, Pvt. R. Trimlett, is going back to the U. S. at last. The next Henderson carries quite a few short-timers back. Sam (Red-Pfc.) Smith is again in the galley cooking beans and spuds after a tour of duty as prison guard.

Duty here isn't so bad now as the privates have one day on and two and sometimes three days off. The "Pittsburgh" left about 18 men here for duty. Our Post now boasts an enlisted strength of 185 real "honest to gosh Leathernecks."

Sgt. Bell, the Post Exchange steward, is leaving us soon to return to the U. S. via the Suez we understand. We wish him a pleasant tour of duty in Quantico and also a pleasant trip back.

At present time it is predicted that we are to have a rest camp at Baguio, P. I., for the enlisted personnel and officers. Corporal Rogers just returned from a ten-day leave up there and says it is a fine place and it's cool enough to wear greens.

The "Little Corporal" has got him a new bike now. When it comes to getting up smoker bouts and programs—well, he's right there. Cpl. Caro, you know.

Every one is cleaning up equipment, etc., for the Commander in Chief's annual inspection next week. So, if we pass that all right you might hear from this place again sometimes.

Q. S. D.

By Slim and Jim.

Gyrenes, take notice. You are on the verge of reading the dope from Brigade Signal Company in Haiti. To the best of the writer's knowledge, this is Signal's initial splurge into Leatherneck publicity, but will be continued if occurrences warrant.

The baseball season closed recently with Observation Squadron 9M as the

proud possessors of the Howitt cup. Sorry to say Signal's team never got beyond third base, but our team strived to win each game, "than more no man can do."

Quite a few of our short-timers shoved off for the States on the last "Kittery," including Manning, Thompson, Fleming, and Puckett, thus causing quite a shortage in our personnel. However, we have been promised replacements in the near future, which should bring our company up to standard. Cpl. Denny Dobbs shoved off for Coco Solo, C. Z., for further transfer to Nicaragua. We hope he doesn't cop off too many medals down there.

The entire company has been industriously shining equipment for the last few days in preparation for the initial inspection by the new Brigade Commander, Colonel Gulick. Most of the boys more than ever resemble convicts with their regulation haircuts. "Archie" Archer, the dashing Legation driver, has kept putting his haircut off, but it won't be long now. Duffy, our petite police sergeant, says this is his last inspection in Haiti; but we have our doubts.

"Boots" Bakutes, runner-up in the chow-hound championship contest which incidentally was securely held by Manning, is getting short, but will probably ship over for "Cook" Richards' "once-a-week" biscuit.

We received four new Indian motorcycles via the last "Kittery" and Battling Jacobus, our veteran motorcycle driver, can be seen at any time proudly riding the first to be put in commission, while Firpo Ferstl looks on with envious glances. Jake's face is shining almost as much as the finish on the new cycle.

Sgt. H. L. Smith, our star dot and dash man, can be continually heard sounding off "one and a butt" Happy lad. Also Cotton Orms, who was supposed to be short, has extended for one year, and the company is wondering what the attraction is.

Haley, our galloping messman, has vowed to shanghai the first likely looking man he sees, to relieve him from mess duty, as he is dead set on going out with the line gang, and is getting tired of Ryan's growling about this and that in the galley.

Our top sergeant, Kiley, and Corporal Andrews of the line gang have been on the range for tryout for the rifle team, and so far have been doing some very good shooting.

Trumpeter Wilkinson says he can make a trumpet sound like a saxophone in a few more lessons. He is using a canteen for a mute, and is overlooking his motto, though, "Good will toward men."

Willy Williams, our most beloved cook, says he doesn't mind cooking the beans; but when the gang says he doesn't boil the read lead properly he gets peeved and says if there was any mistake it was in the Gooks cook book.

The company was well represented at the dance last night down at the 2nd Regt. Gym. Dutch Besch, Red Williams and Dizzy Vosburgh say the punch was the magnetic point, but you can never tell.



Lovey Kruchten, our motorcycle mechanic, says he is reminded of the ole farm while he was assembling the new motorcycles. Surely a horse doesn't need to be assembled when a farmer orders one.

Our commanding officer, Capt. M. J. Kelleher, Lieut. K. W. Benner, and Ch. Mar. Gnr. J. J. Mahoney have the company up to standard and we will say we have the best officers in the Marine Corps.

Will close the station down as there is too much static and interference under the tropical moon.

Look out for us in the next issue.

FIRST BRIGADE, U. S. MARINE CORPS, PORT AU PRINCE, REPUBLIC OF HAITI.

Colonel L. M. Gulick has joined us from Nicaragua to take command of the Brigade, and was officially welcomed on the 23rd of February, relieving Colonel P. M. Rixey, who was temporarily in command here, after the departure of Colonel J. T. Myers on the 26th of January.

The marines continue to have the situation well in hand, but "Lindy" did the landing, thus making another record worthy of note. "The Prince of Wales" of the United States "dropped in" on us on the sixth of February for a two-day visit, and all of Haiti turned out to bid him welcome. The marines kept the field clear, and he was met by the American High Commissioner and the President of Haiti, who decorated him with the Haitian Order of Merit. The Aviation Squadron took charge of the other half of "We," and demonstrated that they knew their stuff. In regard to his landing his comment was that Port au Prince was the only place on his trip where he had an even break. We hasten to endorse everything previously said about the Colonel, he made a large hit with us, and we were sorry to see him go so soon.

Opportunity is being accorded all hands to learn to speak French. The Second Regiment has employed a French teacher and invited the brigade to enroll in its classes. All one needs is the ambition, the rest is furnished.

The twenty-first of February saw us in mourning. Second Lieutenant John T. Harris, U. S. Marines, with Homer Howell as a passenger in his plane, crashed in Port de Paix, Haiti, instantly killing them both. The air currents along the north coast of Haiti are tricky, and it is thought that in passing from one air stream to another, the plane stalled, high enough to cause a crash but not sufficiently high to come out of it. You old timers will probably remember Homer Howell. He was an ex-First Sergeant of Marines, and was an officer in the Gendarmerie d'Haiti for a number of years. He was the Port de Paix agent of the United Fruit Company, and well liked by all. Jack Harris had many friends and was an excellent pilot. The whole brigade mourned his passing.

The baseball series for the Howat trophy ended with Aviation and the Second Regiment tied for first place. The play-off game gave the cup to Aviation. The trophy itself is worthy of contest. It was presented to the brigade by Mr. J. S. Howat, the British vice-consul, as a mark of his esteem for the marines here. We more than appreciate this evidence of cordial relations at present existing, and hope that they will continue long into the future.

Whenever one speaks of Mardi Gras, the mind turns to New Orleans. Not after a tour here, however, distinctly otherwise. Haiti has one every week, and for vim, vigor, vitality, quality, queens, and costumes, the world is ours. Three rip roaring days were all that were allowed by Presidential decree, but they were crowded. Don't think that the pageant was all there was to it. Many members of the brigade depose to interesting sidelines.

SUBMARINE BASE, COCO SOLO, PANAMA

By M. & P.

Well, fellows, since our last item we have plenty to broadcast. Sunday, March 18th, we lost "Big Jim" Balis and Joe Vitek and we are sure that it was a deep regret to the members of this command as well as the Coco Solo nine to lose two such buddies and splendid pitchers.

Both Balis and Vitek have written their names in gold on the honor roll of the Army and Navy League and the Isthmian League. The splendid pitching of these two erstwhile Marines has caused their names to be emblazoned across the sport page headlines of our no mean dailies, Star & Herald and the Panama-American. The Navy (Coco Solo nine) won the A. & N. League pennant, defeating Fort Clayton three straight games.

Due to the present conditions in Nicaragua, we have lost eight men that were transferred to Managua for duty. On the 19th of March we received a radio from Headquarters relative to the entire command being transferred there. We can boast of being of the minute-man type here for an hour after receipt of the radio we were packed, sea bag and all, ready to camp on the trail of our friend, General Augustino Sandino.

About five hours after receipt of the radio we received another revoking the previous one. It was rather a disillusionment to us as we were all so eager to go. In June of this year we lose approximately half of our command due to the expiration of their tour of foreign duty. It is with regret that we lose these men for we are as a large family here and we will have to initiate the new men into our fold by teaching them the "Esprit de Corps."

Well, fellow Marines, we have said our little piece, so we will now sign off for some other Gyrene may wish to broadcast.



HOWAT TROPHY WINNERS—CHAMPS OF FIRST BRIGADE LEAGUE—VO SQUADRON 9M

May, 1928

THE LEATHERNECK

Nineteen

"PHILADELPHIA'S PERFECT MARINE"

By Sergeant T. I. Ball.

Corporal William F. Murphy, better known as "Spud," of the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, was selected by the Post Adjutant to represent the Marines from the Navy Yard Barracks in a "Correct Posture Contest" held by the Evening Bulletin for uniform men of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Fire and Police Departments.

The following clippings and photo from The Evening Bulletin are self-explanatory, so read for yourself.

It was a hard job for the Captain to determine which was the best type. Both Murphy, the Marine, and Clark, the sailorman, were perfect.

Murphy, whose home is 7605 S. Bancroft St., had been selected as the Marine candidate by Lieutenant H. H. Hanneken, post adjutant. He was formerly attached to the 20th Company of the 5th Regiment of Marines and recently returned from Nicaragua where he had been a member of the expedition that pursued Sandino. Two men fell mortally wounded when Murphy's detachment was ambushed.

Corporal Murphy is being paid-off shortly. He tells us that he is thinking of joining the State Police of Pennsyl-

vania, so we "Leathernecks" had better watch our steps while crossing Pa., for he's a perfect "Jirene," leaving the service with papers to prove it. We hope "Spud" will ship over.

MARINE GUARD, U. S. S. "NEW MEXICO," FLAG SHIP

The "Wonder Ship" is everything that the name implies as far as the Marine Guard is concerned. The boys are thinking of Long Beach, Seal Beach and other haunts where they spent their shore leave. Now they are wondering if that particular "Dainty Miss" will remember that he is lonesome.

Sergeant Lo Gudice spends all his time playing the phonograph, his preference seems to be Four Walls, Breeze, and such selections as bring memories.

Sergeant Sitton is still playing a lone hand, but he will soon break down and go to some one for counsel. Port your helm and give that red head a gangway for he's going to town.

Private First Class Hays returned aboard for the cruise and discovered fifteen new men in the guard. No one has caught up with him yet, but it's a cinch he was not working for the Crawford Airport.

The detachment sent two of its best

rifle shots, Corporal Hessler and Corporal Tyson, to San Diego prior to leaving San Pedro. We are watching their records with keen interest for they were with Captain Ashurst's crack rifle team that won the U. S. Fleet Championship at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, last year.

Gunnery Sergeant Nordstrom, Sergeant Sitton, Corporal Laughlin and Corporal Payne have been gathering material for the ships rifle team this year. They took twenty likely candidates to the Marine Range at La Jolla for two weeks prior to departure from the South. They claim that the ship can be proud of the team they have chosen to defend her trophies.

The guard transferred some first class men to San Diego, their hearts were set on going to Nicaragua and we wish them the best of luck. They are as follows: Corporal "Pop" Whitter, Private First Class "Red" Eck, "Flip" Farnum, "Kike" Priatte, "Brilliant Bobby" Burns, "Blimp" Kinsey, "Limie" Rollins, Harry Shunard, Harold Baer and F. Norling.

Sergeant Jones was detached from the ship at San Francisco for duty at Mare Island; our loss is their gain and he will be missed by the crew of Gun Number 9, which he captained.

Private First Class Wilcox received a favorable reply to his request for a special order discharge and we left him at Mare Island to be paid off. He was a

stock raiser in Wyoming before shipping in the Corps and all hands wish him luck upon his return to civil life and the cattle game.

The work of Private First Class Eck in the race boats and wrestling squad will be missed by the ship, but Tommy Lyon, late of San Diego, will carry on. He comes to the ship with a fine record and Lieutenant "Jack" Kennedy, our athletic officer, who has made many fleet boxing champions, is well pleased with this lad's future. By the way, you can change his address from Marine Base, San Diego, California, to Marine Guard, U. S. S. "New Mexico," enroute to Bremer-ton Navy Yard.

She's still a "Wonder Ship," gang. What of those "Fair Ones" of Tacoma and "those blondes," in Seattle, will be there when the "New Mexico" pipes "Lay off the liberty party," we wonder?



What Captain Rodrigues, Correct Posture Exponent, saw when various uniformed types of postures appeared at The Bulletin to undergo inspection by him. Reading from left to right they are Private Joel Anderson, Quartermaster Corps, U. S. A.; Captain Rodrigues, Jerry Mulhern, a policeman from Foot Traffic Station "A", 15th and Vine Sts.; Corporal William F. Murphy, U. S. Marine Corps; Paul Coady, hoseman attached to Engine Company No. 20, 10th and Commerce Sts., and William Clark, of New York, a sailor on the U. S. S. Oklahoma. All were adjudged perfect specimens by Captain Rodrigues.

(Courtesy of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

From the Marines at Portsmouth, N. H.

Quite a number of the Naval Prison duty personnel are subscribers to and readers of the "Leatherneck." All are agreed, however, that our pal "Doc" Clifford, for unknown reasons, never remembers us to the "Leatherneck" editor when he makes his annual visit. Please don't misconstrue us and think we are looking for publicity, nor are we looking for recruits. We simply feel that quite a number of the "Devil Dogs" would like to hear from this institution through the "Leatherneck" so we will attempt to give a brief narrative of the activities in line of duty as well as those of a more pleasurable nature.

It would perhaps be a good idea to begin our narrative at the Norfolk, Virginia, barracks. Many arriving there from the tropics and elsewhere in 1925, finding themselves placed in a transit barracks with absolutely no idea where they would eventually be transferred for duty, were unanimously agreed that as long as they could steer clear of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, any post would be agreeable.

We agree that there are exceptions in all cases and that this will not hold good in every individual case. But it happens that the writer was among the 1925 transit Marines who arrived in Norfolk and observed the distribution of men awaiting new assignments. There were at this time approximately one hundred men awaiting orders and the fun began when the first sergeant announced that fifteen men were to be transferred to the Naval Prison, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, for duty. It seemed that every man was doing his utmost to prevent himself from being placed on this detail. The average Marine took the matter up with the first sergeant, all agreeing that they would ship over or extend rather than go to Portsmouth. The old-timers passed the first sergeant up and took the matter up with the commanding officer himself. One handsome tropical Marine (who would run a close second with our Libby) announced to all that he would retire from the Marine Corps by "going over the hill" or committing suicide rather than go to the North Pole for duty. This was the general sentiment regarding a transfer to the Naval Prison.

After an extremely optimistic exhortation by one of the officers and the first sergeant, fourteen men and the writer agreed that this place called the Naval Prison could not possibly be as bad for duty as it had formerly been pictured. About ten days after our arrival at Norfolk we were on our way to Portsmouth via the Merchants & Miners line and eventually arrived at the Portsmouth station clean and sober where we were met by one of the quartermaster's efficient truck drivers.

Our first impression of our new home was that it resembled an arsenal more than anything else, for every one we saw was armed with rifle, pistol, shotgun or club, and it seemed to us that they had the art of handling firearms perfected to an unsurpassable degree. The next most

noticeable fact was that no one seemed to take any notice of us at all. Every fellow we tried to converse with seemed to be just going somewhere or else returning and did not have time to answer our questions. It did not occur to us that these men were members of the guard of the day and the majority of the men off guard were on all night liberty. The following day we were conducted through the prison and introduced to the officers and told that we would be required to recognize them in civilian clothes as well as in uniform. We were then shown through the Navy Yard and finally arrived at building thirteen where we were introduced to the commandant. All this was a part of the routine new arrivals are required to go through.

It did not take us long to ascertain that we had been extremely fortunate in our choice of posts for the many advantages were soon apparent.

Our living quarters are most modern and it is very easy to keep the quarters in that state of cleanliness which is demanded by the axiom "Cleanliness is next to Godliness."

All our laundry work is done in the prison laundry and at a price which does not make even the twenty-one dollar man's pay look sick. All our cleaning and pressing is done in the laundry also. Each Marine and other duty man must be an example to the prisoners in cleanliness and conduct, so these conveniences are unlimited. There is a first-class barber shop where the seventy-five cent hair cuts and fifty-cent shaves do not worry us in the least for we can

get a hair cut for fifteen cents and a shave for ten cents.

One of the wooden barracks has been converted into a clubroom and has two pool tables, a soft drink fountain commanded by Corporal Arnold and a store of unequaled delicacies to tickle the palate.

We have moving pictures three times a week where we are entertained with the latest pictures and sit comfortably back in our seats and listen to the prison orchestra dispense the dreamy melodies of Al Jolson or the latest jazz hit.

In conjunction with all the above conveniences and pleasures comes all-night liberty. Don't mistake us and think that this is all the liberty we get for from one to thirty is the limit and it is not hard to get.

After noting the many advantages of the Naval Prison our detail agreed that it was not a bad post at all, but it would be necessary to discard the old tropical ways of performing duty if we were to last two weeks. Two weeks is about the limit for the indolent sort of fellow up here, and it is no place for the IT sort. To make a long story short, you perform your duty according to regulations or else take a one-room apartment on the fourth tier followed by a Shanghai on your release.

Experience has taught us that the best way of telling whether a post is good or not is to note the percentage of re-enlistments. We believe that a check on this matter would convince the most skeptical that we either lead or are among the leaders in the percentage of re-enlistments.



A GROUP OF MARINES STATIONED AT PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—Back row: Cpl. Stanciale, inside reservation overseer; Cpl. Stark, our best football player and biggest liar; Cpl. Arnold, our efficient club manager; Sgt. "Deacon" Crawford, inside assistant overseer, ex-cowpuncher, shoe salesman and home wrecker; Cpl. "Buttermilk" Brier, assistant to the Q. M. Sergeant and normal when en route to Dover; Pvt. Mannis, basketball manager; Sgt. Wilber Kunze, the best "bean" sergeant in the Corps; Pvt. Nix, guard in clothing factory. Front row: Pvt. Williams, Aide-de-Camp to the Commanding Officer; Pvt. Massey, laundry president; Pfc. Purvis, 1st Sgt. Curcey's clerk; Pvt. LaMuska, our chief cook; Q. M. Sgt. Hinkle, who was absent from our detachment dance, held the tenth of this month; Sgt. McFadden, Postmaster General New (sance); Lt. Col. Underwood's two children and a friend of theirs' from the Navy Yard.

To attempt to detail all the events leading up to the present activities of the detachment would require far more space than we will be allowed so we will give a brief resume of the recreation facilities, social and athletic activities.

Our basketball team can hold its own with any of the New England teams with the exception of one or two strong professional organizations. We don't believe it is quite up to the standard of the 1926 and 1927 teams, but we have lost only three out of a total of fifteen games played this season. Private Mannis is captain of the team and seems to possess all that is required to handle a team and win games. The cagemen have managed to defray their own expenses so far and have also managed to establish a small reserve fund. It is understood that they expect to have a fund large enough, at the end of the season, to purchase sweaters for themselves. All their equipment is, naturally, furnished from the athletic fund and in the event they are not able to purchase sweaters from their own resources they will be helped to do so by the athletic fund.

The most notable feature of our basketball team is their spirit; even though beaten in a game they never relax in their efforts to improve. They have had the misfortune to have a few games cancelled this season but that has not tended to damper their ardor. Through their continual efforts toward improvement they have been able to show up well enough to play some mighty good pro teams. One of our games this season was lost to the Sacred Heart team of Lowell, Mass. The team nevertheless considers itself fortunate, in that

their previous showing during the season had enabled them to obtain a game with this strong outfit, which is considered one of the best teams in the New England League. The Sacred Heart team played the 1927 world's champion Celtics in New York this year and lost by one point.

Our final game for the New England service championship will be played with the 5th Infantry in Portland, Maine, this month.

Mr. Keady, the all-Marine football coach, was up to see us recently. He was here scouting for good football and baseball material. We would-be athletes feel that he did not go away disappointed, that is, if he took any stock in our line regarding our own abilities. Ten minutes after his arrival fifteen or twenty of the duty personnel could tell you more about baseball than John McGraw himself.

It is understood that Private Schwartz, John Lee, our iron man, and Corporal Powell are among the prospects who will be given a try-out for the baseball team. The three mentioned are not bench warmers when it comes to playing baseball and it is felt here that they will make the team.

Old Iron Man Lee was so enthusiastic and confident of his ability that he trailed Mr. Keady to Durham, New Hampshire, to further convince that esteemed gentleman that the all-Marine baseball team is passing up a major league prospect if they fail to take advantage of his exceptional talent as a screw ball twirler.

On the gridiron we have had a good football team for the past five years.

Just at present the detachment is rather small due to the fact that the Navy Department granted special discharges to approximately fifty per cent of the Naval prisoners at Christmas time. Our present complement is about one hundred, but it is gradually increasing and by fall the detachment should be large enough to furnish a team that will be well up to the standard of the last few years.

There are three fellows here who are going to make that all-Marine football team or break a leg in the attempt. We will not give the names for there is a chance that something may prevent a trial, but in the event a trial is given this institution will be well represented.

We are not in the boxing spotlight. However, we have occasional feuds and display the old Marine Corps spirit by donning the gloves and engaging in a merry battle of fisticuffs.

Corporal Mason and Private Newman are the only heavyweights who have pugilistic aspirations, but we have several lighter weights who can give a good account of themselves with the padded mittens. Among these are Privates Green, Schwartz, Olinger and Guild. Private Schwartz appears to possess all the attributes of a first-class lightweight and could obtain some good bouts in Portsmouth and the surrounding cities if it were not for the fact that Eros has fastened his tentacles about that organ which is commonly known as the seat of affection.

Whist, pinochle and pool constitute our club fads. "Willie" and "Joe" claim to be the unbeatable pinochle players, while Sergeant Crawford, alias "Deacon," and Sergeant "Dover" Brown claim the record for whist. As is the case in all posts, the music, Trumpeter Fearn, pockets the balls just troubling his opponent to rack them. But as good as he is he was forced to do the racking recently while playing with a New York Marine who came up with a detail of prisoners.

Our last dance, 10 February, 1928, was a huge success. Too much credit cannot be given our First Sergeant Leonard Curcey, who recently reenlisted for this post, and Chief W. T. Hardy the commanding officer's clerk. Sergeant Curcey gave a good demonstration of his organizing and executive abilities in handling the various committees. Chief Hardy and his prisoners' orchestra furnished the music and it was as good as anyone could wish. It will never do to leave our club friend, Corporal Arnold, in the background. He conscientiously applied himself to the decorating of the gymnasium, where the dance was held, and many of the four hundred who attended the dance agreed that he has the artist's conception of such work.

The next dance will be held some time in March and all hands are looking forward with eager expectation to what they know from past experiences will be a success.



THE NAVY DUTY PERSONNEL AT PORTSMOUTH, N. H. Back row, left to right: Flatfoot Thorpe, chief cook and bottle washer; Chief Wilson, Commissary Steward, who thinks the postoffice is a recreation room; Chief Hardy, Command Officer's ex-clerk, standing by for orders to go to sea; Chief Hobbs, our sick bay chaplain; Chief Dodge, Commanding Officer's clerk; Chief Harding, prisoners' canteen steward, open for business from 9 a. m. to 9:30 a. m., and from 1 p. m. to 1:15 p. m., closed at all other hours for inventory; Chief Pay Clerk Davis, who says his major hope in life is to see the Coast Guard and the Marine Corps abolished; Ph. M. 1cl. Broadwater, also our post photographer—we are grateful to him for these pictures. Front row: Harry Crab, ship's cook; 2cl., our chief baker and home wrecker; Fitzgerald, our ex-all-Marine Corps football trainer and sanitary in the sick bay; Lt. J. M. Holmes, supply officer; Lt. Comdr. White, doctor; Lt. W. Craig, paymaster; Ph. M. 2cl. Wenton, half owner of the Wanton automobile factories, but you'd never know it; SK 1cl. Wessell, who is always RUSHED with work the night we have a dance.

**YE OLE ARKE, U. S. S. "SOUTHERY,"
NAVY YARD, BOSTON, MASS.**

Well, gang, tune in on your long distance wavelengths and pipe this idle line of chatter from the one and only original NOAH'S ARK, in the Boston Navy Yard. I believe that I introduced you to our own Tiny Brandt in the last issue and here is another one of his sad experiences, that occurred last week. While on liberty in town he was overcome with this irresistible playful mood of his and the Sun of a gun stopped a couple of surface cars and tucking one under each arm, he strolled across the Charlestown Bridge and headed up town, remarking that he was going to take the cars to his little lady, for private cars. Well, they turned in a riot call, but the cop's were sort of leery about tackling the little cuss, so they called up the ship and asked us to come and get him. All methods finally failed until one of the bunch remembered about TINY'S favorite confection, whereupon he immediately dashed to a store and bought a dozen lollipops, returning and holding one of them up in front of the little boy, he ran for the Navy Yard with Tiny in pursuit. Tiny finally found out that the cars were hampering his style so he set them down and resumed the chase, finally arriving at the ship tired, but happy, as he knew that his wonderful lollipops would be waiting for him. Now, we don't know when he will go on another rampage, but we will keep you well posted so that if you ever happen to do duty with him you will have a knowledge of his little peculiarities.

Cpl. Yancey received a letter this week from a very mysterious source, signed by a Peggy Joyce and vowing undying love for him and although John claims that he does not know a thing about any Peggy's, let alone a Joyce. We are of the opinion that John is too modest to admit it, in fact, his modesty is one of his favorite weapons when dealing with the opposite sex, he just lets them talk on until they commit themselves, then he steps out of his sheep's clothing and holds them in his terrible, clutching power (poor females) until he tires of looking at their family albums and the mothers' tales of family history, then John up and leaves them without even kissing the girl good-bye, and that is very hard on the poor girls as one look at John and they would walk through fire to be kissed by him, but that is his strange methods of revenge, so more power to the lad.

Rebel Minton says to tell the gang that he is glad that last statement about him being alligator bait has been cleared up in the minds of his million admirers.

First Sergeant Ernest W. Beck would appreciate any information as to the whereabouts of Sgt. Harry M. Gerhart, who was in Nicaragua in March and April of last year.

By the way, gang, will some good talker and diplomat please transfer to this detachment and deliver us from persecution? Our political leader here has us all gasping for breath continually, he rambles from one subject to another so fast that no one aboard can keep track of him, and although Paul is a good fellow, and well liked, we all feel that we need and want some one that can hold

their own in an argument upon any subject.

The semi-weekly pinochle game consisting of 1st Sgt. Bee, Sgt. Canavan and Cpls. Jackson and Hussey enjoyed their last session immensely. Sounds just like the old home-town blatter, doesn't it, but it's a fact, we do have some weird pinochle sessions. I'm looking for a partner just now, but until one shows up, I've been playing with Canavan and really, folks, I think he's terrible. Don't any of you tell him I said so and he won't find it out because the only kind of printing that he can read is Haitian, so I don't believe he will know from reading this article.

All the boys aboard old rusty bottom are now mourning the loss of as good a skipper as anyone could hope to do duty under. Yep, 1st Lieut. C. W. Meigs received his orders yesterday for duty with the 11th, and he's shoving this P. M. As yet we don't know who his relief is, but I suppose that we will find out in short order and I'll let you all in on the secret then.

Gee, golly, folks, but our good little bad boy has gone to the dogs proper now. Ray W. Harris, affectionately known as "the Asthma Kid," actually was known to check in from liberty after midnight the other day. He asked me not to say anything about it, and don't any of you give me away, but I had it confidentially from him that he would never have stayed out so long only the bag of peanuts they had lasted so long that he just had to stay and help HER eat them. Surely this detachment needs moralizing when its members start to staying out after midnight for no good reason at all.

We have been wondering just why the Rebel puts a little pencil mark on the wall in the bath room. Since last Christmas there has mysteriously appeared two pencil marks in one corner of the bath room and it would appear as if the Rebel was the guilty culprit. Of course, we'll all agree that two marks since Christmas is not so bad, so we will let him get away with it this time. For he probably won't put another mark there until late in the spring.

Well, folks, our new skipper arrived upon the scene last month and I suppose that there are quite a few who read this that are acquainted with him, especially any of the gang from Haiti during the last year or so. He is none other than 1st Lieut. Charles J. Lohmiller.

We read all the latest news from the front in Nicaragua up in this part of the country and are glad to hear that the gang is making such good headway. Don't think this is any shouting from the home guards because a lot of us would like to be down there helping you out. I've only been back a few months myself, but I sure would like to be back chasing the bad boys.

Gee, people, get this! Tiny Brandt dolls up the other day and breezes over the viaduct to get himself a suit of civies. After trying all the stores in town he was informed by one of the salesmen that if he would look up a certain address that he would surely get a suit to fit him. Imagine Tiny's embarrassment when he arrived at the aforementioned address and found it was a well-known tent manufacturer.

Most of the gang on the "Cleveland"

will more than likely be glad to hear that Shannon and Woodruff have joined our detachment and are stepping along and making good in great shape.

Say, people, talk about your miser, etc., we have one in here, believe me. Old Square Head Oseit breezes right past the ship the other day with a couple of feminine visitors looking over the S-4 and the sun-of-a-gun walks right past the ship without bringing them aboard so some one in the gang could help him out. I sure call that a low down trick, don't you think so, gang? I just know that if he had brought them aboard I could have helped him entertain one of them famously.

Gee, I thought for a while that Asthma was going to leave us this fall when his time is up, but now he is raving about the high price of civilian outfits, so I guess it is safe to say that he will be with us a while longer. I know that he will never go to work when he gets paid off, and maybe by that time I will be able to get the low down on him. If I do, I sure will let you in on it.

While all this Lindbergh rage is on I and the rest of my cohorts hereabouts wonder why it is that no one has picked upon our own Lindbergh (Paul Mathias) and hung a medal upon his neck. Surely it is not because of his unpopularity, as he is one of the most known and best liked men about town. He sure has IT. (Bullittus) if you know what I mean.

We've all been thinking about getting together a baseball team aboard old Noah's Ark, but at the present writing thinking is all that has been done about it.

Well, as it nears the time for this to go to the editor, I guess that I will have to close up the old chow chute and let the editor get a peek at this, so that he will have enough time to decipher it and get it in shape to print.

We wonder just why it is that Cpl. Jackson is seen getting up in the mornings regular here lately, and honest to gosh, gang, he has actually went and put a coat of polish on his shoes. The morning after he did that he woke up and started to holler to someone to bring back his own shoes. Really, he didn't even recognize his own after he put the brush to them.

Closing until I get the latest dirt in the June issue, I am

THE WHIZZINTOFFITT.

**FIELD MUSIC SCHOOL, SAN DIEGO,
CALIFORNIA**

By "Elong" Ellison.

Very little has been written hitherto about our music school here in San Diego; yet there is much to be said about the future "musics."

Most of the personnel of the Corps probably know that there has been a dearth of musics in the Corps for a long time; but, recently, with the exception of re-enlisted men, the acceptance of recruits has been confined to future musics. For a period of about three months we have had quite a few embryo musics enter our portals.

At present we have forty privates in training to learn the trumpet and drum. To begin with the boys go through "boot" camp the same as any other private. After returning from the rifle range, the

men who enlisted for music school are transferred to the school. There they go through intensive training again. The period of training ranges from four to six months. As soon as one believes himself capable of sounding all of the calls correctly, he is given permission to go up for examination. If he passes the test he is rated as trumpeter or drummer, as the case might be.

The music school as a whole consists of five separate school classes which are complete in themselves. They are as follows: Scale class, low garrison class, high garrison class, sea-going class and drum class.

They also have classes in the nomenclature of the pistol. All musics must be able to dismount, name all the parts of the pistol, and assemble it again in the maximum time of ten minutes. Furthermore, before a trumpeter is rated he must be qualified as a 3rd class signalman (semaphore); he must know the essentials of military courtesy; he must have knowledge of the duties of an orderly; and he must know the different insignia of the officers of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps.

It takes approximately two months to determine whether or not a man can be taught the trumpet, and about two or three weeks to determine whether or not he can be taught the drum.

In addition to the above-mentioned instruction, men who show aptitude are taught the use of the Drum Major's baton, the bass drum and cymbals.

Frequently the Drum and Trumpet Corps is used in parades and ceremonies, playing in conjunction with the regular band.

A great deal of credit must be given to Sergeant Alden J. Sanford and his able assistants, namely, Cpl. Henry R. Heath and Paul E. Graves, and Tpr. Richard R. Inks. Sergeant Sanford is the chief instructor; Corporal Heath and Trumpeter Inks are in charge of trumpet school; while Corporal Graves has direction of the drum school.

GENERAL HINDS JOINS UNITED SERVICES AUTO ASS'N.

Maj. Gen. Ernest Hinds, U. S. A., who will retire at his own request on April 18 to become Secretary-Treasurer of the United States Automobile Association at Ft. Sam Houston, Tex., has a distinguished service record. He was born in Alabama Aug. 18, 1864, and was appointed to the Military Academy from that State in 1883. Upon graduation in 1887 he became 2nd lieutenant with the 2d Artillery, serving in the various grades until he became Major General December 6, 1922. He is a honor graduate of the Artillery School, 1898, and a member of the Initial G. S. C. Eligible List. He was awarded the D. S. M. "For exceptionally meritorious and distinguished services as Chief of Artillery, First Army Corps, Commanding General, Army Artillery of the First American Army and as Chief of Artillery, A. E. F. He perfected and successfully directed the organization and training of the Artillery of the American Army in France." General Hinds also was awarded the Croix de Guerre with palm, the cross of Commander of Legion of Honor and was made commander, Order St. Maurice and Lazarus.

THE FRANKLIN WHARTON CUP GOES TO LAKEHURST

The Marine Barracks, Naval Air Station, Lakehurst, N. J., has been awarded the Franklin Wharton cup for excellence in rifle practice during the target year 1927, having attained a final figure of merit of 4,613. The names and comparative standing of the four leading organizations attaining the highest figure of merit during the target year 1927, are as follows:

ORGANIZATION	ER	SS	MM	QUAL	UNQ	FIRED	F.M.
Marine Barracks, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.	21	8	2	31	—	31	4,613
Marine Barracks, NTS, Newport, R. I.	35	18	7	62	—	62	4,494
Marine Bks., Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.	26	18	13	57	—	57	4,228
Marine Bks., Submarine Bse., Coco Solo, C. Z.	16	11	8	38	—	38	4,211

RIFLE HIGH SCORE

The following-named enlisted men were the first reported with a score of 325 or better over the rifle qualification course since the beginning of the target year 1928:

Name and Rank	Post	Score
Cpl. Charles G. McCoy, Parris Island....	337	
Sgt. Donald M. Taylor, Parris Island....	335	
Sgt. Claud A. Mudd, Parris Island....	335	
Cpl. Forst L. Gross, Parris Island....	331	
Sgt. "J." "D" Goff, Parris Island....	330	
Sgt. Merle H. Johnson, Parris Island....	328	
Pfc. William F. Pinder, U.S.S. Oklahoma	328	
Gy. Sgt. Lawrence E. Cunningham, Pearl Harbor, T. H.	325	
Pvt. Paul Kerns, San Diego....	325	

Sergeant Joseph Hankins is high man with the rifle for the target year 1927, having attained a score of 339 over the prescribed qualification course.

The following-named enlisted men, firing the rifle qualification course for the first time, attained a score of 310 or better according to reports submitted since the beginning of the current target year:

Name and Rank	Post	Score
Pvt. Frelan S. Hamrick, Parris Island....	318	
Pvt. Ernest A. Tyo, San Diego....	314	
Pvt. Whittle "H" Hughes, San Diego....	313	
Pvt. George R. Fackler, San Diego....	312	

PISTOL HIGH SCORE (Target year 1928)

Name and Rank	Post	Score
Sgt. Lawrence H. Seiler, Parris Island....	95	
Pvt. James L. Walker, Parris Island....	93	
Pvt. Walter P. McQuade, Parris Island....	94	
Pvt. Cecil L. Clark, Parris Island....	93	

Gunnery Sergeant Bernard G. Betke, holder of the world's record in pistol firing with a percentage of 99.83, established in 1926, is high man for the target year 1927, with a percentage of 98.

PISTOL QUALIFICATIONS DURING TARGET YEAR 1927

Five thousand two hundred officers and enlisted men fired the pistol qualification course during the target year 1927. Of this number four thousand two hundred and seven qualified as pistol marksmen or better.

EPS PSS PMM QUAL UNQ FIRED PCT.

645 1214 2348 4207 993 5200 80.9

FIRST SERGEANTS

The following is a list of men selected by the noncommissioned officers' promotion board as eligible for promotion to first sergeant. They were listed in last month's bulletin as having been recommended for promotion to gunnery sergeant by their commanding officers. Their names were placed on the eligible list for first sergeant rather than gunnery sergeant because from their records it appeared to the board that they were especially qualified for the duties of first sergeant.

Sergeant David Sanford.

Sergeant Homer Jarvis.

Sergeant Joseph Ord Van Horn.

Sergeant Frank Miller.

Sergeant Ambrose Joseph Cain.

Sergeant Ralph Garrie.

Sergeant Oliver Sarschell Fonger.

PROMOTION OF NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

In connection with the recommendations by commanding officers of non-commissioned officers for promotion to the rank of gunnery sergeant and staff sergeant, the board for the selection of noncommissioned officers for promotion believes that men selected for these technical warrants should be experts in technical branches of the military service. Commanding officers in making recommendation for promotion for technical warrant (gunnery sergeants and staff sergeants), should state that the man is highly qualified in a technical branch, also include a summary of his experience in the branch for which the recommendation for promotion is based.

MARINE OFFICER SCHOOL DETAILS

A slate for assignments this year of Marine officers to courses of instruction at service colleges and schools was prepared some time ago, but it was somewhat disarranged incident to the sending recently of reinforcements to Nicaragua. At present the following remain as selected for details to various colleges and schools:

Army War College—Lieut. Col. Walter N. Hill.

Navy War College—Maj. Randolph C. Coyle.

Command and general staff school, Fort Leavenworth, Kans.—Maj. Edward W. Sturdevant.

Field artillery school, Fort Sill, Okla.

—Capt. Campbell H. Brown.

Signal school, Fort Monmouth, N. J.—

—Capt. William G. Hawthorne.

Infantry school (company officers' course), Fort Benning, Ga.—Capt. Emmett W. Skinner.

Marine Corps School

Marine corps school (field officers' course), Quantico, Va.—Lieut. Cols. Frederick A. Barker and Robert O. Underwood; Maj. David M. Randall, Morris E. Shearer, Paul A. Capron, William F. Bevan, Edward N. McClellan, Robert W. Voeth, Needham A. Eastman, Robert E. Messersmith and Bennet Puryear, and Capts. Pedro A. del Valle, Walter H. Sitz, Charles A. Wynn, Lloyd L. Leach, Thomas E. Watson, Walter G. Sheard and George C. Hammer.

Naval air station, Pensacola, Fla., aviation course beginning April 11—First Lieut. Byron F. Johnson, Second Lieuts. Mortimer S. Crawford, Ward E. Dickey, Francis J. McQuillen, Hartnoll J. Withers, Harold D. Harris, Granville K. Frisbie and Albert D. Cooley.

**A TRIBUTE TO HOMER HOWELL,
EX-MARINE AND EX-CAPTAIN
GENDARMERIE D'HAITI**

By Mr. Elis Lescot

Editor's note: Homer Howell, former Marine, and at the time of his death manager for the United Fruit Company, was killed in an aeroplane accident in Port De Paix, Haiti, February 21, 1928.

Ladies and Gentlemen: It is a very painful duty that friendship commands me to accomplish today, that of bidding the supreme farewell to the earthly remains of him who was our dear and excellent Howell.

It needs my going back some ten years when for the first time I saw Homer Howell. He was captain of the Gendarmerie d'Haiti, and had just been appointed District Commander of Port de Paix. He came to the city at a very difficult hour, when the spirit of every one was afflicted, if not excited on account of certain injustices that had been committed. At this first contact, I discovered in this man a gentleman and a friend. Commissary of the Government, my task became henceforth easy. After the stormy days just lived, I had now near me an able, intelligent, devoted and just auxiliary. Two years of the most intimate collaboration were sufficient to establish between us a solid friendship that times have simply consolidated.

It would be useless to attempt here to tell any one at Port de Paix, and I will not abuse myself in saying in Haiti, who this man was. Scarce are they, the strangers who, like our beloved departed, knew how to conquer all our friendship, and all our sympathies. He knew and he has always proved it, that there must not exist between men other distinction than the one derived from personal merit, and that neither birth, wealth, nor employment are able to elevate a man, if he does not elevate himself by his capacity, his services, his virtues.

The life of Homer Howell and his relations with all is in the most splendid inheritance that his children possess.

It behoves not to recall the fatal accident that cost the life of our much beloved friend and his companion; let it be sufficient for us to say that he died in all his moral beauty, leaving behind him only sorrow and sadness.

I present to his disconsolate wife, whose grief is so legitimate, and to his children whom he will not have the pleasure to bring up, the touching homage of my most sincere condolences and of my friendship more solid than ever.

**FROM MARINE BARRACKS, NAVY
YARD, PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

By Sgt. Thomas I. Ball.

After a very successful basketball season, the first monthly athletic test for the fiscal year opened with much vim, vigor and verosity. "What causes that?"

Athletics here are really interesting. Just to see how some go after them, some that can really "do their stuff," is what creates a desire among others to become famous, or "Post Known." The high man in each event here has more "Barracks publicity" than "Steel" in Port au Prince. (That's talking some, believe me.) Of course, like all other posts, we have some who are kept too

THE LEATHERNECK

May, 1928

depend upon the starboard fin of Teeter's in the coming series.

Some, if not many, of the old-timers will recognize this sketch of Cpl. V. E. Boyle, who has lately started his extension as Cpl. aboard the "Pittsburgh."

Betwixt him and Cpl. J. Adams the detachment is kept in a perpetual uproar, through the witty and humorous remarks of both non-coms.

We entered drydock at Olongapo, and the Marines turned to with a "Semper Fidelis" attitude, scraping and barnacled bottom and with the touch of an artist glorified said bottom with red lead.

With the absence of the top, who is at the range, Cpl. Jimmy Baker is acting accordingly. Manipulating the routine, etc., with a steady if not practiced hand.

We all extend our regrets to Sgt. Blalock, who received a sprained ankle on the range. Incidentally, having to discontinue practice. Sgt. Blalock is one of the detachment's best shots, and an expert's score was inevitable.

Long range battle practice came up to expectations when the ship procured a scoring total of 85, Marines on both 6 inch and 3 inch having had a good percentage of hits. The only casualty was that of Gun Captain, Corporal Philips, who sustained a slight sprain of the wrist.

We have had until lately the largest detachment of Marines afloat, one hundred and three (103). At present the figure has lessened due to the fact that nineteen (19) have been transferred to M. B. Cavite, P. I. Among them went I. Eisenberg, a notable character at Quantico, having for a while sponsored its baseball team.

The "Pittsburgh" will leave in March for Hongkong, Canton, Swatow, Amoy, Foochow, Shanghai, Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki and then to North China. This will be our first visit to Japan, and, naturally, we look forward with great interest and not a little anxiety toward making the cruise.

Six men recently transferred from our barracks to Olongapo, for duty. The men leaving on this detail were Corporal O'Connell, Private First Class Jolin, and Privates Alexander, Pomeroy, Norfleet and Young. We hope you fellows like the duty at Olongapo and will keep us posted as to the activities up there.

The Marine baseball team has been idle for sometime with the exception of a few practise games. It is hoped that the District League will soon get started again. It has been suggested that the Hospital team be represented by the Scouts of Manila, the Divers by the Eagles, and N. A. D. by the Cavite Navy Yard team. When it is all over the Marines will again be in first place, Stevenson will again be the leading base stealer and there will be one more trophy in the Marine Post Exchange.

Corporal Rodgers has returned from his ten-day vacation in Baguio and many are the tales he tells of that strange land. All in all he must have had a wonderful time, but so far he has failed to explain the secret of the wonderful pitching ability which he displayed against the Army.

The notice on the bulletin board calling for candidates for the rank of corporal has brought forward but few would-be non-coms.

Private Brown is now displaying a pretty pair of "shiners" with more or less pride. It is a known fact that one must fight to get a set like them, so we congratulate him on his good luck. At the same time we offer our best wishes to Private Jackson. Perhaps the deciding bout could be signed for the coming Smoker.

The "Big Four Acey-Ducey League," consisting of "Tarzan" Scott, "Music" Tangney, "Swede" Larson and "Olaf" Olsen, got away to a flying start last Saturday. The Mail Orderly has not been able to attend, but his able understudy was on hand to toss the opening dice. During the time between games the spectators were entertained with phonograph selections by Master Sergeant Bramer. The schedule of games is so arranged as not to interfere with police call or any other social obligations a Marine must fill.

Up in "Little Italy," where "Mussolini" Bowen rules supreme, there is a duckpin team, or at least there was formerly such a team. It was headed by none other than Dick Copeland and "Deacon" Arnold. When the details leave for Olongapo to fire the range, perhaps it could be arranged to send a team up there to take their number.

Last Monday night the barracks bowling team defeated the team of the Post Quartermaster. Several new stars were uncovered in this game, namely, the officers. They sure roll a mean ball and were evenly divided between the teams, which caused warm competition for individual honors. We believed we have the best bowling team in the District, but if any of the teams in Cavite doubt our ability we are open to challenges.

Our basketball team is now about to materialize into a reality. Some of the men are practising daily on the court at the barracks and we expect to be ready to accept challenges shortly. The Privates have already challenged any team at the barracks of any other rank without any results. The Privates are especially anxious to meet a team composed of PFC's, but will play any team of non-coms.

Last Sunday a team of practically all Special Duty Men defeated a baseball team made up of Straight Duty Men and non-coms. The final score was 18-17 in a very hotly contested game. Davidson, the southpaw flinger for the Special Duty Men, was practically invincible, but loose fielding almost proved his downfall. The sensational fielding of the Special Duty shortstop was the bright spot of the game. The Special Duty Men have offered to play any team in the barracks.

There is much rivalry between two certain young men in the barracks as to which of them shall gain the favor of a certain dark complected young lady. One of the rivals has even risked his neck to obtain coconuts for the young lady and seems to be the favorite this time. As this young man had special training at climbing coconut trees while at Olongapo, it seems as if his rival does not have a chance.

Our down-trodden Music has at last proclaimed himself to the Special Duty Quarters. Trumpeter Olsen claims he has one of the most remarkable brains in existence. He claims his brain is so

well developed that he cannot only read other peoples' minds, but is capable of hypnotizing himself. Olsen has probably been practising his hypnotizing on Trumpeter Tangney as he seems to be in a trance most of the time. Our only wish is that he could put Scott in a trance so we could have peace and quiet once in a while.

Abie was over to see us the other day and he is still talking of taking that trip to Manila. Abie claims he has a girl in Manila and has been threatening to go to see her for the past few months. Abie is getting better looking every day and if his threats should materialize we are sure his girl would never consent to let him leave again. If you are not going to see her, Abe, turn in her name to Jewett and give him a chance.

ITEMS OF INTEREST CONCERNING THE 60TH COMPANY

By E. T. Spencer.

Well, the Marines have finally landed in this historic republic and much to the discomfort of Sandino, have the situation well in hand. Our trip down on the U. S. S. "Bridge" was uneventful, but for the fact that we noted several hundred schools of porpoises and also numerous flying fish, while making our way through tropical waters. After a journey of about a week on the blue seas, we landed in Corinto, a small seaport town of about eight thousand inhabitants. At this thriving metropolis several of the boys took advantage of the banana market and cornered it. The native beer was enjoyed by all hands, including the company sheik, Sergeant Benton, perhaps better known to the Parris Island contingent as "Boscoe."

We remained in Corinto for about four hours and then marched in a cloud of dust to the railroad station and boarded the toy railroad of this republic and rode to Leon, a trip lasting about three hours. Along the route from Corinto to Leon we noticed several small outposts of the Marine Corps, and in the surrounding towns we witnessed the fine work that the local National Guard is carrying out, with Lieutenant Ferguson, formerly a sergeant in the Marine Corps, doing his part. Upon our arrival at Leon we marched to the local police headquarters where we are now quartered. However, this is not a permanent location for us, as we understand that we are to leave within the next few days for a new destination unnamed as yet. At the present time there are approximately six-hundred Marines in this city, and the local citizens are fast taking to the boys.

A unique incident that some of the boys took in was a native ball held in Leon Sunday night at the Plaza Grande. It was a strange sight to behold the native dancers moving about the floor in a fashion somewhat similar with the old-fashioned square dances held in our own country in the early colonial days. Several amusing incidents have taken place so far during our stay that may be of interest to those up at Parris Island. Captain Lott, the popular athletic officer of Parris Island, has us in command and is ably assisted by Lieutenants Levie and Troxell, two of the boys who formerly made football history at Parris

Island. Fred Riewe, formerly attached to the Naval Prison Detachment, is top kick, with Sheriff Conwill and Gunnery Sergeant Petrillo, better known as the undisputed pinochle champions of Parris Island, who are still on the alert and are gaining local fame for their ability in shuffling the cards. Sergeant Whitmarsh, known for his famous feeds at the rifle range on P. I., is in charge of the mess down here and doing a mighty good job of it. "Whit" had the misfortune of losing his campaign hat and is to be seen parading around town with a much-battered khaki cap. Our distinguished marksman, Sergeant Johnson, is still planning on returning to the States in time for the rifle matches. The husky drill instructor, Sergeant Crowcroft, has been elected to look after the company property. And, by the way, at the last minute, we were fortunate enough to secure as our corpsman Phm. 1Cl. Finch, one of the best-known corpsmen in the U. S. Navy. Well, as the boys are preparing to shove-off for a five-hour hike at this stage, we'll have to sign off for a while and hope you'll stand by for the next edition.

MARINE MEMORIAL TO BE PLACED IN MANASSAS BATTLEFIELD, CONFEDERATE PARK

Upon the request of the President, Manassas Battlefield Confederate Park, the Major General Commandant has detailed Major Edward W. Sturdevant, officer in charge of the historical section at Marine Corps Headquarters, to serve as chairman of the committee to place a memorial in the park to the memory of Marines who participated in the first battle of Manassas.

Gunnery Sergeant Walter K. Caldwell (retired) has been ordered to active duty and detailed to the park as assistant custodian during the summer.

It is the understanding that the Manassas Battlefield Confederate Park is actively engaged in developing the Manassas battlefield as a park with trophies and memorials.

MARINES ON U. S. S. "MARYLAND" SET NEW GUNNERY RECORD

At short range battle practice during the gunnery year 1927-28, the five-inch battery of the U. S. S. "Maryland," manned by the Marine Guard, attained the highest figure of merit (97.100) ever made by a battleship gun division of this calibre.

The Navy Department has also made note of the fact that the Marine battery established a new Navy record for the high pointer, high gun, and high division manning this type of weapon. Throughout the preceding year this same battery stood exceptionally high in all gun practices.

A letter of commendation from the Secretary of the Navy, Curtis D. Wilbur, to the Marine Officer, Captain S. Ladd, U. S. M. C., reads, in part, as follows: "The Department congratulates you and your subordinates on this indication of good leadership on your part and loyal cooperation and thoroughness of training on theirs, by which means such results have been attained."

HEADQUARTERS DOPE By "TABOB"

Paymaster Sergeant Edward A. Richardson was recently transferred from the Pay Department to Norfolk, Virginia, for further transfer to the 2nd Brigade, Nicaragua.

The following members of the Navy Building Guard have also been transferred to Nicaragua for duty: Corporals John D. Doherty, Clarence B. McKinstry, George C. Otto, and Privates Lewis J. Ady, F. M. Bell, Eppy A. Dedmon, Harry R. Dundas, Vernie Hudson, Edgar W. Sirman, Odes White, Wilbur T. Whittington, Dyer Manning and Clemens J. Latuszkewicz.

Private First Class Robert G. Hendricks who has been on duty in the Enlistment Section, has been transferred to Nicaragua for duty as fingerprint clerk.

Captain George Bower, Asst. Paymaster, has been transferred to the Office of the Asst. Paymaster at Philadelphia, Pa.

Privates Samuel Webster Ford, Chas. Doyle Herd, Virgil E. Howard, Damon C. Lyle and Kennedy Pocock have recently joined the A & I Department. Herd is understanding Hendricks in the Enlistment Section, Ford has become a running mate to Delong on his long-winded job of card indexing alphabetically all fingerprint classifications on file at Marine Corps Headquarters. The others are being trained in the intricacies of the Adjusted Compensation Activity by Chris Bartley.

Easter has come and gone and of course Margaret McGoldrick had to run over to Philly to show the "home folks" her new Easter duds.

Like an echo out of the dim distant past, came a letter from John Brady who is now "QM Clerking" out on the West Coast. As usual, John was trying to find out how to help somebody else, but what was most unusual, his letter did not contain even the slightest hint of a "good" story.

Bob O'Toole says that Nicaragua is quite a hot place and we hope Hendricks won't find any of the fingerprints down there too hot to handle.

Fay Morgenstein was the only Headquarters girl to participate in a recent National Duckpin Tournament held at Baltimore, and was fortunate enough to get in the prize money in doubles although her team and singles were a flop.

Charlie Hunter has been absent for several weeks, and is still home; we hope he gets on his feet soon, as he has been missed by the gang a lot. If fancy diet will do it we understand that Mrs. Hunter is going to fix him up one hundred per cent in jig time.

Waldo Foster celebrated a birthday the other day, (somewhere around 22) and pulled up with a beautiful toothache just when they were going to cut the birthday cake, and spent the evening at the dentist's. Just a penalty of age; lucky he has his own teeth.

Spring fever of a most active variety hit the big room just before Easter, with two casualties; Helen; Helen LeClair and Marcus M. Duffy went to Frederick; Mr. and Mrs. Duffy came back; the cherry blossoms are out and everybody is happy.

"Shorty" Gengler has joined the plu-

tocrats who dislike to "pound the pavements." Have you seen him in his "new" Leaping Lena? Girls, this is leap year, here's your chance.

Tom Powers has shoved off for Parris Island to take another crack at the line. We wish him luck, and with his "Championship Courtesy Cup" he won Christmas, he ought to make good. Best of luck to you, Tom. Emile Herbert, who has been in the Adjusted Compensation Section, is taking Powers' desk.

Did you know Waldo Foster could dance? Well he can, so he's not so old.

Major Thacher and Bob O'Toole no sooner had shaken the dust of Nicaragua from their feet when they were off again on an inspection trip, including Ft. Mifflin, Pennsylvania, Lakehurst, New Jersey, and Marine Barracks, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

If "Chuck" Connor worked as hard for Uncle Sam as he does for his pet hobby, the Headquarters monthly dance at the Barracks, he'd at least be wearing an eagle on his shoulder. The dances are going fine, according to all reports, and he and his committee deserve credit.

The big room looked like a half-acre of F Street the day before Easter; that is until noon, when the whole gang left for Peacock Alley, Connecticut Avenue, etc., etc., to help the day along. Sheiks and "sheikesses," nothing but. We'd like to describe some of the costumes but time and space won't permit us to do the subject justice.

Wee Winnie Winkle Brannon "took the air" the other day, and she got a great kick out of her first airplane ride, her only complaint being that it "lasted too short." No, she is not planning an overseas flight with Lindbergh "yet." She may ask him later on.

"Spring has cub" and Noble Wilson has been initiating Freddie Moore in the intricacies of golf,—cow pasture variety, not "African."

The Marine Corps Girls' Bowling League closed with the Globe team of the A & I Department winning and the Anchor team of the Q. M. Department coming second.

Mrs. Kinnean had high individual game of 118, high set of 291 and high average of 86.

Miss Chamberlain and Mrs. Anna McGoldrick were tied for second high game with 106.

Mrs. Lyon had second high set, 283, and second high average, 84.

The Globe team had high team game 446, and high team set, 1,263.

The Marine Corps Girls' team in the Federal Bowling League is in third place with two sets to go. They are four games behind the Navy team who are second place and their next match is with this team. It will be for blood and the female Leathernecks say they are going to "clean up the Navy," and then trim the War Department team the following week, to land in second place. There is no harm in being ambitious.

The averages of the members are as follows: Edith Brown, 92; Fay Morgenstein, 89; Irene Scott, 88; Mary Edenton, 88; Katherine Kinnean, 84; Anna McGoldrick, 82. High individual game Fay Morgenstein, 128. This is high game for the League in a tie with Thelma Stancill of the Interstate Department. Second high individual game on team,

Mary Edenton, 121. High Set on team Edith Brown, 316. Second High Set on team, Fay Morgenstein, 311.

Freddie Moore is stepping out in his new Pontiac, and since he owns a Pontiac the aforesaid make of automobile is automatically the best on the market; well, that's settled.

Lillian O'Malley is still on leave, recuperating from a recent operation. She is due back the latter part of April, and we hope she will be entirely recovered.

The closing night in the Marine Corps Bowling League was a wild one. The Neville team was leading by one game, but dropped to fourth place after being defeated three straight games by Lane. Lane jumping to second place, Richards third and the winners, the Lejeune team, copped the general's cup. It was an exciting and upsetting evening.

League Records

1st high team game (Lane).....	574
2nd high team game (Lejeune)....	559
1st high team set (Lejeune).....	1577
2nd high team set (Richards)....	1553
1st high individual game (Duffy) ..	163
2nd high individual game (Ross) ..	149
1st high individual set (Richardson)	374
2nd high individual set (Brigham)	362

CHATS FROM CHELSEA

Mr. Harry A. Moor, ex-member of the hospital detachment and piano mover par excellence, was a recent visitor to his old home above the nurse's quarters and while here volunteered the information that he was thinking of shipping over. He is at present employed as an efficiency expert of a one-man shovel by the Metropolitan Coal Co., and finds the position a little more strenuous than doing a four-hour watch on the main gate. Harry will be remembered here as the originator of a new excuse to escape the consequences of his belated appearance one fine morning when he was due for the first watch on the main gate.

It seems that he escorted a young lady from a theater party in Boston to her home in the suburbs where they arrived in due time and everything would have been well had he not made his adieu in a too leisurely manner, during which time he did not take heed of the fast fleeting hours until his subconscious self informed him it was time to make a hasty retreat toward Chelsea. Being almost free from the coin of the realm he found taxi service out of the question and had to depend on the street car system. Here is where his troubles commenced as it seems that the car company took advantage of his plight to send a gang of workmen to remove the rails from the car tracks thereby discontinuing the car service which accounted for his being A. O. L. for an hour or two. That was the gist of his story and it was accepted, therefore, it may not be amiss to hand it along as one may find use for it when racking the think thank for plausible excuses that commanding officers take great pleasure in exploding.

Private Salvatore Calira, the Duke of Providence, recently blossomed out all dolled up in his new Easter finery consisting of a grey suit of clothes, grey top-coat, spats, black derby hat and a cane. Private Beasley states for the

benefit of the Duke's friends and well-wishers that unless he wishes to be mentioned in the obituary column he had better not add a monacle.

The many friends of "Cheeco" Hartwell will be pleased to hear that he is at present convalescing in Ward "D," after undergoing an operation for the removal of his appendix. Cheeco will soon sever his official connection with the Marine Corps and expects to be engaged as manager of a poolroom in Somerville. He further states that this particular poolroom will be run on a strictly cash basis.

The recent Nicaraguan draft took ten privates from the hospital detachment. Among the most prominent were the "Counts of the Common," Privates Grimes and Jacobs, the "Sheik of Dover," Private Caraway, who extended his enlistment for one year in order to make the sea trip South. Privates Costello, Fish and Moore also decided to cast their lot with the troops in the tropics, as did Privates Eberhart, Freelan and Mason, who recently joined the detachment and spent some time in Nicaragua last year while attached to the Marine Detachment of the U. S. S. "Cleveland."

Ere long one more of the gang will surrender whatever freedom he may have as guaranteed by the Constitution and its several amendments when he takes upon himself a bride. Private First Class Mortier is the benedict-elect and he with the future Mrs. Mortier will make their home in Chelsea. The entire detachment extends their heartiest congratulations to the happy couple, wishing them every success and happiness in their new venture.

STANDINGS OF THE FLEET IN SHORT RANGE BATTLE PRACTICE

Final reports on the results of short range battle practice for the present gunnery year as published by the Bureau of Navigation give the standings of the various ships as follows:

1, New Mexico; 2, Mississippi; 3, Colorado; 4, West Virginia; 5, Pennsylvania; 6, Maryland; 7, Arizona; 8, Arkansas; 9, California; 10, Tennessee; 11, Idaho; 12, Florida; 13, Texas; 14, Utah; 15, New York; and 16, Wyoming. Not so bad for the Keystone ship.

U. S. MARINE CORPS RESERVE

The officers of the Marine Corps Reserve, resident in New York City and vicinity, held their monthly meeting in the offices of Barron, Rice and Rockmore, 220 West 42nd Street, New York City, at 8:00 p. m. Wednesday, March 22nd, 1928, at the invitation of Lieutenant Bernard S. Barron, Secretary of the New York Chapter of the Marine Corps Reserve Officers' Association.

INDIAN STUDENTS GET DOPE ON U. S. MARINE CORPS

According to a report just received from the Extension Division of the University of Arizona, a film depicting life in the Marine Corps was shown to a group of 350 Indian students in the Canyon Diablo, Arizona recently.

The students were seated out on the ground in the open air of the canyon, which is about 100 miles north of the great Roosevelt Dam. Here they viewed the picture which was flashed on a screen hung on the side of the canyon walls.

MARINE NOTES FROM U. S. S. "TENNESSEE"

First Sergeant Jere Black relieved First Sergeant Joseph A. Plumadore as "Top" of the Detachment. Although the detachment was sorry to see Plumadore go, we welcome Black and wish him a happy cruise aboard the old "Tennessee."

First Sergeant Plumadore went to the Marine Barracks, Puget Sound, Washington. All hands wish him luck for the future.

Private First Class Alvah R. Woltz, our erstwhile jeweler, has taken a thirty-day leave to visit his home in West Virginia. During his absence the jewelry shop will be open for business as usual with Pvt. First Class Dechman in charge.

The following named men advanced in rating on March 1st: Cpl. Robert Thompson, Jr., to sergeant; Pvt. First Class Elmer L. Forwood to corporal; Pvt. First Class Lloyd Marshall to corporal.

It is respectfully requested by the detachment that some smart aleck give Sammy Layne the dope on when colors are supposed to go on the seven days of the week, circumstances notwithstanding.

SOMETHING TO SHOOT AT

A radio from the commanding officer, Marine detachment, Pekin, China, states that Gunnery Sergeant Melvin T. Huff made a total score of 313 in a record pistol course firing. This score entitles him to a percentage of 91½%.

MAJOR McCLELLAN BOOSTS CORPS

Continuing his activities to keep the Marine Corps favorably before the public and various civic organizations, Major Edwin North McClellan, in charge of the recruiting district of Portland, on March 15, gave a talk to a group of students of the Oregon Agricultural College in the Alpha Chi Rho Fraternity House at Corvallis, Oregon, on "Truth, Loyalty—and the Marine Corps." On the same date he was present at a luncheon of the Kiwanis Club at Albany, Oregon.

On March 20th, Major McClellan gave a talk before the Advertising Club of Albany, Oregon, on "Let's Go Ahead Oregon" and "The June Convention of the Ad Clubs at Honolulu." The Marine Corps, of course, got its share of publicity.

"IF YOU DONT READ THIS YOU'RE GONNA LOSE OUT"

Friends, Romans, and those Gyrenes not in China today: If you will lend me your ears and providing the publisher of this worthy organ sees fit, I'll try to tell you something about the one and only one "Sergeants' Club" of Tientsin, China.

"When you speak of 'Sergeants' Club,' most of the old-timers who have served in the 'Orient' think of the wonderful club that is at Peking, China." This "Club" is different, for in the Marine Corps today no one group of men can be found in any one club which has in it such numbers as will be mentioned hereafter. Those who remember "Chuck" Connors, a worthy 1st Sgt. in our corps, will be glad to hear that he was the instigator along with Sergeant Haverstock a well-known "Mess Sgt." in putting their broad shoulders to the task of starting a club

for all enlisted men holding the rank of sergeant and above of the Second Battalion, Twelfth Regiment, Third Brigade, Tientsin, China. The purpose of the club was to promote social intercourse, good fellowship and maintain a club room so a fellow would have some place to go and not be without a "Home" during his stay in China. On October 12, 1927, the election of officers took place and the following hard-working staff-non-coms took office with a large task before them:

1st Sgt. Benjamin L. "Chuck" Connors, president.

Gy. Sgt. Carl N. "Ingalburg" Knutson, 1st vice president.

Sgt. Irwin H. "Mess" Haverstock, 2nd vice president.

1st Sgt. Patrick J. "Patty" Lynch, chairman.

The big-4 above were not without help. To help them along in their "task" we find sitting at one table CPhM. Stonie "Stonehouse" and Dr. Viles, both loyal members of the Navy and of our club. "Robbie" Robinson is shelling out peanuts for he is now a gunnery sergeant. "Gus" Holz goes to make up the last of the foursome but not the least. "Gus" and "Stonie" were together at Peking at one time and you can just surmise them telling of the good "ole" days in Peking. "Tom" Hoban is sitting over at another table along with QM. Sgt. E. K. Jamison (Jamie), and the other two inseparable comrades of the Mutt and Jeff type are 1st Sgt. "Jeff" Jeffers and 1st Sgt. "Bennie" Atkinson. Mutt and Jeff are always seen together and without Mutt "Jeff" is lost. "Jeff" is not only "Scotch" to the last sense of the word for he has to be broke before he will come in from liberty and who ever heard of a "Scotchman" of a "Jeff" type being broke. "Jerry" Twohig, "Patty" Lynch, "Goble" and "Loey" Pflaum, four old-timers, are making a clean sweep of "Kupper" over in the corner. "Patty" is happy for he is going home to be paid off. "Jerry" just came out from the States and is getting broken in. "Loey" is showing "Goble" how it was done in the old Marine Corps. "Nuf Ced." Out in the reading room, perusing, "Ashai" and "Jess" Scroggins, our friend "Ingalburg" Knutson, "Leo" M. Jennings, another newly one embarked in the gunnery-sergeant billet, and "Riley" Loudenslaugher. "Riley" is now on his way towards the States rejoicing. "Jess," "Ingalburg" and "Leo," real machine gunners from the 29th MG. & How. Co., are not really on a diet of "milk," but from all views of "Jess" he sure is "up the pole." ("Patty" Lynch, please take note of this last remark.)

Of the sergeants members many of you will recognize some of the following names. This, or rather, these sergeants are sitting around here and there, some are singing, some are colonel's in the new volunteer army, some are athletes, piano players, ukulele players and I can see "Buck" Buchanan trying to get five Mex. from our famous "athlete," "Ole" Olson. "Ole" is not only a catcher of great fame but his ability as a singer of "ol' familiar ballads" has given him quite a prominent place amongst those of the theatrically inclined. With "Ole" comes our colonel of volunteers in the new Chinese or what not army, "Sgt. Ski." Many of you will remember him from "Squir-

rel-wal-ski." "Ole" and "Ski" "Oliski" "Branski" are two of the same type as our "Mutt and Jeff." Only time you see them apart is when they or rather "Ole" is barred from being a member of "Skis" corps of volunteers on account of his being a greatly famed "athlete." "Farley" is out in the reading room. For those who know "Farley" this is a great favorite place with him. "Jimmie" Aylward and "Babe" Adams of the 10th are listening to "J" Mahoney and "Swede" Larsen telling how it is done over in the "31st and 32nd." "Gus" Nitschke, "Himmer" Chamberland, "John" Linder and "Gob" Woodbury are showing "Mac" McGowan, "Johnnie" Mastny, "Dutch" Miller and "Gue" Clark under. (Many interpretations can be taken from that word "under" and please _____ use your own discretion.) "Daddie" Phelps is showing "Chappie" Chapman, "Tassler," "Vannice" and "Howard" the whereabouts of all of "Cribbage." A new member is coming along in the person of Sgt. "Roder," our worthy "band master." He but not the "boiler makers" are welcome.

I believe that many of the old-timers will recognize a few of their friends in the above rogues' gallery. But—Where is "Pee-Wee"? ? ? ? ? ? Cox" and his army have been dispatched to see if they can't locate him. Last heard of he was putting a few spools, a bunch of wire and a piece of pasteboard together to make a radio set. "Pee-Wee" is none other than our radio expert from Regt'l Hdqtrs. Company. Some call him Gy.-Sgt. "Nelson" and others just "Where de ? ? is "Pee-Wee?"

You can imagine the above Gyrenes being brought together in a club for the benefit of mankind. I'm not saying that they would do "murder," but in this land where prohibition is known "not" they have all decided that "IT" can't be done.

The club has been a wonderful success. At the outset the members totaled 45. This has now been increased to include ten honorary members, 43 active members and 11 associate members. In the associate members are to be found Q.M. Sgt. Brown; 1st Sgt. "Dan" Brosman; a small fellow, but with the big rank of Sergeant Major "Krieger;" "Wilbur;" "Smittie" from the 15th MG.; Mac McCoy; "Kirby;" "Virg" Jennings, who is not exactly a brother of the above mentioned "Leo," but on each of these men's shoulders have been placed crimes that really were done by the other; "Walsh," Kaminski and Strathern. "The Sergeants' Club" has on its list the following well-known officers of the Twelfth Regiment: Lt.-Col. Dyer, Maj. Doxey, Gunner Wallace, Lieutenants Crawford Graham, Twining, Gullick, Williams, Watchman and Dr. (USN) Perez.

All in all, the "Sergeants' Club" of the Second Battalion, Twelfth Regiment, Third Brigade, U. S. Marines, Tientsin, China, bids fair to equal, if not better, the "Sergeants' Club" at Peking, China. They are all "jolly good fellows" and it is hoped that those now connected with the club will long remember after they have been paid off and gone to the far corners of the world those friends of the "Sergeants' Club."

If we can find "Pee-Wee" we are gonna ask him to broadcast this to the Leatherneck.

Wins British Government Prize

One Phase of the Present Trend Toward Complete Military Mechanization

Since the World War, all of the more important armed powers have been interested in the development of a suitable semi-automatic, military, high powered rifle, under ten pounds in weight. In all probability, our own government has expended as much effort in this direction as any of the powers concerned. For the last five years, there have been held both mechanical and functioning tests at Springfield Armory, as well as various tactical tests at the Army Service Schools at Fort Benning, Georgia, and Fort Riley, Kansas, and also demonstrations at the Marine Service School at Quantico.

The American semi-automatics consisted of the Garand primer operated rifle, and the Thompson Autorifle, a product of an American arms company, which is based upon the well known "Blish"—or wedge system of breech closure.

As a result of the various tests, although very good functioning was secured in these original models, many lessons were learned, and service objections overcome by the designer, and as a result, the latest model of the Thompson Autorifle has recently appeared, and will be closely followed by some United States Government designs of the Army Ordnance Department.

That the English government is vitally interested in this problem is shown by the awarding by that government of a £3,000 prize to the Thompson Autorifle, model of 1928, as the best automatic submitted during a recent world-wide competition.

The United States Ordnance Department has followed this by expressing their intention of holding a similar test, at a date to be later determined.

Competitive tests are also going under way in Belgium, and France has been working on the problem for several years. The French Département d'Artillerie having produced several models for trial during this period.

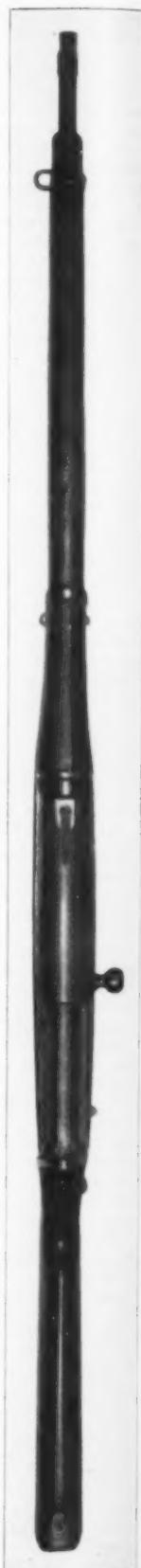
The primary engineering problem in the development of a self-loading military rifle has been to keep the weight of the piece under ten pounds, and at the same time provide a sturdy automatic mechanism capable of withstanding the fifty thousand pounds per square inch chamber pressure of the high powered military cartridge. It has been the experience of designers that the extraction of cartridges in the light shoulder type of rifle has been a practical impossibility without the provision of some system of filming the cartridge with oil. In fact no successful model has yet been developed that does not provide for such a process. In the heavier types, where a heavy bolt can be employed, the inertia of the bolt provides for sufficient energy of extraction for fairly satisfactory functioning. Such guns are weighted, however, fifty to one hundred per cent more than the lighter shoulder types now appearing in various tests throughout the world.

Other designers have turned from this difficult problem and have taken up designs of rifles with reduced pressures and calibres, such as the Pedersen .276, and one or two others in Europe. The problem with the reduced pressure and calibre is much simpler and easier of accomplishment compared to the larger and heavier calibre .30. In this connection, there are many of the older experienced military authorities who strenuously object to the lightening of the bullet and the reduction of the calibre, being firmly convinced that the present calibre .30 has none too much stopping power as it is. The lighter bullet is also objected to on the basis of its being more or less at the whim of the wind, and to date, in spite of the many claims in behalf of the ballistical qualities of the reduced calibre cartridge, test performances have not given the results hoped for.

* * * *

There is no doubt but that the era of the military self-loader is soon to appear in conjunction with a more complete military mechanization. The advent of the automatic military weapon will slowly replace the hand-loaded type, just as the automobile supplanted the horse-drawn vehicle of old.

To the right is shown a photograph of the B. S. A. Thompson Autorifle, Model 1927-1928.



May, 1928

THE LEATHERNECK

Twenty-eight A



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Editor and Publisher, First Lieutenant Carl Gardner; Associate Editor, Gunnery Sergeant James M. Frost; West Coast Representative, Gy. Sgt. Neal G. Moore, Marine Barracks, San Diego, Cal.; Sports Editor and Advertising Manager, Corporal Ralph E. Daniels; Circulation Manager, Corporal Chauncey W. Baker; Assistant Circulation Manager, Private Harry E. Hesse; Staff Assistant, Pvt. Frank G. Roach.

Editorial

MOTHERS DAY is Sunday, May 13, and on this day every mother will be thinking of her son no matter how far away or how close to her he may be. Every son, too, will be thinking of his mother and wishing that he could be close to her on that most sacred of days. If your mother is living she will surely appreciate some sort of remembrance on that day. She knows that you will be thinking of her but she also will want to hear from you. Send her a box of candy, a bouquet of flowers, or at least send her a card. This will bring joy into her life on that day.

Marines are noted for doing well whatever they start out to do whether it be work or play. We want to congratulate Corporal J. W. Foster on his winning the Commander Thomas Cup in the Guantanamo Yacht Club races that were held recently in Guantanamo Bay. Corporal Foster took the Cup even though he was opposed by ten Navy officers and three civilian entries. But back of Corporal Foster's fine performance there is a story of his being expertly coached by Gunnery Sergeant T. J. Anten. Gunnery Sergeant Anten and Sergeant William Melton were also entered in the races. Sergeant Anten placed fourth and Sergeant Melton came eighth. Of the races Lieutenant Colonel E. A. Green has the following to say:

"Sergeant Anten has been in charge of the races and in charge of the training of the coxswains who race in these boats. As a matter of fact all the credit which comes to this post for their standing in these races is largely due to Sergeant Anten. He taught Foster and Melton all they know about sailing these boats. I may add too, that the three men racing the marine boats work together in these races as a team and help one another. I know in one of these races, one of the above men, namely Melton, sacrificed his chances several times to place in order to bring the other two boats out ahead. This was fine team work, I think. Before Anten began instructing Corporal Foster he never sailed a boat, and furthermore, Sergeant Anten gained most of his ability to sail these boats by studying and training right at this station. He had very little experience in sailing boats and none in racing before we began these races."

Reading material is very scarce in Nicaragua and China. Marines serving in both places have a hard time finding enough books and magazines to pass away their spare time. If any of our readers care to send reading material to the men in either country they may address them, for China, to Mrs. J. L. Underhill, care Major J. L. Underhill, 4th Regiment U. S. Marines, Shanghai, care postmaster, Seattle, Washington. And

for Nicaragua, to the Commanding General, Marine Corps Expeditionary Force, Managua, Nicaragua. Or they may be addressed to The Leatherneck, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., whence they will be forwarded. All such gifts would surely be appreciated.

The Marine Corps Baseball Team is getting off to a fine start this year. So far there have been many victories and no defeats. Games have been played with some of the strongest college teams of the East. Much credit is due the management of the team and to the members for keeping us so high in the baseball standing.

But it won't be long until the football season arrives. Of course our big game is the annual contest with the Army. Last year the Army made every effort to break into the win column but with no success. We are sure that from the rumors we hear their efforts will be redoubled this year. So we are going to have to work hard. New blood will be introduced this fall when the Coast Guard takes the field against the Marines. The best talent of the Coast Guard is being gathered and the best coaches of the service are taking charge in a real effort to do what the Army has not been able to do.

The Marine Corps teams trained at Quantico belong to and represent the whole Corps. Practically every man in the corps helps to support these teams by contributions made through the post exchanges. Our wholehearted support and interest in these teams make it possible for us to have teams that can truly represent the Corps and make a strong showing with the best teams of the country. Such support and interest is truly indicative of the marvelous "Semper Fidelis" spirit that has made the Marines respected by both friend and foe whether it be on the athletic field or the actual field of combat.

The Leatherneck makes every effort to keep track of its subscribers, but with many transfers taking place in the Corps it has been manifestly impossible for us to keep up with every one of them. If you haven't been receiving your copy regularly do us the favor of dropping us a card or writing us a letter. We are always glad to adjust such matters satisfactorily.

In his testimony before the Senate Committee of Foreign Relations the Major General Commandant had the following to say concerning the good will existing between the Marines and the people of Nicaragua:

"It was impressed on our men in Nicaragua that their mission was to establish peace in Nicaragua and to gain and keep the good will of the people, and it is really remarkable the evidences that are everywhere existing of the fact that they have successfully carried out this policy of good will as a part of their mission. Everywhere I went I noticed how friendly the people were to the Marines and how friendly the Marines were to them. The Marine officers and Nicaraguan officials were also on friendly terms, and I do not believe there is any case in recent history where a force of this size has lived in a foreign country without martial law, without military commissions, without provost courts, without control of the inhabitants, and has not had serious friction and trouble."

In the next issue of The Leatherneck there will be an article by Maj. Gen. J. G. Harbord, former commander of the Second Division, entitled, "A Month in Belleau Wood in 1918." Every Marine will be interested in what General Harbord has to say in this authoritative chronicle of one of the outstanding crises of the World War.

While the United States is cheering the brave aviators who have made spectacular flights across the pole and across the seas, our unsung heroes of the air continue to make big strides toward the military and commercial development of the airplane with very little attention being paid to them. The Marine Corps aircraft squadron under Major Rowell has opened great vistas for future development, not only in warfare but in other uses. Its record of eight months of having flown 5,000 hours, fired 90,000 rounds from machine guns, dropped 300 bombs, engaged the enemy 61 times, been struck by bandit fire 69 times, lost one plane and suffered two casualties is one of which every American must feel proud.

A Flower On Mother's Day

Ave! Mater—Filii Te Salutamus! ("Hail, Mother, thy sons salute thee!")

"La mere sert mieux son pays qui y donne le plus de fils."

—Napoleon

One day of the year, in our Nation great,
To the mothers of men we consecrate—
The women who've given their sons to the State,—
 To the mothers, old and gray:
The pure, white flowers of Faith that you see
In the homes of the brave, the land of the free,
A symbol of prayer and of purity,
On the altars of filial piety,
 As our tribute of love, we lay.
We are wearing a rose in our lapels, to her,
Whose duty, fidelity, naught can deter,
Who never forsakes us, whate'er may occur,
 Wherever we wander or roam.
With this emblem immaculate—undefiled, pure—
Homage we reverently render to her
Whose faith is unfailing, whose confidence sure—
 The bravest of brave, at home!



She is reaping today what her hands have wrought
By her sacrifices of tenderest thought
That her mother's heart to a son have taught
 When he knelt at night at her knee:
The spirit that stirs through the dust of the grave
Wherever the flags of the Union wave—
The valor the God of her fathers gave
 Of Faith and Fidelity.
With a patriot's love of Liberty
She has given her boy to her Country, that he
May pass the torch to posterity
With the fame of Lincoln and of Lee
 The heritage of her Sons:
And, now, to a martyr, we homage pay,
She sees once more her hero today,
In his Khaki Coat, now laid away—
To the throb of the drums her heart-strings play
 And the thunder of the guns.



As he sallies afield upon his crusade,
Sustained by the vow to his mother made,
The last glimpse she sees, which never can fade,
 Is of her Knight, gallant and gay.
The swords of his father, his "Excalibur"—
Righteous, invincible, holy—for her—
The Cause of his country and noblesse confer
 The guerdon of Knighthood that day!
As he marches to war she visions again
The fluttering pennons, the tramping of men
To the front where grapple the foemen as when
She bade him God Speed and Vale!

The visions she conjures of bolts that assail—
O'er the gates of hell may her prayers prevail!
With a clutch at the heart and a visage pale
 She watches him ride away.
And whilst she envisions the bolts of death,
The deadly hail, as he gasps for breath,
She has played, like Mary, in Nazareth,
 For her Son of Bethlehem.
And the Unknown dead who, over the seas,
Lie stark with the seal of their destinies—
Ah, somebodies' darlings, too, were these—
 Some mother once prayed for them!
Though none may ever record her tear,
No emblazoned shaft or marble uprear,
Her prayers are as precious, her blood as dear
 As her warior son hath shed:



And, though none know, but herself and God,
The Via Crucis that she has trod,
Her blood is as sacred as e'er the sod
 Received from her hallowed dead!
But, her mother-love still undismayed,
She has laid her treasures, unafraid,
On the shrine where the sad-eyed Lincoln prayed
 That the Union might survive.
How they troop, that host who can never die!
A nation's heroes none passing by!—
The spirits that brook no earth nor sky—
 The love no fate can deprive!
No recompense hers, no vainglory knows,
Nor fiction of fame it's baubles bestows—
No paeans of praise, no trappings of woes
 To herald her passing above:
She needs no splendor of vanity, fame,
Her virtues to vaunt, her deeds to proclaim;
In our hearts, forever enshrined, is her name—
Our legacy is her love!



And each one bears on his breast, today,
With a look of reverence turned her way,
For a debt he owes and can never repay,
 A flower on "Mother's Day;"
A pure white rose—no emblem truer
For a mother's love that shall e'er endure—
Patient, prayerful, proud, passionless, pure—
 Te Salutant, Mater—Ave!

CONSTANTINE M. PERKINS.

May, 1928.

"MOTHER"

M is for the million things she gave me
 O means only that she's growing old
 T is for the tears she shed to save me
 H Is for her heart of purest gold
 E is for her eyes with love light shining
 R means right and right she'll always be
 Put them altogether
 they spell MOTHER
 A word that means the world to me.



Sunday, May 13th Is Mother's Day

How about Your Mother, Buddy? Isn't she
 deserving of a little thoughtful consideration?

What some of Your Buddies did last May

Last May many service men came into my store and had me send to their mothers a pound of delicious assorted chocolates, packed in an attractive box specially prepared for Mother's Day. On the cover was an appropriate verse to Mother and a fine hand-made carnation that looked real enough to have fragrance.

Many of these men wrote me afterward and thanked me for the mailing and told about their mothers writing them of the delicious candy and how thoughtful of them to send it. One chap suggested that I publish an ad so that the entire Service would know how easy it is to remember Mother appropriately on Mother's Day, no matter where YOU may be. I have been sending out candy for many years for a number of years but have never advertised the fact before.

This coupon makes it very easy for your Mother to receive your remembrance at the time she appreciates it most.

Mail the coupon NOW so that it will reach us in time

P. C. HERWIG CO.
 97 Sands St.
 Brooklyn, New York

I enclose \$1.50. Please send my mother one box of Mother's Day Chocolates so that she receives them on May 12th, as stated in your advertisement.

Mother's Name.....

Street and No.....

City and State.....

My Name.....

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY
 If you can't get money order
 enclose stamps.

Post or Ship.....

Here is What I've done this Year

This year I have made arrangements with the same candy maker to give me a better assortment of his most delicious chocolates packed in a more attractive box. The candy will be delivered to me—fresh on the same day that I will mail it thus insuring its freshness to destination. Better than what your mother could get at the same price in the corner store herself.

The box will have the carnation and the verse—and I will enclose a card of greeting with your name upon it. It will be packed in a strong container and mailed so that it will reach your mother on Saturday, May 12th, no matter in what part of the country she lives. It will be insured and a shipping receipt sent you showing you the exact date the package was mailed.

Your mother will be pleased to get such a remembrance from you. All it costs is \$1.50 including cost of mailing, insurance, etc.

Philip C. Herwig

P. C. Herwig Co.

97 SANDS STREET
 BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Headquarters for Quality in Square-Knot materials and Mail Order requirements of Service men. Quality and Service Guaranteed.

Don't
Forget
Sunday,
May 13th



Mother's Day

Member of Florists'
Telegraph Delivery Association

No matter where
your mother may be—
*Gude's Flowers
are everywhere*

THERE are no flowers in Mother's Garden
as sweet as those you send. And never will
your flowers mean quite so much to her as on
this—her day!

Wistfully she yearns to clasp you, as in your
baby days. Fill those empty arms with fra-
grant flowers . . . bright blossoms that whisper
a story Mothers are ever eager to hear.

Gude Bros. Co.

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FOR your protection and convenience, we have installed equipment and adopted the use of a new milk bottle cap that is a considerable improvement over the standard milk bottle cap.

This new cap affords protection to the pouring lip of the bottle, eliminates the crevice between the edge of the cap and the glass and facilitates the removal of the cap.

This improvement is the realization of one of the many desires of this Company to give the consum-
ing public a product of the highest quality,
properly pasteurized, handled and delivered
to you under the most modern methods.

We will appreciate your comments on this
package and any suggestions that may im-
prove our products or service to you.

Farmers Creamery Company, Inc.

Phone 138 Fredericksburg, Va.

Makers of Superior Dairy Products



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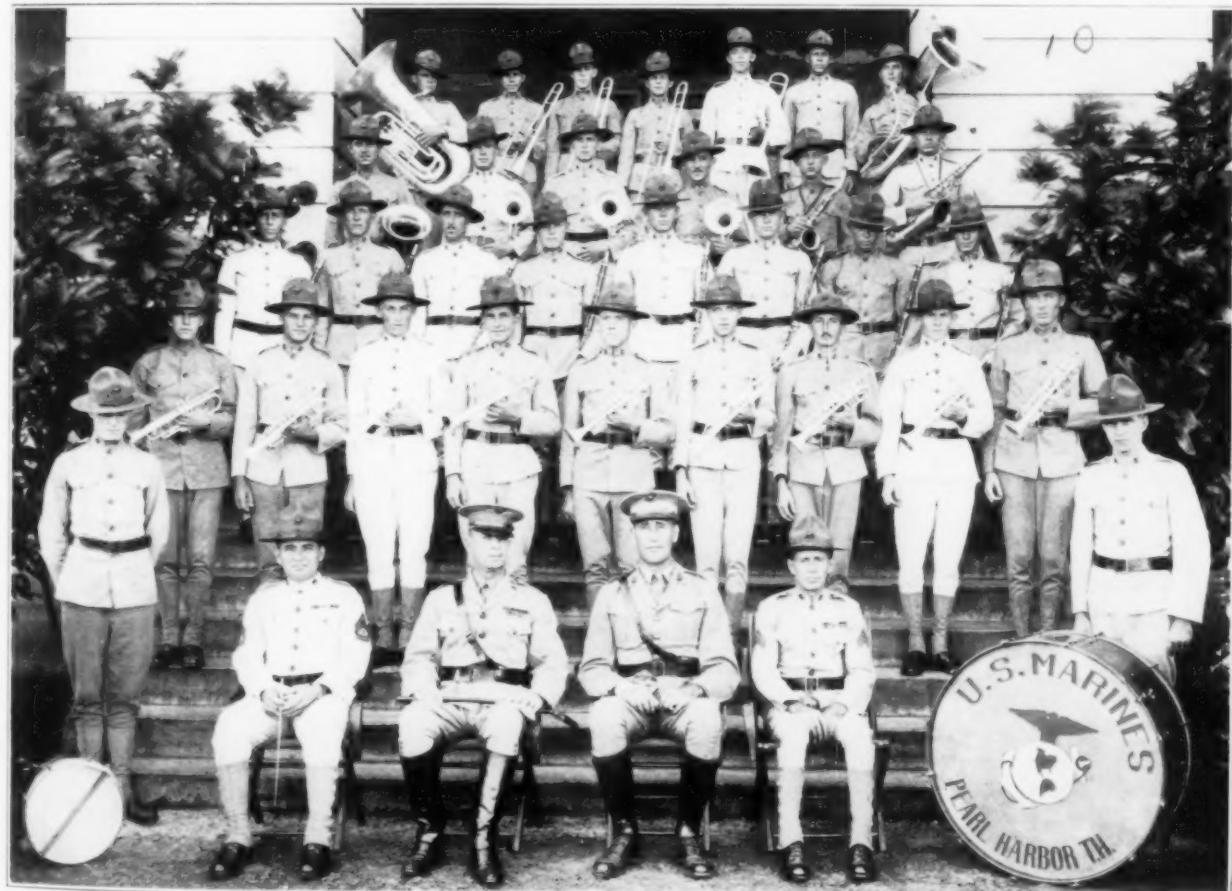
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NOT TOO BIG FOR THE SMALLEST ACCOUNT"



1928 BASEBALL TEAM.—Top row, left to right: Freeny (Captain); Chenoweth; Smith; Bishop; Duncan; Hill; Scarlett; Coach Keady. Bottom row, left to right: Levey; Bukowy; Derr; Hannah; Hudson; Kidd; Traw; Sullivan.



PEARL HARBOR MARINE POST BAND.—Left to right, seated: 1st Sgt. Leland L. Brigham, bandmaster; Col. James McE. Huey, commanding officer; Lieut. E. E. "Swede" Larsen, band officer; Sergeant Gilbert Munn, assistant bandmaster.

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English Luggage and Parisian
Novelties*
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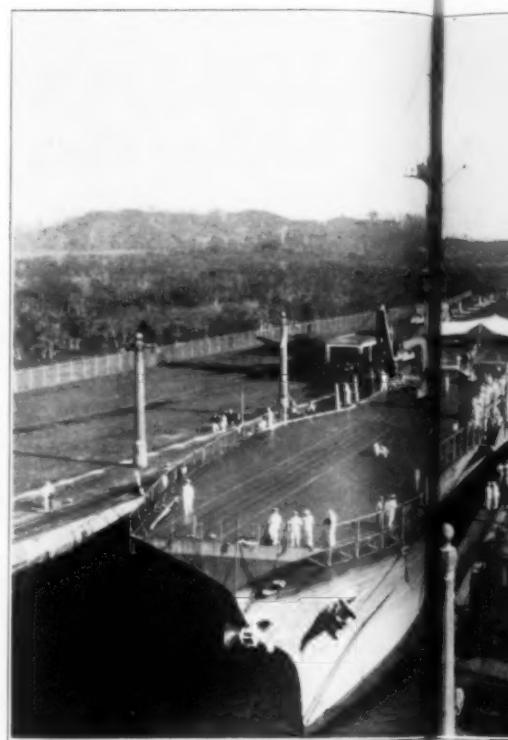
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The biggest Chinese Silk Store on the
Isthmus—Original Curios.
Col. Lindbergh bought silk shawl here.
27 Avenida Central, Panama, R. P.

From Theerch
Panama City, On a



The U. S. S. "SARATOGA" in Gatun Locks, the that has

Isn't it a grand and glorious feel the old
waters of the canal after days of buff the billow
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The merchants of PANAMA and have gat
from all parts of the globe to satisfy need.
reasonable. Articles worth almost som in
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s feel the old "tub" nose into the fresh, still
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A and have gathered the choicest merchandise
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NEW BOMBAY SILK HOUSE
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Spanish Shawls and Panama Hats*
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*Indian, Chinese, Japanese and Oriental
Embroideries. Silks of all kinds,
Spanish Shawls, Panama Hats, etc.*
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Dalip Singh & Bros.
*Specialists in Oriental and Persian
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Verhomal & Khubchand
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53 Front Street, Colon, R. P.

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POHOOMULL BROS.
*Oriental Merchants—Egyptian, Spanish,
Mantilla; Drawn Thread Work,
Chinese Rugs, Silks, French Perfumes,
etc.*
Cor. 10th & Front Streets, Colon, R. P.

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149 Central Avenue
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43 Central Ave., Panama City

TROTT THE CLEANER
*Prompt American Service on all
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15 G Street, Panama, R. P.

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Radio Supplies and Radiotrons
34 Central Avenue, Panama
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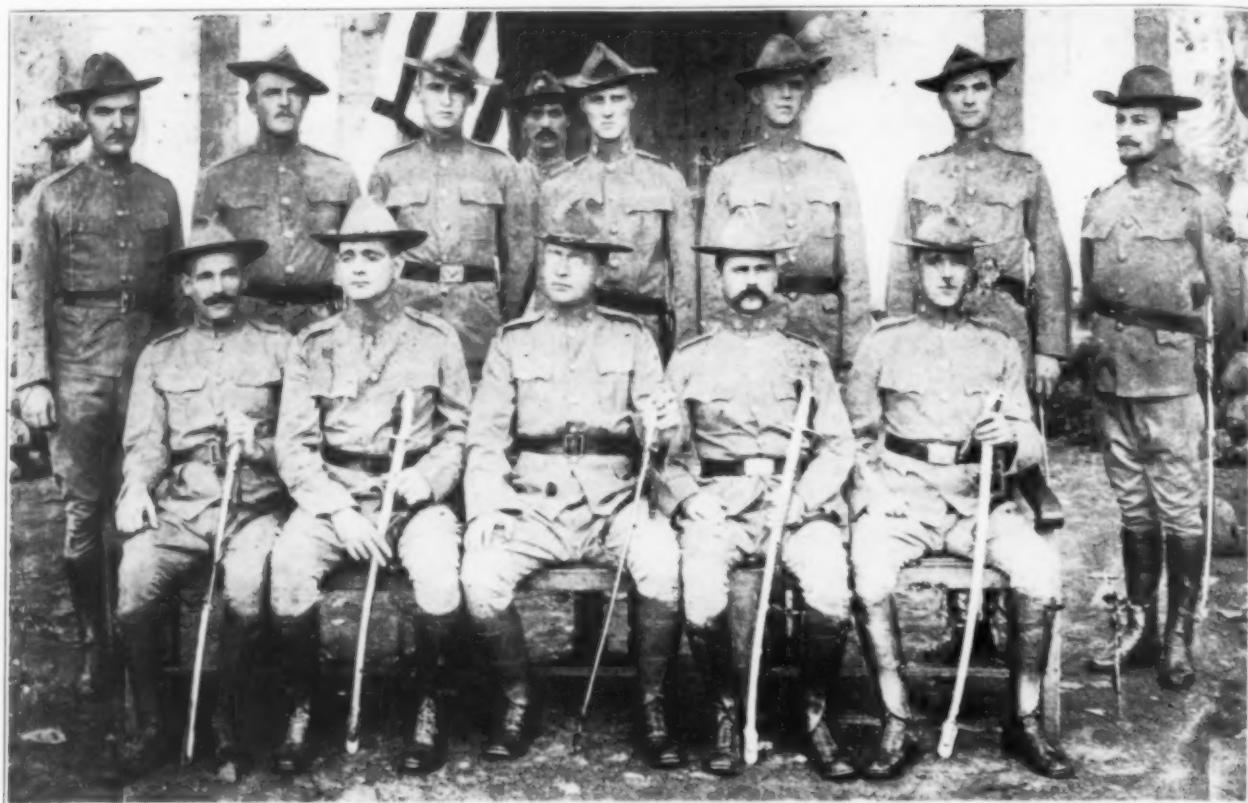
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*General Hardware
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14 Central Avenue, Panama City

WONG CHANG & CO., Ltd.
*General Hardware, Ammunition
and Fishing Tackle*
Colon and Panama



A GROUP OF OFFICERS OF THE OLD MARINE CORPS. DO YOU RECOGNIZE ANY OF THEM?



MEMBERS OF PARRIS ISLAND'S BASKETBALL TEAM who have closed a very successful season. Standing, left to right: Captain Lott, Bishop, Shumway, Cain, Woods, Hart, Coach Donnelly. Sitting, left to right: Peters, Lewonis, Grissom (Captain), Dean, Jennings, Troxell. In front: Jiggs II.



"He Used to Belong to Our Crowd"

"He's the only one of the old gang who made good"

"THAT'S Bob Thompson, sales manager for Boyd & Snyder. They say he makes \$15,000 a year.

"Yet it hasn't been long since he wasn't making more than \$35 a week. I know, because he used to belong to our crowd. There were six of us and there was hardly a night that we didn't bowl or shoot pool or play cards together.

"Lots of times we would sit down and talk about earning more money, but that's all it ever amounted to—*talk!* Bob was the only one who really did anything.

"I'm through wasting my spare time like this," he said one night. "I'm going to take up a course with the International Correspondence Schools and try to make something of myself before it is too late."

"We didn't see much of Bob after that—he'd always laugh and say he

was 'too busy' when we'd ask him to join a party.

"Look at him now. A big man in a big job. Making five times as much as I'll ever make. Oh, what a fool I was not to send in that I. C. S. coupon when he did!"

Are you like this man? Are you standing still while other men get ahead of you? Are you idling away your time in small and fleeting pleasures instead of building for the future?

The best way for you to advance in business and in life is to take up a course of home-study with the International Correspondence Schools as so many other men have done.

Jesse G. Vincent was a toolmaker before he enrolled with the I. C. S. He is now Vice-president of the Packard Motor Car Company. Walter Chrysler, President of the Chrysler Corporation, is also a former I. C. S. student. So is "Eddie" Rickenbacker, the famous flying ace, who is now Director of Sales for the La Salle Motor Company.

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George A. Grieble is another man who lifted himself out of the rut by spare-time study. He was a stone cutter earning \$15 a week when he

enrolled with the I. C. S. He now has his own architectural and engineering business in Cleveland and his income is between \$10,000 and \$15,000 a year."

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AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "Doc" Clifford

Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.



"DOC" CLIFFORD

To visit Quantico at any time during the last twelve months, and to find only about a thousand men in the Post; and this thousand scattered amongst the many units of the command, has reminded one of the many War-time camps of the Army which have been, more or less, abandoned. It is only when the nightly crowd gathers for movies that there is really even that many Marines left in the famous camp which has always maintained its thousands instead of hundreds.

It is said, however, that "no evil is unmixed with good" and though the crowds have gone to Nicaragua and to China, this duty has really been a blessing for at the present time we have the wrecking crews who during the last few weeks have been tearing down the old wooden barracks in preparation for the erection of decent habitable living quarters. These old buildings have long been a disgrace to our country and a menace to the health of the men who lived in them, but the new group of buildings will be a source of pride to the men of the Corps, increasing their efficiency and adding to the loyalty and devotion to the service into which they have been called.

While the wrecking crews were busy tearing down those buildings in which so many memories have been intertwined, I could not help but wander through to take a last look at the small tablets with which the wooden walls were so plentifully posted. Vivid scenes were recalled of June ten years ago as row after row gave name and date of private, noncommissioned officer and officer and the information, "killed in action," "died of wounds," "company and regiment." Space prevents mention of the large number of names in this issue, but the last I saw was

RODGERS, J. W.
SERGEANT, 43 CO.
5TH MARINES
KILLED IN ACTION
BELLEAU WOOD, JUNE 6, 1918

A photo taken by Major J. D. Murray in Lucy-le-Bocage in May, 1926, came to me a few days ago, another reminder of the same momentous days during which the supreme sacrifice was made and deeds of valor and heroism unequalled were unstintingly displayed by the men of the 5th and 6th who were rushed into that sector to stem the advance of the onrushing German troops.

The picture shows the old church, still in ruins, while right across in the village square is a huge boulder placed by the 2nd Division as a standing record of the work accomplished at that time.

"Travel and see the world" has long been a slogan of our recruiters and thousands of men have been grateful for the splendid opportunities thus afforded for such educational facilities combined with pleasurable service. Real travel is always a benefit, but where either pleasure, benefit or common sense can be found in the following trip, I cannot imagine. "Two automobiles made the trip from Kingstree, S. C., to Long Island in a little more than 22 hours. The distance was 752 miles, the average speed was 35 miles an hour if they did not stop anywhere (and higher if they did), and one of the cars had the same driver for the whole trip." No wonder the Baltimore Sun says "This, fortunately, is not the average man's ideas of a pleasant ride."

Mother's Day will be celebrated on Sunday, May 13th, and in this connection I would like to quote as the poem of the month the composition of one of Our Boys who wrote the lines ten years ago:

How happy I shall be,
O, Mother mine,
If only, after our hard fight is won,
My part, though small, shall
License you to speak,
With pride of him who is your son!

It matters not if I'm not
At your side
To comfort you, and ease your ripening
years,
For though you grieve the loss
Of him you loved,
Pride then will quickly vanquish sorrow's
tears.

It matters only if midst
Shrapnel's scream
And bullets, gas and ravages of Hun,
That I, whom you have reared
With tender love,
Shall live or die as you would have
your son.

In 1885 on the 17th day of August, Albert Gosling enlisted in the Hampshire Regiment of Foot Soldiers in England, being promoted to Corporal in October, 1889, and Sergeant in March, 1892. Leaving the British service he came to America and eventually became a Marine. I have met the old man recently in Quantico, where, as gunnery sergeant, he is filling in his final enlistment before retirement. Thomas R. Murrell of the Rifle Range Detachment is another of these "old reliables" who feels he has not long to go before settling down to his farm and chickens. After years of honorable service it must be sweet to know that the worries of the future need not be feared because of faithfulness in the past.

Chaplain Maurice M. Witherspoon is a tireless worker and as a result the two Sundays spent in Quantico showed excellent church attendances. By day and by night the chaplain believes in rendering service and is at the call of any who need help. His ministrations and usefulness also extend far beyond the limits of the Post and the influence of his unceasing efforts is felt over a vast area which ordinarily would remain untouched. The church choir, under the direction of Mrs. Bacon (wife of Lieut. Harry Bacon), has also rendered excellent service which has been greatly appreciated both in the Post and outside.

Chaplain Father Casey on his first cruise of shore duty with the men of the Marine Corps has endeared himself to the people of the Post who have had the privilege of his ministrations and those with whom he has come into contact. One notable feature of his work has been the Sunday School for which he has secured the valuable service of two sisters who sacrifice every Sunday to give their assistance in this work, journeying from Washington for that purpose.

The Marine Corps Institute is ably represented in Quantico by Sergeant David Martin who informs me that 100 per cent of the men in Quantico, eligible for educational courses, are now enrolled. This is a splendid record and one to be proud of.

When it is possible to catch the non-commissioned staff of the Post Headquarters and know them personally, it is to immediately enter a fellowship of real fellows. For instance, the Sergeant Major (Kloth) is sometimes familiarly known as "AD" and is straight as a die. His close associates are "Judge" Oldridge and "Beef" Harrmann, both of whom are first sergeants, the latter having just left for a furlough in Peoria, Illinois. Staff Sergeant "Joe" Ulinger with Sergeant "Nap" Lapardo come next, and are followed by quite an assortment of corporals and privates each of whom can be expected to do and give their best. Corporal H. C. Sharp is sometimes called "Permanent Wave," but why "Ekkakopf" should designate Corporal Geecher is more than I can understand. Corporals W. S. "Chink" Rice and J. C. "Rebel" Faglie are followed by Private First Class "Red" Samples, Privates B. "Pete" Perry and E. S. "Chicken" Gadis, thus completing the dependable office equipment on which the smooth running of the department relies.

Gunnery Sergeant W. G. Huntly is now the reigning sultan of Dahlgren and with Sergeant Besshki is quite proud of his efficient guard in this far away lovely Maryland post. The gunnery sergeant is a good bass singer and recently rendered valuable assistance to Private Mann Koehlein and Brough, the bass singers of the Quantico choir.

May, 1928

THE LEATHERNECK**Thirty-two C****OUT OF THE BRIG**
By LOU WYLIE

LOU WYLIE

LEATHERNECK two or three years ago. At that time it was very enthusiastically received by all the Leatherneck readers, and the April 25th issue of the paper (1925) printed the following poem by the chauffeur of this column:

Tribute to the Author of Hi Wright Perry

Wildly, gaily, falls your singing,
Like a brooklet, swiftly springing
Down a mountain side.
Softly now, with noontide leisure,
Now a deeper, sterner measure
Like the swelling tide.
Now we see a dim phalanx
Of men, that march in serried ranks,
Dust grimed, weary, 'reft of sleep,
See them stumbling through the twilight
Til they slip into the blue night
Where the broken poppies weep.
Now we hear the mess hall chatter,
And the idle, happy clatter
Of some post from battles far,
See some boot out on parade
Who in thought has scarcely strayed
Through the glittering courts of war.
Ah! You bring us legends, glory
From those distant fields and gory
That our hearts may thrill anew,
Stir our blood to wildly singing,
Fill our ears with warlike ringing
As some potent brew.
You, who sing of Hi Wright Perry,
Matchless lad from County Kerry,
And the glory of the Corps,
We salute you! Dreamer! Brother!
On our altar will no other
Dim their light for evermore.

Although it has been some little time now since the U. S. S. "Texas" steamed away, we have not forgotten the courtesies shown us by officers and men aboard her, nor our promise to mention some of Sgt. Hans Rasmussen's marines in our Brig column. Unfortunately, however, while absence lends a sort of halo of enchantment it also, after it has lengthened out considerably, erases a lot of details from our memory that we had made the most careful resolutions not to forget. Such has been the case in this instance. We remember a very lovely bronze figure upon the Sgt's desk, that had recently been won by some of the marines aboard the "Texas," but

whether it was a runner, a wrestler, or a boxer. On second thought we seem to remember it as a boxer, but where our notes are, that we made on the occasion of our visit to marine quarters on the "Texas" we cannot say. Accordingly if the good sergeant when he reads this will hasten to correct us we will be very glad to give his men the publicity they deserve.

We have just had a visit from Lt. and Mrs. "Marsh" Ranck, U. S. M. C., and by the time this column gets to print the Lieutenant will be well on his way to Nicaragua as the purpose of his visit was to say good-bye, as he had received orders to leave the following day. It is one of the noblest sights that we have ever seen, the manner in which the wives of our men break up homes and bid farewell to the ones they love best, and prepare to face not only months of loneliness but months of anxiety and worry as well. One day someone with the proper appreciation will start a move to erect a statue to the wives and mothers of the men of our Corps, and our suggestion is that they use the figure of Patience, crowned with a wreath of laurels, kneeling by a broken cannon, with her arms about a child.

Shortly after the "Texas" left New Orleans, the British cruiser "Cairo" steamed into her berth, and we were accorded a visit by Sgt. George Nurse of H. M. Marines, who called to extend the greetings of the British Marines aboard the "Cairo," many of whom we were very glad to find, read the Leatherneck. Sgt. Nurse was a very likeable chap, who seemed to have quite a lot of fun out of the attention his very good looking uniform caused. He tells us that on the street car one day a news boy walked backwards the full length of the car so as to keep him in view as long as possible. Sgt. Nurse, along with Color Sgt. F. Bentley and Sgt. H. W. Bowden were the first British Marines to call on Private Pagett upon their arrival and he very kindly presented us with a picture of the meeting, also an extremely good likeness of Pagett himself. One of Sgt. Nurse's favored possessions is a swagger stick given him by the drum major of the U. S. Marine Corps Band at Washington. Sgt. Nurse has asked us to say that all the marines aboard the "Cairo" join him in extending their thanks for the courtesies shown them while over here, as well as their sincerest good wishes to the U. S. Marines. Having had the honor of meeting Sgt. Nurse personally, fellows, he strikes us as a darn fine scout, and we are extremely glad that he called to see us.

A column or so back we mentioned an ex-marine we knew, who was at present holding down the unappreciated job of prohibition agent. The ex-marine in question is Homer Turner, and if any of you read the April American Mercury you found Homer had burst into print in the "Notes of a Prohibition Agent" with his picture and a short sketch of his hitch in the corps under "Editorial Notes."

"Do youse love muh, Spike?" queried a young Bowery miss, of her beau.

"Sure, I love youse," said Spike, hugging her enthusiastically.

"Then why don't youse chest go up and down like in the movies?" asked the maiden, skeptically.

Sgt. J. A. Dunagan has sent us the picture of the mysterious Miss U. S. Marine that we were unable to catch for an interview Carnival Day. However, Sgt., you forgot to come across with her name. Fess up, what is it?

And the funny thing about it is, though the Sgt. evidently didn't know it, he snapped the chauffeur of this column quite plainly in the background.

Boy! Page Lt. Paul!

We met a very charming young lady at a party the other evening who insisted on having us tell her instantly, and without delay, what had become of the handsome Lt. Paul who used to be here on recruiting and was so marvelously good-looking in his dress cape. According to our remembrance it has been some time since Lt. Paul left New Orleans, but his memory certainly seems to remain green anyhow.

MY MARINE**A Mother's Tribute to Her Son.**

The shore boats leaving,
And you must go
But I am grieving
I'll miss you so.
Your country's calling
For they need you
The boy who's wearing
A suit of blues.

Your ship is sailing,
I wait alone;
And I am praying
You may come home,
But if there's fighting
On sea or land,
You'll be there serving
Your Uncle Sam.

When you are roaming
Life's not worth while,
But I'll be waiting
With a glad smile
To see you coming
And meet your boat
When it's returning
To the old home port.

Not long ago I heard a man talking about some experiments in cross breeding different kinds of birds. The next step is to cross a pig and a chicken. The result should be ham and eggs.

Then from the back of the room speaks a man who traveled the world over and tells of a man he knew who had a fox farm—you know raises foxes for their fur. He says that the thing that worries this man was that every time he took a fur he had to kill the fox, so he crossed his foxes with snakes and they shed their skins every year. Ho, hum, strange doins'.

—Destroyer Base Bulletin.

THE GAZETTE

Major General J. A. Lejeune,
Commandant

Officers last commissioned in the
grades indicated:

Col. Wm. H. Pritchett.
Lt. Col. Harold F. Wigman.

Maj. E. T. Lloyd.

Capt. J. A. Tebbes.

1st Lt. Wm. E. Lee.

Officers last to make number in the
grades indicated:

Col. R. Y. Rhea.

Lt. Col. J. A. Rossell.

Maj. A. De Carre.

Capt. J. H. Fellows.

1st Lt. J. E. Curry.

MARINE CORPS CHANGES

March 18, 1928

Major J. Q. Adams, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, via the USS "Kittery" scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about April 4th.

2nd Lt. W. C. Purple, detached Department of the Pacific to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the SS "Columbia" scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about April 14th.

Chf. Qm. Clk. J. E. Reamy, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the SS "Venezuela" scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about March 31st.

March 16, 1928—No changes were announced.

March 17, 1928—No changes were announced.

March 19, 1928

Major M. N. Raynor, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va., for duty on the Staff of the Marine Corps Schools.

Captain G. Bower, APM, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Office of the Assistant Paymaster, Phila, Pa.

1st Lt. B. L. Bell, detached Third Brigade, China to MD, US, "Mayflower."

1st Lt. L. G. Dehaven, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, NYD, Portsmouth, N. H.

1st Lt. C. H. Hassenmiller, detached MB, NYD, Boston, Mass., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., for duty, and to Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C., for treatment.

1st Lt. C. J. Lohmiller, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, RS, NYD, Boston, Mass.

1st Lt. J. Halla, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYD, Portsmouth, N. H.

1st Lt. A. L. Sims, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, RS, NYD, Phila, Pa.

The following named officers are detached from the stations indicated, and ordered to duty with the Second Brigade, Marine Corps, Nicaragua, via the USS "Oglala" scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about March 22nd:

Major H. L. Larsen, MB, Quantico, Va.
Captain K. I. Buse, MB, Quantico, Va.

Captain H. Rose, MB, Quantico, Va.
Captain F. G. Patchen, Quantico, Va.

Captain G. B. Erskine, Quantico, Va.
Captain W. W. Walker, MB, Quantico, Va.

Captain H. D. Linscott, MB, Quantico, Va.
1st Lt. M. Scott, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. W. O. Hall, MB, Quantico, Va.
1st Lt. F. L. Buchanan, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. N. E. Clauson, MB, Quantico, Va.
1st Lt. H. W. Bacon, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. A. D. Challcombe, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. W. J. Whaling, MB, Quantico, Va.
1st Lt. J. N. Frisbie, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. M. L. Dawson, Jr., MB, Quantico, Va.

Chf. Qm. Clk. C. Seck, MB, Quantico, Va.
2nd Lt. J. R. Lanigan, MB, NYD, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. L. A. Hohn, Receiving Ship, Navy Yard, Phila.

1st Lt. C. W. Meigs, Receiving Ship, Navy Yard, Boston.

1st Lt. F. W. Hanlon, MB, NYD, Portsmouth, N. H.

2nd Lt. J. F. Shaw, MB, NYD, Portsmouth, N. H.

Chf. Pay Clk. C. A. Voss, MB, NYD, Portsmouth, N. H.

1st Lt. E. Hakala, MD, NP, NYD, Portsmouth, N. H.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. C. B. Loring, MD, NP, Portsmouth, N. H.

2nd Lt. R. P. Ross, Jr., MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.

2nd Lt. J. Sabater, MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.

2nd Lt. J. G. Dreysspring, MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.

2nd Lt. E. G. Marks, MB, NAS, Lakehurst, N. J.

2nd Lt. P. L. Thwing, MB, NSB, New London, Conn.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. A. Anderson, MB, NYD, Yorktown, Va.
2nd Lt. R. H. McDowell, MB, NYD, New York, N. Y.
1st Lt. W. F. Brown, MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va.
2nd Lt. M. S. Swanson, MB, NYD, Norfolk, Va.
Captain R. R. Wright, APM, Office APM, Phila, Pa.
Chf. Pay Clk. W. J. Miller, Office APM, Phila, Pa.

The following named officers are detached from the stations indicated, and ordered to duty with the Second Brigade, Marine Corps, Nicaragua, via the USS "Bridge" scheduled to sail from Charleston, S. C., on or about March 22nd:

Captain C. McL. Lott, MB, Parris Island, S. C.

2nd Lt. A. G. Bliesener, MB, Parris Island, S. C.

2nd Lt. M. C. Levie, MB, Parris Island, S. C.

2nd Lt. W. H. Troxell, MB, Parris Island, S. C.

2nd Lt. L. A. Brown, MB, Parris Island, S. C.

2nd Lt. J. M. Ranck, MB, NS, New Orleans, La.

2nd Lt. T. G. McFarland, MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lt. T. D. Marks, MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.

2nd Lt. J. S. Letcher, MB, NOB, Key West, Fla.

March 20, 1928

Lt. Col. L. S. Willis, detached MB, NYD, Washington, D. C., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USS "Oglala" scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about March 22nd.

Major C. S. McReynolds, detached MD, NP, NYD, Portsmouth, N. H., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USS "Oglala" scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about March 22nd.

Captain S. B. O'Neill, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Washington, D. C.

1st Lt. J. D. Swartwout, killed in an airplane crash at San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. L. R. Dewine, killed in an airplane crash at San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. M. S. Newton, detached Headquarters Department of the Pacific to MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif.

March 21, 1928

The following named officers have been ordered from the ships indicated to special temporary duty beyond the seas with the Second Brigade, Marine Corps, Nicaragua:

Major W. W. Buckler, USS "Wyoming."

Capt. J. T. Wright, USS "Arkansas."

Hr. Pefley, USS "Florida."

Capt. R. C. Anthony, USS "Utah."

Capt. D. S. Brown, USS "Wyoming."

1st Lt. W. B. Onley, USS "Camden."

1st Lt. E. E. Linsert, USS "Nevada."

1st Lt. T. M. Ryan, USS "Oklahoma."

2nd Lt. M. S. Rahiser, USS "Arkansas."

2nd Lt. J. F. Hough, USS "Florida."

2nd Lt. A. R. Pefley, USS "Wyoming."

2nd Lt. J. P. S. Devereux, USS "Utah."

March 22, 1928—No changes were announced.

March 23, 1928—No changes were announced.

March 24, 1928

Captain E. B. Hammond, detached MB, NYD, Mare Island, Calif., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. R. B. DeWitt, upon reporting relief, about April 10, 1928, detached MD, USS "Denver," to MD, USS "Rochester."

1st Lt. H. W. Whitney, detached 1st Brig., Haiti, to Depot of Supplies, Marine Corps, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va.

1st Lt. N. E. True, detached 1st Brig., Haiti, to MB, NYD, Philadelphia, Pa.

2nd Lt. L. T. Burke, detached 1st Brig., Haiti, to MB, Washington, D. C.

2nd Lt. J. E. Jones, detached 1st Brig., Haiti, to MB, NYD, Portsmouth, N. H.

Marine Detachment, USS "Antares," under command Captain H. M. H. Fleming, ordered special temporary duty beyond seas with Second Brigade in Nicaragua.

March 26, 1928—No changes were announced.

March 27, 1928

Major H. L. Larsen, AA&I, detailed as Assistant Adjutant and Inspector.

Captain F. A. Hart, upon reporting relief, about June 1, 1928, detached MD, USS "Rochester" to MB, NYD, Norfolk, Va.

1st Lt. C. Connette, upon discharge from treatment NH, Washington, D. C., detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to Recruiting District of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio.

2nd Lt. M. B. Twining, detached 3rd Brigade, China, to Department of Pacific, via first available Government conveyance.

Chf. Pav Clk. O. E. Gutmann, detached MB, NS, Guam, on or about April 15, 1928.

to Department of the Pacific, via first available Government conveyance.

March 28, 1928—No changes were announced.

March 29, 1928—Captain J. P. McCann, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, NYD, New York, N. Y.

2nd Lt. G. K. Frisbie, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to MB, Quantico, Va., for duty with Aircraft Squadrons, East Coast Expeditionary Force.

Chf. Pav Clk. D. H. McKee, on April 28, 1928, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H., via Government conveyance.

March 30, 1928

1st Lt. B. F. Johnson, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than April 11th.

2nd Lt. A. D. Cooley, detached NAS, San Diego, Calif., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than April 11th.

2nd Lt. M. S. Crawford, 2nd Lt. W. E. Dickey, 2nd Lt. G. K. Frisbie, 2nd Lt. H. D. Harris, 2nd Lt. F. J. McQuillen, 2nd Lt. H. J. Withers, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than April 11th.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. J. W. Lattin, detached MB, NYD, Puget Sound, Wash., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the USS "Ramapo," scheduled to sail from San Pedro, Calif., on or about April 18th.

March 31, 1928

2nd Lt. E. J. Ashton, detached Third Brigade, China, to Department of the Pacific, via first available Government conveyance.

The following named officers have been promoted to the grades indicated:

Colonel Robert Y. Rhea.

Lt. Col. Joseph A. Rossell.

Major Alphonse DeCarre.

Captain John C. Wemple.

Captain Curtis W. LeGette.

Captain Joseph H. Fellows.

1st Lt. James G. Hopper.

1st Lt. William R. Hughes.

1st Lt. Lawrence R. Kline.

1st Lt. John G. Walraven.

1st Lt. William W. Paoa.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. Henry Boschen.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. Frank O. Lundt.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. Robert C. Allan.

April 2, 1928

2nd Lt. A. H. Butler, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va., for preliminary aviation instruction.

2nd Lt. N. H. Nelson, detached Third Brigade, China, to NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif., for preliminary aviation instruction.

2nd Lt. J. S. E. Young, detached MB, NG, St. Thomas, V. I., to MB, Quantico, Va., for preliminary aviation instruction.

April 3, 1928—No changes were announced.

April 4, 1928

Captain E. B. Hammond, retired as of March 31, 1928.

1st Lt. L. N. Medaris, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to duty with Observation Squadron 9M, First Brigade, Haiti, via the USS "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about May 9, 1928.

Chf. Qm. Clk. C. P. Lancaster, retired as of April 10, 1928.

April 5, 1928—No changes were announced.

April 6, 1928

Major L. M. Bourne, Jr., on or about April 20, 1928, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to duty as CO, Observation Squadron 8M, NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized to delay en route until June 1st.

2nd Lt. H. P. Becker, 2nd Lt. L. L. Kimes, Detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to duty with Observation Squadron 8M, NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. M. H. Mizell, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to MB, Quantico, Va., via first available Government conveyance.

Chf. Qm. Clk. J. F. Dickey, detached MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via first available Government conveyance.

Cm. Qm. Clk. C. C. Hall, upon the reporting of Chf. Qm. Clk. D. C. Conroy, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Chf. Pav Clk. C. J. Conroy, detached MB, NYD, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va., via the USS "Ramapo," scheduled to sail from San Pedro, Calif., on or about April 18th.

April 7, 1928—No changes were announced.

April 9, 1928—No changes were announced.

April 10, 1928

Captain E. M. Spencer, AQM, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via the May trip of the USS "Kittery."

1st Lt. R. C. Battin, detached MB, NYD, Puget Sound, Wash., to MB, NYD, San Diego, Calif., for duty.

1st Lt. C. D. Baylis, upon arrival on the West Coast ordered to Naval Hospital, NOB, San Diego, Calif., for treatment, and to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., for duty.

May, 1928

THE LEATHERNECK

Thirty-three

April 11, 1928—No changes were announced.
April 12, 1928—No changes were announced.

April 13, 1928
Lt. Col. F. A. Ramsey, when directed by the American High Commissioner, on or about June 1st, detached First Brigade, to Gendarmerie d'Haiti.

Major D. S. Barry, detached Gendarmerie d'Haiti to Eighth Regiment, Marine Corps Reserve, Phila., Pa., via the first available Government conveyance from Haiti, after May 1st.

Major W. F. Bevan, on or about June 6th detached Gendarmerie d'Haiti to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized delay two months en route.

April 14, 1928—No changes were announced.

April 16, 1928
Captain J. C. Wood, detached Gendarmerie d'Haiti to MB, NAD, Hingham, Mass., via first available Government conveyance.

1st Lt. M. J. Batchelder, detached MB, NS, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, to MB, Washington, D. C., via first available Government conveyance.

1st Lt. J. T. Selden, detached Third Brig., China, to HQdtrs, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via first available Government conveyance.

1st Lt. J. A. Stuart, detached First Brig., Haiti, to MB, Parris Island, S. C., via first available Government conveyance.

1st Lt. L. H. Wellman, detached Gendarmerie d'Haiti to duty on Staff of the Chemical Warfare School, Edgewood Arsenal, Edgewood, Md., via first available Government conveyance.

2nd Lt. T. A. Holdahl, detached Third Brigade, China, to MB, NS, Cavite, P. I.

2nd Lt. W. B. Trundell, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to duty with VO Squad, 5M, NAS, SOB, San Diego, Calif., upon arrival in the United States on or about May 4th.

Chef. Pay Clk. B. H. Wolever, detached 1st Brigade, Haiti to MB, Quantico, Va., via first available Government conveyance.

April 17, 1928
Capt. F. E. Pierce, detached Aircraft Squadrons, 2nd Brig., to Naval Hospital, NOB, San Diego, Calif., for treatment, and to VO 8M, San Diego, for duty.

Captain S. Ladd, upon the reporting of his relief detached MD, USS "Maryland," to MB, NS, New Orleans, La.

NAVAL TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Arrived Manila 8 April. Operating temporarily with the Asiatic Fleet. HENDERSON—Sailed Guam 13 April for Honolulu. Due Honolulu 25 April, leave 27 April; arrive San Francisco 4 May.

KITTERY—Sailed Cape Haitien 14 April for San Juan. Due San Juan 16 April, leave 16 April; arrive St. Thomas 17 April, leave 18 April; arrive Hampton Roads 23 April. Will leave Hampton Roads 9 May for the West Indies on the following itinerary: Arrive Cape Haitien 14 May, leave 15 May; arrive Port au Prince 16 May, leave 17 May; arrive Guantanamo 18 May, leave 19 May; arrive Hampton Roads 24 May.

NITRO—Arrived Hampton Roads 13 April. Will leave Hampton Roads 23 April for the West Coast on the following itinerary: Arrive Guantanamo 27 April, leave 28 April; arrive Canal Zone 30 April, leave 3 May; arrive Corinto 5 May, leave 5 May; arrive San Diego 13 May, leave 16 May; arrive San Pedro 17 May, leave 18 May; arrive Mare Island 19 May, leave 20 May; arrive Puget Sound 1 June.

PATOKA—Sailed Port Arthur 7 April for Melville. Due Melville 15 April. Upon completion of discharge at Melville about 17 April will proceed to Port Arthur, load a full cargo of fuel oil and return to Newport.

RAMAPO—Arrived San Pedro 4 April. Will leave San Pedro 18 April on the following itinerary: Arrive Corinto 29 April, leave 29 April; arrive Canal Zone 1 May, leave 3 May; arrive Yorktown 11 May, leave 14 May; arrive Canal Zone 22 May, leave 24 May; arrive Corinto 26 May, leave 26 May; arrive San Pedro 6 June.

SALINAS—Sailed Balboa 12 April for Corinto, due Corinto 15 April, leave 15 April; arrive San Pedro 26 April, leave 28 April; arrive Corinto 9 May, leave 9 May; arrive Canal Zone 11 May, leave 14 May; arrive Yorktown 22 May.

SAPELO—Sailed Cristobal 11 April for Yorktown. Due Yorktown 19 April. Will leave Hampton Roads 3 May on the following itinerary: Arrive Canal Zone 11 May, leave 13 May; arrive Corinto 15 May, leave 15 May; arrive San Pedro 26 May, leave 29 May; arrive Corinto 9 June, leave 9 June; arrive Canal Zone 11 June, leave 13 June; arrive Yorktown 21 June.

SIRIUS—Arrived Mare Island 6 April. Will leave Mare Island about 16 April; arrive Bremerton 19 April. Will leave Puget Sound about 24 April for the East Coast on the following tentative itinerary: Arrive Mare Island 27 April, leave 5 May; arrive San

Pedro 6 May, leave 7 May; arrive San Diego 8 May, leave 12 May; arrive Corinto 21 May, leave 21 May; arrive Canal Zone 23 May, leave 26 May; arrive Hampton Roads 2 June, leave 11 June; arrive Camden 12 June, leave 13 June; arrive Philadelphia 13 June, leave 17 June; arrive New York 18 June, leave 24 June; arrive Boston 25 June.

VEGA—At Navy Yard Norfolk under overhaul. Date of completion of repairs 20 April. Will leave Hampton Roads 27 April on the following schedule: Arrive Philadelphia 28 April, leave 2 May; arrive New York 3 May, leave 8 May; arrive Boston 9 May, leave 12 May; arrive New York 13 May, leave 18 May; arrive Philadelphia 19 May, leave 23 May; arrive Hampton Roads 24 May, leave 1 June; arrive Canal Zone 8 June, leave 11 June; arrive Corinto 13 June, leave 13 June; arrive San Diego 22 June, leave 26 June; arrive Pedro 27 June, leave 28 June; arrive Mare Island 29 June, leave 6 July; arrive Puget Sound 9 July.

BRAZOS—Sailed Key West 13 April for Port Arthur. Upon completion of loading a cargo of fuel oil at Port Arthur will proceed to Boston via Hampton Roads.

BRIDGE—Arrived Norfolk Yard 11 April. ARCTIC—Arrived Mare Island 12 April. CUAYAMA—Arrived San Pedro 14 April. KANAWHA—Arrived San Pedro 12 April. NECHES—Arrived San Pedro 14 April. PECOS—Arrived Manila 23 March.

RECENT GRADUATES OF THE MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

Captain William K. Snyder—Spanish.
Sergeant Joseph L. Ferguson—Railway Postal Clerk.
Corporal Clarence R. Downs—Shop Electrician's.
Corporal Charles K. Green—Railway Postal Clerk.
Corporal James Q. Jewett—Greenhouse Vegetable Growing.
Corporal August J. Kleber—Railway Postal Clerk.
Corporal George H. Schegel—Complete Automobile.
Corporal Alfred B. Stewart—Greenhouse Vegetable Growing.
Corporal Thomas Wilson—Railway Postal Clerk.
Private First Class Beryl G. Dean—Poultry Farming.
Private Charles T. Anderson—Automobile Mechanics.
Private L. Kinney—Railway Postal Clerk.
Private E. Norris—Motorman's.
Private Edgar N. Peterson—Railway Postal Clerk.
Private Carl M. Schaumloeffel—Surveying & Mapping.
Private Carl M. Schaumloeffel—Mathematics & Mechanics for Civil Engineers.
Private John E. Shelton, Jr.—Railway Postal Clerk.
Private Ralph E. Sutton—Railway Postal Clerk.
Private Ray N. Tripp—Radio.
Private Roy V. Tuders—Railway Postal Clerk.

LIST OF FIRST SERGEANTS Arranged According to Seniority April 14, 1928

Name	Date of Rank
1. Denny, Claude	October 2, 1906
2. O'Connor, Charles S.	March 13, 1915
3. Burdick, Bernie	May 2, 1916
4. Pilote, Frank	October 2, 1916
5. Arnold, Ernest	November 16, 1916
6. Ahl, Lawrence W.	April 3, 1917
7. Ennis, Harry	April 3, 1917
8. Remington, Harry S.	July 28, 1917
9. Norman, Fred	August 22, 1917
10. Ervin, Harry A.	August 28, 1917
11. Stubbe, Frank	December 15, 1917
12. Plumadore, Joseph A.	January 30, 1918
13. Lynch, Patrick J.	February 20, 1918
14. Sibert, Willard W.	February 20, 1918
15. Fachman, Chester A.	March 29, 1918
16. Busch, Frank R.	April 10, 1918
17. Noble, Stewart W.	April 15, 1918
18. Miller, John	May 6, 1918
19. Black, Jerry	May 7, 1918
20. Harrash, Earl C.	May 13, 1918
21. Dittmore, Charlie W.	June 28, 1918
22. Showman, Charles S.	July 19, 1918
23. Snipes, Edwin C.	July 30, 1918
24. Siegrist, Norman B.	August 2, 1918
25. Hogg, John L.	September 22, 1918
26. McCune, Harry W.	October 19, 1918
27. Jarvis, Homer	October 22, 1918
28. Siegenthaler, Fred	October 25, 1918
29. Barrick, William B.	October 28, 1918
30. Terry, Charles C.	November 1, 1918
31. Coleman, Joseph LeH.	March 3, 1919
32. Klehm, Charles G.	March 13, 1919
33. Baust, Walter E.	April 12, 1919
34. Cashman, Francis B.	May 14, 1919
35. White, Charles A.	June 4, 1919
36. Burns, William	July 1, 1919
37. Conn, Ernest S.	September 2, 1919
38. Poland, Otto	September 2, 1919

39. Newgarde, Harvey S. September 24, 1919
40. Goble, Albert J. December 9, 1919
41. Butt, Charles R. January 1, 1920
42. Considine, Andrew R. January 5, 1920
43. Halley, Robert January 6, 1920
44. McKenzie, William L. January 14, 1920
45. Steele, Arthur H. January 20, 1920
46. Lane, James R. February 13, 1920
47. Dickerson, Percy J. March 1, 1920
48. Seffey, William E. March 9, 1920
49. Cummings, Henry March 11, 1920
50. Stepanoff, Charles A. March 22, 1920
51. Muilen, Edward A. April 6, 1920
52. Rider, William May 1, 1920
53. Novick, Frank P. May 11, 1920
54. Blay, Reuben May 12, 1920
55. Green, Dennis W. May 18, 1920
56. Joy, John May 25, 1920
57. Simmons, Clarence May 26, 1920
58. Stock, Robert R. June 1, 1920
59. McHugh, John June 22, 1920
60. Glenn, Harry July 1, 1920
61. Brosnan, Daniel W. July 23, 1920
62. Banta, Sheffield M. July 29, 1920
63. Williams, Donald E. August 1, 1920
64. Abbott, Arthur E. August 17, 1920
65. Hurst, Harry E. August 25, 1920
66. McNear, Larrel B. September 3, 1920
67. Melbos, Lynn September 9, 1920
68. Reardon, Michael October 11, 1920
69. Mack, George F. October 15, 1920
70. Pince, William October 21, 1920
71. Martz, Frank November 22, 1920
72. Palwick, Joseph November 23, 1920
73. Pyne, Henry M. December 1, 1920
74. Layman, Joseph McB. December 1, 1920
75. Dietz, Cecil M. December 1, 1920
76. Kenney, Charles E. December 10, 1920
77. Darmond, James M. January 1, 1921
78. Manning, Joseph E. January 1, 1921
79. McCullough, James J. January 16, 1921
80. Duke, Jesse D. January 22, 1921
81. Watts, Brent S. March 6, 1921
82. Welsh, James C. March 17, 1921
83. Cursey, Leonard March 18, 1921
84. Welshans, Nathan L. March 21, 1921
85. Verdier, Frank April 7, 1921
86. Hartman, Peter W. April 8, 1921
87. Wood, Samuel H. April 9, 1921
88. Atkinson, Bennie C. April 18, 1921
89. Bertol, Louis N. June 10, 1921
90. Jordan, James J. June 18, 1921
91. Lockwood, Charles A. June 21, 1921
92. Fritsche, William F. June 21, 1921
93. Dessau, Bertram J. June 27, 1921
94. Walcutt, Frank July 13, 1921
95. Heubner, William September 12, 1921
96. Davis, Charles November 5, 1921
97. Clark, Harry January 6, 1922
98. Luffe, Philip February 15, 1922
99. Bowen, Lee T. April 7, 1922
100. Wilkins, Ford E. May 10, 1922
101. Harrmann, Charles W. May 11, 1922
102. Crowell, Harold I. June 1, 1922
103. Twohig, Jeremiah June 16, 1922
104. Bronchley, Harry G. June 26, 1922
105. Couture, Albert July 3, 1922
106. McFellin, James A. July 5, 1922
107. Wilson, James L. July 15, 1922
108. Morrell, John M. August 24, 1922
109. Mohr, Phillip W. September 14, 1922
110. Burns, Francis G. September 23, 1922
111. Lecky, Robert September 27, 1922
112. Peden, Joseph W. September 27, 1922
113. Young, Matthew J. October 1, 1922
114. Woltring, Leo T. November 1, 1922
115. Francis, Alfred F. November 15, 1922
116. Smith, George O. December 7, 1922
117. Armstrong, William H. January 11, 1923
118. Kaesher, Matthew H. February 15, 1923
119. Hanrahan, Frank M. April 19, 1923
120. Hansen, Hans M. April 19, 1923
121. Straub, Plus April 19, 1923
122. Thomas, Frank April 19, 1923
123. Zirwes, Charles April 20, 1923
124. Romer, John P. Jr. May 1, 1923
125. Karchner, George B. June 12, 1923
126. Woods, William H. July 12, 1923
127. Hartkopf, Albert C. August 8, 1923
128. Donaghue, Allen R. August 14, 1923
129. Case, Charles W. August 18, 1923
130. Bellisle, Frank A. December 1, 1923
131. Stephenson, Frank H. December 10, 1923
132. Burns, Harry T. December 11, 1923
133. Laswell, Charles W. December 14, 1923
134. Dudley, Russell H. December 14, 1923
135. Quigley, William December 14, 1923
136. Bucklin, Bratton W. February 11, 1924
137. Harrmann, William W. April 5, 1924
138. Johnson, Josiah D. April 24, 1924
139. Whitney, Curtis O. May 19, 1924
140. Conners, Benjamin L. July 22, 1924
141. Morris, Joseph L. August 4, 1924
142. Nelson, Charles F. August 16, 1924
143. Cox, Ethalmore R. September 20, 1924
144. Hopcroft, Earl E. September 20, 1924
145. Paul, William September 22, 1924
146. Nagazyna, John J. October 15, 1924
147. Luck, Albert T. October 16, 1924
148. Beck, George A. December 18, 1924
149. Hale, John S. January 10, 1925
150. Hancock, William V. March 1, 1925
151. Clark, Herbert W. July 11, 1925
152. Roeningke, Theodore L. July 22, 1925

Continued on page 44

Here and There

BY
Jeff Daniels,
Sports Editor —

EIGHT GAMES

As The Leatherneck goes to press the big team has won eight straight games, taking into camp noted college teams whose reputations and current season records prove conclusively the unusual strength of the Marine team. Led on the defensive with a powerful and skillful pitching staff, most ably backed up by one of the best in and outfield aggregations ever assembled, the Leathernecks at bat are disclosures to make happy the heart of the most exacting fan. Your correspondent declares without fear of contradiction that the Marines will hit any hurler who takes the mound against them this season.

Many familiar names are on the roster of the squad at Camp Johnny Hemphill. Captain Sam Freeny, assisting Mr. Keady, and first sacker of note, is present. Last year he went to bat 75 times, connected with the apple on 38 trips, and compiled a batting average of .506.

Those double-talented players of football and baseball "Buck" Bukowy, "Whizbang" Levey, and "Bozo" Duncan, are also present. Bukowy won the 8 games he pitched last year, while Levey batted .329, and cracked out 7 homers. Duncan, who assisted the Parris Island team, smacked the pill for .365.

Levey, who usually played 2nd base last year, now plays shortstop, taking the place of Hriszko. Duncan is in the outer garden.

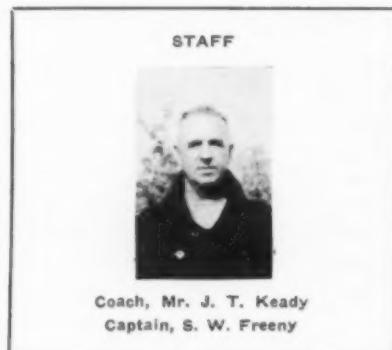
Among the pitching talent is Jesse Kidd, who won 13 out of 15 for P. I. last year, and socked the horsehide for .469; H. E. Smith, who won the ten games he pitched for the same team; Bill Scarlett, who made good with Quantico last year, and C. O. Powell, who is making his debut on the mound with the big team.

Continued on page 36

SPORTS

AT THIS

BIG TEAM WINS ALL!



SQUAD

Pitchers

Bukowy, John J.	Powell, Charles O.
Kidd, Jesse L.	Scarlett, Wm. A.
	Smith, Harold E.

Infielders

Bishop, James R.	Hannah, Ray O.
Carver, Edward	Hill, Curg
Chenoweth, Al. W.	Hudson, Howard D.
Derr, William C.	Levey, James J.
Traw, London L.	

Outfielders

Duncan, Richard	Reid, John P.
Howell, Ralph S.	Schwartz, Joseph
	Sullivan, William J.

APRIL

Date	Games	Marines	Score	Op.
2 University of Vermont.....	7		1	
2 University of Vermont.....	5		3	
5 Dartmouth College	4		2	
6 Dartmouth College.....	8		0	
7 Lafayette College	5		4	
12 Harvard University	2		1	
17 Randolph-Macon College.....	8		3	
18 Catholic University at Washington, D. C.....	12		0	
25 Guilford College				
27 Wake Forest College.....				

MAY

2 University of Virginia At Charlottesville, Va.....				
3 Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Va.....				
4 Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va.....				
8 Temple University				
9 Temple University				
12 Western Maryland College.....				
14 Virginia Military Institute.....				
16 Washington College				
17 Washington College				

BASEBALL IN THE MARINE CORPS HAS LONG RECORD

Traditions Center Around Quantico, Where Stars Gathered During War; Many Famous Players Performed.

(Bulletin Service.)

Baseball traditions of the Marine Corps center around Quantico. True, the Marines were playing the national game long before the Post on the Potomac was established. Nobody really knows how long. But it was at Quantico, where several stars of the big leagues gathered in war-time days, that the game took firm root and grew with the passing years.

Ten years ago "Red" Ormsby, now umpiring in the American League, was tossing 'em over the platter at Quantico. So was Mike Cantwell, formerly of the New York Yankees. "Nig" Clarke, Cleveland Indian star, was doing his stuff behind the plate, and "Dots" Miller of the St. Louis Cardinals was holding down second base. Some lesser lights of the profession played the other positions. It was SOME ball team!

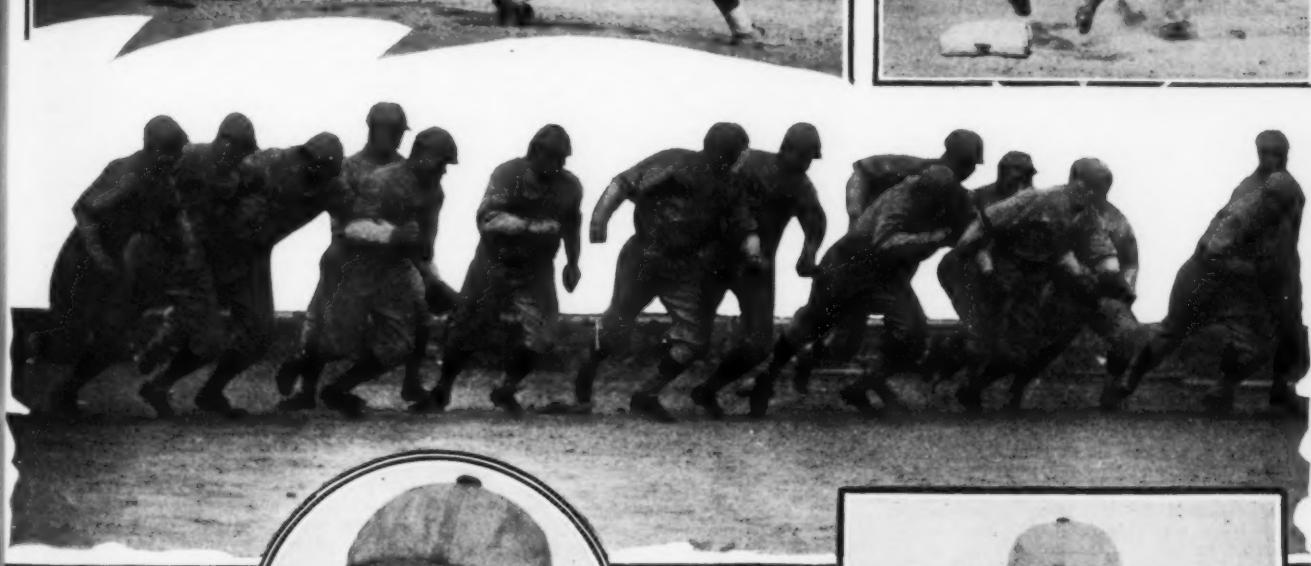
Quantico had arrived on the baseball map, and it has remained there ever since. It was stimulated by General Butler, who commanded the post after the war, and it has been encouraged by other commanding generals who succeeded him. In the last few years it has held the top-notch position among service baseball teams, and has won high esteem among colleges.

In brief, the team has more than lived up to expectations. Let's look at the record. In 1924 they ran up the grand total of 27 "games won" out of 37 contests. Two of their defeats were by big league teams. One game was a tie. In the middle of the season they won 15 straight.

The Marines were getting a foothold in college circles, when Coach John T. Keady took hold of them in 1925. That year they chalked up 18 victories in 26 starts. The fame of Quantico in baseball circles was beginning to spread.

In 1926 the Marines bowled over their opponents with consistent regularity, and won 33 games out of 41 while playing their regular schedule. As a fitting climax to the season they played the Navy

Continued on page 36



PLAYERS SHOW LOTS OF PEP AT CAMP JOHNNY HEMPHILL. Upper left: Captain Freeny takes a swing at the pill, while Hudson works behind the plate. Upper right: Curg Hill nips "Stubby" Derr, running toward bag. Center: The team takes a sprint to limber up before the game. In circle: Captain Freeny. Lower left: With Derr in the catcher's box, "Bozo" Duncan does his stuff at the plate. Lower

"HERE AND THERE"

Continued from page 34

Behind the plate is W. C. (Stubby) Derr, who swung the lumber for .444 last season, and Hud Hodson, who alternated with Derr as a receiver. "Cheney" Chenoweth is back in the infield again, having been on the "outside" in 1927, while W. J. Sullivan and London L. Traw are alternating at the hot corner.

Curg Hill is back in the outfield, while John P. Reid, Joe Schwartz, James R. Bishop and Ralph Howell, all new-comers, are available for the outer garden. Ray O. Hannah, old-timer, and E. Carver, a new-comer, are available for infield berths. Coach Keady has plenty of potential talent from which to make his selections.

Now comes the news that the U. S. Naval Training Station at Newport, R. I., will receive favorable consideration in being represented in the President's cup football competition. That's good news. The Navy has been absent from the annual "football war" for four years now, and with the addition of the U. S. Coast Guard in the series this year, a Newport team representing the Navy would bring the total to four teams in the most colorful football series in the country. With no Army-Navy game next fall, a contest between the two surviving teams in the President's own competition would indeed be an event. "Here and There," as representative of the branch now in possession of the President's cup, takes this occasion to heartily welcome the Coast Guard to the fold, and to express an earnest desire to see the Navy represented by a strong team in the gridiron war this fall.

Chorus girls are not the only ones who insure their legs. Cliff Bricker, of Galt, Ontario, and one of Canada's chief hopes in the marathon race in the Olympics this year, has taken out a \$50,000 insurance policy on his underpinnings.

The Third Brigade of Marines have taken to hockey like ducks to water, and the Legation Marines seem to be their pet opponents, the latter tasting defeat. The gliders of the 3rd also trimmed the Japanese.

Jane Fauntz, 16, swimmer, was injured in an automobile accident last summer and critics believed she would never regain her stroke. Swimming for the Illinois Women's A. C. in Chicago recently, she shattered the international record in the 100-yard and 100-meter breast stroke. It's the heart to win that counts.

Cambridge finished ten lengths ahead at the end of the four-and-one-half-mile course, again victor over Oxford. Both are consistent. One has won and one has lost annually since 1923.

Otto Kemmerich, noted swimmer, who was mentioned in these columns recently as using a sea lion as a pacemaker in his training, has broken the world's record for continuous swimming, at the same time outswimming the sea lion. Kemmerich's record was 46 hours and the lion quit at 42.

M. C. BASEBALL HAS LONG RECORD

Continued from page 34

for the service championship in a post-season series at Philadelphia, and brought home the bacon by winning two out of three. The Navy took the first one, but that was all.

Last year the Marine team completed its most successful season, if the figures are any criterion. They won 18 out of 20 games, rolling up a percentage of .900. The figures, however, do not tell the whole story. On May 26, when the team was about ready to lay its baseball bats away, along came Waseda University, from Japan, which had been meeting with great success on its tour of the country.

The Marines trimmed the Japanese, 9-6, after a hectic nine innings, witnessed by Ambassador Matsudaira, Major General Lejeune, Major General Cole and other officials of high rank.

The only teams which set the sea soldiers back were Wake Forest and Guilford, of North Carolina, who won by 3 to 1, and 11 to 10, respectively. These teams play the Marines again this year.

Never in the past four years have the Marines encountered teams which could be regarded as "set-ups," and where the winning of the game was a foregone conclusion. Very few of the games were at all one-sided.

A score or more of players gathered at Norfolk on March 15 to get in shape for the present season. The Marines paid a fitting tribute to a former comrade by naming their training camp "Johnny Hemphill," in memory of a first sergeant and player of the Marine Corps team, who lost his life while fighting the Sandino forces in Nicaragua.

Many well-known players, and very few new faces, assembled with the squad to be put through their paces by Coach Keady and the veteran Captain Freeny, both of whose names are known far and wide in the Marine Corps. The players cavorted about the diamond with a zip and snap that pointed to success in 1928.

The team has the same old fighting spirit. They have a lot of tried and true players. And first, last and all the time they have the good wishes of their buddies in the Corps. If nothing succeeds like success, they'll succeed!

THIRD BRIGADE RUGBY

The 1927-28 Rugby football season for the Third Brigade of Marines at Tientsin has closed with the Marines losing but one game, and that on a day when four of the Brigade's best players were in the hospital. Their one tie game was played in clouds of dust, their opponents, the East Yorks, admitting that under normal conditions the Leathernecks would have won. The scores follow:

Marines.....46	Japanese	0
Marines....12	French Army.....	0
Marines....0	East Yorks.....	10
Marines....14	Border Regiment.....	0
Marines....22	Civilians.....	0
Marines....16	Border Regiment.....	0
Marines....1	Civilians.....	0
Marines....48	Japanese	0
Marines....6	East Yorks.....	6
Marines....9	French Army.....	0

P. I. BASEBALL TEAM PLAYS OPENING GAMES

Wins Five Out of Six Starts; Gorman, Balis and Vitek Only Veterans in Coach Donnelly's Lineup.

The Parris Island Marines opened the baseball season April 6th with Presbyterian College by taking a sound lacing to the tune of 12-1. The Post team for the first time in years is composed of youngsters with the exception of Eddie Gorman, captain of the team; Balis and Vitek. Inability to get together cost the team the first game, but the next day the boys came back and beat Presbyterian 10-4, making the series all even. Lytton pitched for the Devil Dogs and kept the hits well scattered.

A week of good practice put the team in shape for the famous Citadel Cadets and with Vitek pitching the first game and allowing only five hits the Marines romped home a 10-5 winner. Balis, who recently arrived from Panama, cut the corners in the second game, allowing eight scattered hits, the Devil Dogs again winning 12-5. Gorman and Lusignan poled homers and got a big hand after circling the sacks.

On April 13th Richmond Academy of Augusta, Ga., trotted out their ace in the hole in the way of a cadet named Henderson. Lytton was on the mound for the locals and with the exception of the ninth inning had the situation well in hand. Richmond got away to a two-run lead in their half of the second, but Coach Donnelly's fence busters ran wild in their half and chased six runs over the pan and sewed the game up. Lytton got better every inning and his hooks were working nicely. Again in the third the Sea Soldiers put two runs over, one a home run by Balis. Balis' batting average to date is .727 and is playing heads up ball. The locals continued to lay down a barrage in the fourth and counted three more runs, making the score at the end of the eighth 11-3. Lytton eased up in the visitors' last turn at bat and as a result they scored five runs to make the final 11-8.

The second game of the series was also a clean-cut win for the Devil Dogs by the score of 10-3. This victory made it five in a row and the boys are looking better every game. Vitek served them up and was never in danger. Gorman, with two on in the seventh, connected for the circuit and this tucked another game in the bag.

The winner of the Tunney-Heeney heavyweight championship bout this summer will fight under the promotion of Tex Rickard in 1929, if a title match is staged at all next year.

Charley Paddock continues as one of the world's speed marvels. Recently he smashed the world record time in the 140-yard dash twice in as many days, lowering the mark to 13 1-5 seconds.

Lyle Womack (Mr. Ruth Elder), under the name of Jeff Ross, won a fight in Panama recently, adding to a string of victories in the middleweight class. Womack works in a distillery.

Marines Leave Baseball All Over

The World Says General Lejeune

DIAMOND GAME AND OTHER SPORTS PROMOTE ESPRIT

In Interview With Newspaper Writer Commandant Outlines Great Value of Various Sports; Commands Coach Keady and Marines' Sportsmanship.

BURT WHITMAN in the *Boston Herald*

Maj.-Gen. John A. Lejeune, commandant of the United States Marine Corps "all over the world," told me last night that he expects American baseball will be left behind by the Marines as a good gift to the people of Nicaragua.

"Everywhere we go we leave them baseball," said this most famous of Leathernecks. "We do not take all the credit for the Marines. The Army and the Navy have done their part. In the little island of Guam, out in the middle of the Pacific, we left behind baseball. When we left the Philippines we gave them baseball and today the game is widely, generally played there."

"Last year at Quantico, Va., our Marine Corps nine played Waseda University team, all Japanese. Ambassador Matsudira of Japan, with his daughter and the large part of his embassy, was present.

"It was a delightful game. We won but there was no "razzing" of players. After the game the ambassador told me how much the American game of baseball has meant to the schools and colleges of Japan.

"He said it had helped to build up the boys and young men physically and had been of great value in improving the morale of the students. He indicated that it was soon to be Japan's national game, if it were not already so."

Knowing the great enthusiasm with which Gen. Lejeune has done everything in his power to have athletics as a vital factor in Marine life, I asked him for the reasons which prompted this attitude.

"Athletics in the corps were more or less haphazard until after the world war," he replied. "After the armistice we had football games, horse shows, boxing bouts and baseball games. We found that nothing like these games had been devised to keep our boys going.

Their interest was tremendous. Unquestionably such contests and spectacles had a huge part in maintaining morale and esprit when there were those who feared a letdown.

"Since the war the corps has instituted a comprehensive athletic program. It includes every post we have. Our Marine Corps football and baseball teams, often called the Quantico Marines, have been able at least to hold up their end. Our big football team was undefeated last year. We won for the third consecutive year the President's Cup by defeating the U. S. Army eleven at Washington. We defeated Loyola at New Orleans.

MILLION TRUST FUND FOR MARINE CORPS SPORTS?

Commandant's Interview Answers Question Often Asked Concerning Representative Boxing Champions; Post Boxing Only Will Be Encouraged.

BURT WHITMAN in the *Boston Herald*

"We have every reason to be gratified by the accomplishments of our big Corps teams. But we are even more satisfied with the general interest and participation in athletics throughout the posts, wherever located. We do not specialize in producing winning big teams. But we do specialize in trying to spread the gospel of clean, competitive sport.

"We have found that athletics have been of sure value in promoting well-being, alert mentality, morale and esprit.

"Mass athletics have been successful. Each post every month has a complete testing of its men. They have a regular list of events through which they must go, like the 100-yard dash, the broad jump and allied things. The general average is reached for each post and published. If a man runs the "100" too slowly and his post's average is down low, he hears of it from his fellows and, indeed, it becomes a matter of personal pride with him to improve his sprinting, and that means more endeavor on his part.

Pays Tribute to Tom Keady

"Of course, one of the prime reasons behind our desire to have good teams representing the Marine Corps is a wish to show the public that as clean a lot of young men as represent any college are on the Marine teams. It is an investment in good will. We have received reports that our boys are admirably behaved on the field. Their sportsmanship is unquestioned. Much of the credit for this goes to their coach, Mr. Keady, whom you know well here in Boston.

"It is true that we play most of our big team baseball games at Quantico. We'd like to be able to play in various cities and give as many people as possible a good view of the Marine as a high grade athlete and sportsman. But we lack the money. Baseball does not pay as football among the colleges and it simply is a case where we cannot get the money to make the costly trips for games.

"Yes, sir, your suggestion that it might be a wonderful thing for us if a wealthy man put up a trust fund of a million dollars, the revenue from which be used for Marine sport team expenses, is a good one. What sports we have of a representative nature are paid for by the Marines. A sum of \$50,000 could accomplish wonders for our athletics. Then we could play the games which we want to play in Boston, New York, Chicago, St. Louis and other large centres.

WILLIAMS PRAISED

"The Orient" says, "whileistic followers both in and out of the Marine Corps hear, read and see considerable of the Leatherneck boxers in this neck of the woods, there are few who can within three guesses tell one who Sergeant Williams is. If we left it to Williams, no one would ever know, as the Marine sergeant is adverse to blowing his own bugle. However, for the edification of one and all, Williams is probably the main cog in the Marine boxing machinery. The Leatherneck sergeant not only sees that his squad is always in the pink of condition and prepares things for them before fights, keeps his weather eye open for new material and dickers with the local boxing club officials, but corrects their faults and shows them a few things about the fine art. The 4th U. S. Marine boxing squad is indeed a credit to the regiment and no little share of the credit for this rightly belongs to Sergeant Williams."

NEWMAN TUMBLES LEE

Louis Lee, Shanghai's one and only Chinese boxer and one of the gamest members of the fight fraternity, again bit off more than he could in the six-round curtain-raiser (Carlton Arena). In Steve Newman, of the American Marines, Lee found a man as rugged as himself and quite a bit more experienced—and the experience won. Newman's victory came in the fifth round after four and one-half rounds of murderous action in which more than a score of real haymakers were delivered. The lead swayed back and forward. Lee jumped ahead when he rocked Newman on his heels with a murderous right. Then Newman evened up and pulled ahead. Then Lee got to the fore again only to be finally beaten, out on his feet, towards the close of the fifth round.

The technical knockout came after several deadly right-hand punches had been traded. In the fourth, both landed rights squarely on the point of each other's jaw. Lee staggered but Newman went down. He was up before Referee Hertzberg could start counting and tore in to start the victorious march that ended when Hertzberg mercifully halted the fight. Lee was game but he was beaten.

"We do not allow our men to play on the Marine Corps team indefinitely. Four years is the limit for an enlisted man. In case of a man who comes into the Corps from college, after having had athletic experience, he is allowed to play on our teams only two years. We utilize many of our athletes of note as coaches for post teams. In that way we have good men developing here and there at the various posts.

"We have only post boxing. We do not have any representative champions. We have felt that boxing is too strongly professionalized to lend itself to Corps championships.

"Most of our best athletes remain in the Corps. They make good Marines.

"Good bye, sir. Thank you for the million-dollar-friend-of-the-Corps suggestion, and please dig him up for us!"

**"HERE AND THERE"
IN PICTURES**



**JOHNNIE
ELICK
(Left)**

Recently returned from China, has been boxing and taking part in the major sports with the Marine Corps all over the world. At present finishing his current cruise in San Diego, his buddies are urging him to "ship over." Johnny is not decided, but claims that if he does "go out," he'll never forget his days in the Corps. We want him to stay in.



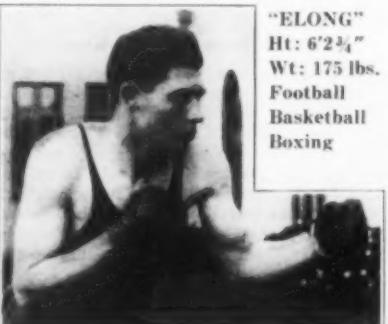
BIG JIM BALIS (Above)

Veteran diamond star, has been transferred to Parris Island where he will do some fancy hurling.

Roy Pollock got his start at Parris Island, his best bout being his K. O. over "Ironman" Johnson of Fort Moultrie. Now stationed at Quantico, he's training for bigger and better boys from the big top. (Below.)



David E. Ellison, athletic instructor at the Recruit Depot, San Diego, was an all-star quarterback for two seasons, all-star center (basketball) for three successive seasons and reached the finals in the Oklahoma State amateur tournament before turning professional. He has 16 wins in 20 bouts in civilian life and 25 wins (12 k. o.'s) and 2 draws out of 32 bouts in the Corps—and has never been knocked off his feet. Now on the last lap of an enlistment during which he has made an outstanding record as an all-around athlete, his buddies are hoping he decides to "ship over." (Below.)



"ELONG"
Ht: 6'2¹/₂"
Wt: 175 lbs.
Football
Basketball
Boxing



"BOZO" DUNCAN
is whamming 'em out between rests in the outfield and explaining to his feminine admirers just how it's done.

**Frankie
Cheslock
(Right)
as a
LIFESAVER***

**He Won
Many
Fistic
Battles
as a
Leatherneck**



JIMMY LEVEY (Above)

Again hustling around the infield with the big racket. Infield or backfield. Jimmy is good at both.



TUNNEY AND HIS BUDDIES. Forced out this month because of lack of space, Ed Van Every's interesting story of the Ex-Marine's battle to the top will be continued in the June number.

May, 1928

THE LEATHERNECK

Thirty-nine

HUCKABY AGAIN

Glenn Huckaby, 18-year-old U. S. 4th Marines flash, decisively outpointed Dingle Coombes of H. M. S. "Wivern" in the 10-round main event at the Carlton Cafe recently in a fast and grim battle in which the American Marine was robbed of a knockout victory by the courage of the British tar. Huckaby sent Coombes to the mat once, near the close of the eighth round, with a terrific right to the solar plexus. Coombes rolled over in agony, completely out. The bell saved him at six and he stuck grimly on his feet in the next two rounds, keeping the Union Jack flying in a fashion that won the admiration of every fan in the house.

Huckaby and Coombes entered the ring at 140 pounds. They sparred through the first round and went into action in the next. Coombes was trying hard all the time but couldn't get past Huckaby's defense. Then Huckaby would loosen up and slam home tearing lefts and smashing rights that slowly but surely wore down the tough British bluejacket, who on more than one occasion seemed dazed. He relied too much on his seconds for instructions, apparently too puzzled by Huck's style to find an effective attack of his own. Huckaby had a wide margin over Coombes throughout, interest being sustained by the British tar's efforts to break through with repeated two-handed assaults.

Hill Whips Andre

The second U. S. Marine victory of the evening came in the eight-round semi-final in which Sergeant Jimmy Hill, veteran of the 4th Marines fighting squad, administered Kid Andre, Russian light-heavy, the whipping of a lifetime. Hill fought a different fight. He started out in the first round to get Andre. He succeeded in the 7th round but was robbed of a knockout, his seconds claim, by an error on the part of the referee.

After knocking the game Andre about for six rounds, Hill slammed him to the mat with lefts and rights in the latter half of the seventh. Andre was on his back watching the referee count. The referee counted nine, waved but did not call 10 just before Andre got up and allowed the Russian to carry on although he technically had been counted out. Andre stalled through the remainder of the seventh and the eighth to lose by a wide margin to Hill. The referee's action was protested by Hill's seconds at the close of the seventh, but they were overruled—by the referee.

Hanley Gets Draw

Hurricane Hanley, 4th U. S. Marines southpaw, and Alex McMasters, of the R. A. S. C., battled through six heavy rounds to a draw. Hanley held the edge in the earlier rounds but tired to enable McMasters to take the last two stanzas and one-half the decision.

RIDDLE LOSES

Young Riddle, 4th U. S. Marine lightweight, put up a great battle against Knocker White, to whom he lost in their eight-round semi-final. Both boys received a great hand from the audience. Riddle, although staggering around in circles in the last round from repeated rights and lefts, was still on his feet when the bell rang.

BOXING SHOWS GAIN IN POPULARITY AT M. C. I.**"Paddy" Doyle, Famous Irishman, Promotes Second Series; Full House Greets His Efforts.**

Promoter Paddy Doyle put his second boxing series over at the Washington Barracks with even greater success than his first attempt, the card consisting of five bouts and a wrestling match. Virtually the entire command, augmented by many visitors among whom were not a few ladies, attended, and a dance followed.

Displaying superior physical condition, Lauder won a technical K. O. from Phipps in the curtain raiser, the latter staging a valiant attempt in his initial performance. In the "place" bout the attendance enjoyed a comedy exhibition between Trumpeter Krouse and Kid Sefaretti. Krouse had the edge, longitudinally and in weight, but Sefaretti was the cleverest boxer, causing the former to miss often with lusty haymakers, all to the great delight of the fans.

The third stanza between Washburn and Walker proved to be a weird exchange of circular lunges that seldom reached the sought-for button, the former disclosing a brand new punch which was not unlike snapping a whip. However, the snap failed to reach its destination often enough and upon the referee's calling for an extra round after a judges' disagreement, Washburn's seconds threw in the towel, giving Walker a win.

Morris and Lindley, light-heavies, furnished the semi-final, and despite their apparent inexperience gave the fans four fast, slashing rounds. Lindley's edge of eleven pounds helped earn for him the decision, and in challenging the winner of the final bout he bit off plenty, for—

Johnston, former basketball and football letterman at Parris Island, surprised even his closest friends by disclosing that he is also a boxer of no mean ability. Entering the ring at 178, he boxed and danced around for a clear decision over his more inexperienced rival, Peterson, the latter weighing in at 170. The manner in which the fans received the final bout left no doubt in the promoter's mind as to their preference for heavyweights.

During his "speech" Promoter Doyle declared that boxing shows would be run regularly, but that no definite dates could be given. To be sure of the dates he suggested that visitors subscribe to THE LEATHERNECK, which we think was pretty smart.

"Shanghai's hat's off to the versatile American Leathernecks who today, for the first time in the history of that famous fighting aggregation, are fielding a rugby-football fifteen. It shows what China will do to a bunch of fellows who came over to fight and found China's military leaders determined to confine that pastime to themselves."

HONGKONG CHAMP FALLS FOR MARINE

Johnny Corbett, U. S. Marine, gave Able Seaman Bennett, welter champ of Hongkong, just about nine pounds and a beautiful lacing in their 10-round semi-final. Bennett elected to make a running fight out of it after sampling two of Johnny's lefts that had his knees shaking and the American Marine was hard pressed keeping up with him.

As a fight it was practically all Corbett's. Out of the 10 rounds, Bennett could be given one with another a draw. Corbett took the remainder. Bennett on three occasions went staggering after taking Johnny's hefty left to the chin and although he managed to get to the Marine twice with his "deadly" right, Corbett came right back with a better sample from both hands. Corbett weighed in at 134 $\frac{3}{4}$ and Bennett at 143 $\frac{1}{4}$.

BROWN GETS DRAW.

Young Brown of the 3rd Brigade U. S. Marine Corps, drew with A. B. Worthington, in an action packed six rounder. Brown had a slight edge, but the draw wasn't bad. A head shorter than his opponent, Worthington rushed time and again, flailing with both hands at Brown's stomach, missing four times to connecting once. Brown stopped the sailor's rushes after the fourth round with rights and lefts to the jaw and guts.

HILL SOCKS GOB

Giving away seven and a half pounds to Jimmy Hill of the 4th Marines, who weighed in at 170 $\frac{1}{2}$, was too much for Jimmy Kelly of the U. S. S. "Richmond" in their eight-rounder. Kelly certainly proved to be a game scrapper and one with the constitution of a boiler and a cast-iron jaw, for he took everything that Hill had and came right back for more. Kelly supplied the big thrill when he sent Hill to one knee in the sixth, with a short right to the chin, the first time Hill has been knocked off his feet here. The big Marine was up before Hertzberg could start a count and tore in with both hands after the American gob, but although socking him plenty, couldn't produce the K. O.

SNYDER K. O.'S RUSSIAN

The second contest produced another knockout. Ted Snyder, 182 pounds of fighting Marine, right-handed Babe Hubner, Russian, 180 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, to win in their opening round. Snyder was cool and confident. He had his plan of campaign mapped out and swiftly and efficiently carried it out. Leading with his right hand, he smacked Hubner on the point of the chin in the first half-minute and had that husky bothered. He repeated a moment later, the right hand smash knocking loose several of Hubner's front teeth. Hubner dropped for a count of nine. He rushed at Snyder, the Marine backed away and then shot over a terrific right that landed on the top of Hubner's head but that staggered him just the same. Snyder followed up with a vicious left hook to the mouth and Hubner, bleeding profusely, dropped for the full count.

PHILADELPHIA MARINES WIN CHAMPIONSHIP

Colonel Turrill Presents Trophy to Mattox, Team Captain; Quintette Also Plays "Outside" Teams.

The basketball team of the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa., has completed another very successful season, and, for the second successive year, has annexed the championship of the Fourth Naval District.

When the League opened there were four teams entered: The U. S. Naval Hospital, Receiving Station, U. S. S. "Kalmira" and the Marine Barracks.

The fight for the championship ended in a tie between the Marines and the Hospital Quintette. In the play-off the Marines won the first encounter, 27-23, then lost the second 21-27, but when the smoke of battle had cleared away they had reversed that score to win the third game and again the report went in that "The Marines had the situation well in hand."

Colonel J. S. Turrill, commanding officer of the Marine Barracks, at mess formation, March 9, 1928, delivered the Trophy to Corporal J. P. Mattox, captain of the team.

Several games have been played with teams outside of the Navy Yard, including the Penn A. C., Germantown Y. M. C. A., and other leading athletic clubs and Y. M. C. A. aggregations in Philadelphia.

CURTIS WINS

Lou Curtis of the U. S. Marines, 168½ pounds, matched with Babe Hubner, of Shanghai, at 171½ pounds, made it a clean sweep for the American Marines and took all six rounds. In the first he teased his man with a left hook to the head and in the second warmed up to score numerous points to the head, face and body.

Curtis delivered a hefty right to the heart as the third opened, then fell into an exchange of rights and lefts. In the two succeeding rounds, the Marine landed many times, at one point scoring rights to the heart four times in succession. Both slowed down in the sixth, and Hubner's taking a right to the stomach was the outstanding action. The crowd cheered Curtis.

DEBUTANT DAVIS WINS

Louie Lee, 143, appearing for the first time in this or any roped arena, went down to defeat last month with his colors flying. The Chinese found too much of a handful in Jack Davis, 147½, a U. S. Marines "debutant," who, with the advice of Sergeant Jimmy Hill being constantly dinned into his head, used a left jab that had the Chinese boy baffled and beaten. Lee took the lead early and landed a right that downed Davis for three. Lee didn't follow up and that cost him the fight.

Davis then commenced using his left and made openings for his right that by the third round had Lee staggering. A smashing right sent him to the mat, but he gamely came up for more to take a right that spelled curtains.

WIN FOURTH NAVAL DISTRICT CHAMPIONSHIP TWICE



Front row: Quigley, Williams. Second row: Howard, Colonel H. J. Turrill, commanding officer; Mattox (Capt.), Marine Gunner T. G. Laitch, athletic officer; Scherron. Third row: McBee, Wells, Raynor. Rear: W. H. Resch, coach.

Flashy Rudy Makes Debut

KNOCKS "KNOCKER" COLD

The big thrill of the evening at the Carlton Cafe recently came in the semi-final between Rudy Benton, lightweight flash of the 4th Regiment, U. S. Marine Corps, and the popular "Knocker" White, pride of H. M. S. "Vindictive," and heretofore undefeated, when the American knocked White cold in the first round just as the fans were warming to the fight. The kayak was a sensation and drove the Marines frantic with joy, as their three-minute continuous cheering testified.

Benton seemed a little nervous but all traces of his uneasiness disappeared when White slapped him with his left. The little Marine cut loose immediately and drove White into a corner with lefts and rights. White got away and Benton plunged headlong after him. White dodged Benton's murderous swing and the Marine overbalanced. Benton again went after the British tar and drove him to the ropes. White covered, leaving exposed just a few inches of abdomen. That was enough and Benton delivered a straight right that literally buried itself. As White crumpled forward, Benton swung his left to the head, sending the sinking White sideways. Like a flash, Benton cut loose with his right again, landing heavily on the side of White's half-covered face. White fell flat on his back, down and out. He came to a few seconds after Referee Hertzberg had counted him out.

TIPS TIM RILEY

An outstanding solo performance was given by Rudy Benton, 130½-pound American Marine, newly arrived in Shanghai recently. He proved to be a born fighter, possessed of a level head, a pair of fast and clever feet, a wicked left and a deadly right, both of which he introduced to the bitter chagrin of Tim Riley, 128½, R. A. S. C. man, who gamely stuck through five rounds in which he was literally slaughtered. Rudy opened up with the first bell and showed what his left could do. It was plenty as the fact that Riley was being counted over when the bell rang would indicate.

In the next round, Rudy introduced his right, which he drove for Riley's heart with the result that the bell halted the count at three. More heart-breaking punishment in the third round and in the fourth, found Riley doubled up where he fell, outside the ropes. The bell again intervened but Rudy wrote finis in the fifth with a right drive to the heart that had Riley down and out, gasping for air. Rudy will make Syd Keenan step if given the chance, but it'll be a fight worth going a long way to see.

The Navy will, for the first time in its history, be represented by three crews at the Poughkeepsie regatta this year, June 22. The Navy Department has approved the request of the academy authorities to enter varsity junior varsity and plebe crews.

PEARL HARBOR MARINES HAVE RECORD SEASON

**Cagemen Win 28 Out of 37 Starts,
Championship From Schofield
and Are Runners-up in the
Sector-Navy League;
Other Features of
Outstanding
Record.**

By Lieutenant E. E. "Swede" Larson.

Starting the 1928 season with three regulars from the 1927 squad the Pearl Harbor Marines got off to a slow start in their regular league play, and it was not until the first round of games had been played that the team finally caught their true stride.

Feregan and Thompson, forwards from 1927, reported for practice at first call, but Feregan was unable to play for the first three weeks on account of a bad knee, injured in the University-Navy football game last November. Fitzgerald was the third regular who reported and this sterling guard was the backbone of the team for the third successive year. His play throughout the season was spectacular and his splendid qualities of leadership fitted him to lead the Marine team to the best season that the Leathernecks have yet had at Pearl Harbor.

Conrad, a sub forward from the 1927 squad, developed into a good guard and fitted into the play of the team very well, taking Fitzgerald's place after the latter shoved off on the "Chaumont."

Three newcomers to Pearl Harbor showed up very well. "Silent Mike" Wetja, former Quantico and Parris Island cage expert, performed in a very satisfactory manner at guard. Many critics rated Wetja and Fitzgerald the best pair of guards on the island. After the close of the Sector-Navy League, Fitzgerald was selected as first-string and Wetja as second-string guard on the All-Sector-Navy team. After the close of the Sector-Navy-Schofield series, Wetja was selected as first-string all-service guard. Fitzgerald had already shoved off for the mainland before this series was played so was not considered in this last selection. Had he been here there is no question but what he too would have been picked with Wetja on the first team. Besides Wetja, Spannuth, former San Diego football star, reported for practice and after playing forward part of the year was finally shifted to center where he worked the balance of the season. His work was very good all year. The third new man on the team was Moran, a recruit from San Diego. He worked in as first-string sub at both forward and center and was a very valuable man to the squad. He shows great promise and next year will probably develop into one of the best bets at the Marine Barracks. Others who went to make up the balance of this 1928 squad and who by their fine spirit and sportsmanship made the season a success were Schaffer, a hard-working little forward; Hayes, a good sub center; Landis and Crabtree, forwards, and McGowan, guard.

A total of nineteen practice games with various service and civilian teams were

PEARL HARBOR BASKETBALL SQUAD



Back row: Left to right—Wetja, Feregan, Lt. Larson (coach), Hayes, Spannuth.
Front row—Thompson, Fitzgerald (Capt.), Schaffer, Conrad, Moran.

played. Of this number fifteen resulted in wins and four were lost. Outstanding games in this list include two wins over the strong All-Chinese Athletic Club, one of the best teams in the A. A. U. League. The 11th F. A., winners of the Schofield championship in 1927, were defeated 58-40, and the 18th F. A. was played twice, each team winning one game. The latter team won the Schofield championship in 1928. Three games were taken from the strong First National Bank team, winners of the Bankers League for three years. Palama settlement team was the only one to get away from suffering a defeat at the hands of the Marines. They defeated the Devil Dogs twice, and tied with the A. C. A. for the championship of the A. A. U. League. The Sector-Navy League, in which the Marine team was entered, was composed of six teams, four Army, one Navy and the Marine entrant. The Marines defeated the Shafter team two out of their three games, but due to the early season defeats did not manage to catch the leaders. Shafter had not been defeated in their own gym for six years until the Marines turned the trick. No team in the last six years had ever been able to take a series from the Headquarter champions and this honor went to the 1928 Marine team. The only games that Shafter lost this past year were to the Marines.

The runners-up in the Sector-Navy and Schofield Leagues played a three-game series to decide the runner-up champions of Hawaii. The Marine team after losing the first game of the series at Schofield came back and took the last two games to win the series.

A total of thirty-seven games was played during the year and of this number the Scarlet and Gold won twenty-eight, while they dropped nine. This gives the team a percentage of .758 for

the year's play. The Marines played fine ball and had not Wetja been forced out of the game for three weeks with a badly sprained ankle in early season play they might have finished even higher in the final rating. As it was the season just closed will go down in the records as by far the best that the Marines at Pearl Harbor have ever had.

GERALD FITZGERALD

"Fitz," as he was called by all hands at the Marine Barracks, was one of the most popular athletes that ever drew on a pair of cleated shoes to wear the Scarlet and Gold for the Marines at Pearl Harbor.

A crack halfback on the Marine and All-Navy football squad, he was always a dangerous man while carrying the pigskin, and as a forward pass receiver he was uncanny in his manner of pulling the leather out of the air.

On the diamond his chatter always kept the spirit up and he covered the hot corner in good shape. Though not a hard hitter, he batted from the left side of the plate and his speed allowed him to beat out many infield hits. On the bases he was spectacular.

A good football and baseball player, "Fitz" was a star of the first water when it came to the cage sport. He led the Marine team to the most successful season it ever had at Pearl Harbor in 1928 and his work at guard was the talk of the Sector-Navy League. After the close of the season he was selected on the coaches first all-star team.

After three years at Pearl Harbor, Fitzgerald shoved off on the "Chaumont" to return to the East coast for discharge. All hands were sorry to see him go and countless sport fans will miss him where ever the Marines play.

PARRIS ISLAND MARINES WIN 20 OUT OF 26 GAMES

Islanders Score 1112 Points During Season, With Grissom Leading With 233—Hart, Playing First Season in South, Makes Great Record.

The Parris Island "Devil Dogs" finished one of their most successful basketball seasons on record by defeating Thomas A. Jones Club team of Savannah, Georgia, by the score of 46-38.

The game was fast on both sides, but the "Leathernecks" displayed a powerful passing attack accompanied by the deadly shooting that have made the Marine team one of the most powerful in this section of the South.

Out of the twenty-six games played against the best college and club teams available, the "Devil Dogs" won twenty and lost six.

The Marine team had several veterans from last year's squad among whom were Captain Grissom, Dean, Bishop, Peters and Woods.

The new men on the squad were: Troxell, U. of Maryland; Cain, Davis and Elkins; Hart, Santa Monica High School, California; Jennings, Indianapolis High School, Indiana; Shumway, Charleston Marines, and Lewonis, the veteran of Philadelphia and Quantico Marine teams.

Captain Grissom emulated his feat of last year by again being high point scorer for the "Leathernecks." His sensational overhead shots and his shots from almost impossible positions furnished the spectators with many thrills during the season. Grissom not only scored more points than any of his team mates, but his passing and his floor work were exceptionally noteworthy. The total number of points scored by Grissom was 233.

Hart, a new comer to Parris Island, proved a competent pivot man for the 1928 squad. Hart's energy and fighting spirit enabled him to get the tip-off from men much taller than himself throughout the entire season, which, of course, made it possible to work Coach Donnelley's cleverly planned plays. While Hart did not attempt the same type of shots as Grissom, his tries from the center of the court netted the Marines many a needed basket. On many occasions during the season he lifted the "Leathernecks" out of a slump by dropping in two or three long shots in quick succession. Hart's total number of points was 218.

Dean, a veteran of last year's squad, started out slowly, but in the last few games of the season he reached the peak of his form and it was impossible to keep him out of the first-string line-up. He established the exceptional record of scoring forty points in one game.

Bishop was one of the outstanding guards of the season. In addition to playing a wonderful defensive game, he slipped by the opposition to score 133 points.

The defensive work of Woods was probably the best ever displayed on a Marine basketball team. His uncanny judgment enabled him to break up play after play throughout the entire season.

Troxell's work at guard is especially

THE LEATHERNECK

Picture of the P. I. Basketball Squad will be found in center pages

worthy of notice. He was playing a consistent game until forced to abdicate because of an injury to his hip.

Peters, a veteran of last year's squad, was among the high scorers. Pete was out most of the season with a bad knee. However, he cut the meshes for 107 points.

Other men who deserve credit and who played consistent games when called upon were: Lewonis, Cain, Shumway, and Jennings.

The season opened with the Marines swamping the college of Charleston, 50-31.

The Citadel, at Charleston, presented one of the most powerful teams in the South and after a stubborn and fast battle defeated the Marines 51-43.

University of South Carolina also defeated the Marine aggregation although the outcome of the game was in doubt until the final whistle.

The most sensational game of the year was that played against the Olsen Nordics of Kansas. The Nordics were by far the most polished team ever brought to Parris Island and they completely swamped the Marines in the first half of the game by outscoring them 58-15. In the second half the Marines came back with that never-say-die spirit that characterizes the Marine Corps and outscored the Nordics 38-17. Although the "Devil Dogs" lost this game, Parris Island rooters went home satisfied that they had the scrappiest team in the South.

Basketball here this season developed into a very popular sport and the command in general were all ardent rooters and derived much entertainment from the eighteen games played on the home court. In the eight games played away from home the Marine Corps gained much good publicity through the fine competition furnished and the clean sportsmanship shown by the Marine team.

HOW THEY WERE SCORED

Grissom 233 Woods 75
Hart 218 Troxell 45
Dean 163 Cain 20
Bishop 133 Jennings 23
Peters 107 Shumway 10
Lewonis 86

Total points scored by Parris Island 1112
Total points scored by opposition 857

SUMMARY OF GAMES PLAYED

College of Charleston.....	31—Marines 50
Citadel	51—Marines 43
U. S. "Carolina"	54—Marines 38
Sumpter Guard	36—Marines 51
Sumpter Guards	33—Marines 46
Olsen's Nordics	75—Marines 52
Pacific Mills, Lyman	31—Marines 44
Jacksonville, Wl Lo Se	3—Marines 42
Oriana Club, Charleston	27—Marines 40
Oriana Club, Charleston	31—Marines 35
Jew' Ed. Alliance, Sav'ah	20—Marines 34
Pacific Mills, Columbia	42—Marines 29
Newberry College	29—Marines 35
Augusta, Ga. Y.M.C.A.	31—Marines 99
Stubbs, Savannah, Ga.	22—Marines 62
Stubbs, Savannah, Ga.	21—Marines 31
Newberry College	27—Marines 41
Savannah All Stars	31—Marines 48
Jew' Ed. Alliance, Sav'ah	25—Marines 21
West End A. C. Charleston	25—Marines 35
West End A. C. Charleston	25—Marines 32
Wofford College	40—Marines 44
T. A. Jones Cl., Savannah	22—Marines 43
Charleston All Stars	37—Marines 31
Charleston All Stars	30—Marines 34
T. J. Jones Cl., Savannah	38—Marines 46

MARINES SINK ARMY IN WATER POLO GAME AT NEW YORK

By Allyn H. Wright, U. S. M. C.

The Pearl Harbor Marines, representing the Navy, overwhelmingly defeated the Fort De Russy team in a one-sided game of water polo in the pool of the newly completed Army-Navy Y. M. C. A. in Honolulu, 15 to 1, in favor of the Leathernecks.

This match was the first inter-service water polo contest to be staged in the Hawaiian Islands. While there have been many Navy-Army athletic contests held, this was the first contest of this sport. We would surely say that inter-service water polo has come to stay, and if one is to judge from the interest of the large crowd which witnessed the game, they will agree with us.

It was Orkfritz who tossed the ball into the net for the Marine's first score, and he played a mighty good game from then on, making a total of seven goals.

The one score credited to the Army was one which they really did not win or earn. Brotz, a soldier, had taken a shot at the Marine goal, and Soliss made a mighty fine stop. In an effort to toss the ball to a near-by teammate the ball slipped out of his hands into the net and gave the Army their only score. When the first half ended, the score was seven to one.

In the first half of the game the Marines had the deep end of the pool; in the second half they took the shallow end, and still kept on making scores. Quite a few times the Army came near making goals, but the quick Marine goalies would always block the ball and keep it from the basket.

Eurist was the second high scorer for the Marines, making four goals; Parkison made three, and Utzman one. Olympic rules were used in the game, and eight-minute halves were played.

We believe that Lieut. D. G. Willis, the swimming officer, deserves much credit for the work his Leathernecks performed. He has coached them in a manner that has produced a winning team. We, of course, take our hats off to the entire team and the substitutes for their fine display of sportsmanship and teamwork.

MEBBYSO MARINES FIGHT CHINA BOY WITH SHOES

It's no use, boys—the Chinese might as well give up.

Everybody is used to having the Marines land, in China and elsewhere, with "the situation well in hand." Those who are the objects of the Leathernecks' attentions generally hit for the high places, and hide out until things become peaceful again. But it is no use now—escaping from Marines will be utterly impossible.

"Request immediate shipment 30 pairs track shoes and 36 pairs baseball shoes," says a radiogram from the Third brigade, received at naval headquarters yesterday from China.

A marine chasing his quarry with spiked shoes is something to conjure with, when one stops to think of it.

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TEN DOLLAR PRIZE CONTEST No. 6

Well, Leathernecks, here is the sixth of our OLD TIMER contests. Everyone knows that no matter what kind of a yarn you tell and no matter how far you stretch the truth from its narrow channels, the OLD TIMER in the service will go you one better and tell one about the "Old Marine Corps" that will knock your story into a cocked hat. So here we are giving you what a NEW Marine has to say and we want you to tell us what the OLD TIMER would tell him happened in the "Old Marine Corps."

Now get your imagination working and let us know what you think the OLD TIMER answered. This contest is open to old ones, young ones, police sergeants, M. C. I. students, mics, and company clerks. The biggest liar gets the ten dollars.

Use the blank at the bottom of this page, or write your answer out on a

sheet of paper. You may send in any number of answers. Address them to the Contest Editor, The Leatherneck, Washington, D. C. Contest closes June 20, 1928. The winner will be announced in the July issue.

Important Notice

In order to show appreciation to our regular readers for their loyal support we are offering the ten dollars for answers submitted on the following blank. If the winning answer is sent in on a separate sheet of paper, the contestant will receive five dollars only.

This is the sixth of a series of 12 OLD TIMER contests. If you are not a subscriber to The Leatherneck or a purchaser of a copy, send us your subscription today or reserve a copy from our agent. This may be worth \$5.00 to you.



- FAOLLOWES - 28

Rookie: "Course I can't hit 'em, Sargin—I just come off watch at four this mornin'; yuh can't expect a man to be a watchdog all night and a ball player all day."

Old Timer: "Say, lissen, Rook. You think you got it hard—Why, when I was in the OLD M'rine Corps out in Olongapo....."

WINNER OF CONTEST NO. 4

The ten dollar prize for the best answer in our Old Timer's Contest No. 4 goes to Mr. F. W. Hopkins, Medford, Oregon. Mr. Hopkins' answer was, "Maybe so, but back in the Old M'rine Corps we used to transfer to that outfit for retirement."

Other good ones follow: "Maybe so, but back in the Old M'rine Corps they'd issued each man his pay in ammunition; then sent him out in the hills, and if he didn't get a bandit for every round he'd get bread and water for a month."

"Maybe so, but back in the Old M'rine Corps we'd eat breakfast at night so we could drill during the morning and get a early start out in the hills. We'd generally catch the bandits asleep but it would take us the whole day to hike back to be in time for breakfast again. We got paid, but we never knew it."

"Maybe so, but back in the Old M'rine Corps we didn't get any breakfast till the mess sergeant went out and slew a couple of bears. As for PAY! Hell, at the end of a

month we owed the government fer chawin' torbacker."

"Maybe so, but back in the Old M'rine Corps you didn't have to go way off to a desert to get all the pure unvarnished fightin' you wanted. You could get accommodated on board any old battle-wagon in the Fleet or in any old port you'd a mind to pick, at any old time o' the day or night; and the opposition wasn't furnished by any Desert Arabs, either, but by honest-to-goodness he-sailormen' in any numbers you wanted from five to one up."

OLD TIMER (reading movie poster of "Beau Geste," with inscription, "Foreign Legion"): "Bo Guessed—Foragin' Legend! Maybe so, but back in the Old M'rine Corps we done some foragin' ourselves; we out-drilled, out-fought an' out-ate them bo's. 'Drills before breakfast and fights all day in the desert,' do they? We fought all night scratchin' cooties, an' all day scratchin' gravel; but we had plenty o' sand an' never needed water, 'cent to wash our socks an' shirts in! Why, Bo, we fought before breakfast for a share o' slumprillion an' lob-scouse, when th' bugles blowed th' 'battle cry of

feed 'em'; an' when it come to drillin' in the desert, it was wuss th'n drillin' fr oil in Texas! If we drilled deep enough, mebbe, now an' then we found a raisin in th' plum-duff, but, more often it was just dough. 'Foragin' Legend?' Ain't them th' guys that chases th' A-rabs like th' cops in Noo York; that gets all th' 'dates', 'sand-which-is' there, 'dessert', an' ever'thing, even if we do get th' dough? Ain't they got plenty oases, where they c'n get a drink when they need it? An' they don't have to walk a mile fer a camel, neither! B'lleve me, Bo, they've got a snap to what we usher have."

"With on'y a bunch o' Cupids (God d'Amours) t' fight, them Arabian Knights are sure 'Bo-jest'—'jest' a joke—an' th' joke's on you, Bo! D'ye get me?"

"Member what Longfellow (or some other fella), said about them A-rabs? That they fold their tents an' steal away? Well, ain't it th' truth? Them bos'll steal anything in sight; an' they allus caravans fr haulin' their loot, an' a 'drummer-dairy' fr wet-nursin' th' musics, they bein' so young an' inncercint-like. Guess agin, Bo!"

No. 6

OLD TIMER: "Say, lissen, Rook. You think you got it hard—Why, when I was in the OLD M'rine

Corps out in Olongapo....."

Name.....

Address.....

THE GAZETTE

Continued from page 33

153. Anderson, William	July 22, 1925
154. Macauley, William J.	July 28, 1925
155. Skelton, Paul R.	July 30, 1925
156. Conway, James	October 10, 1925
157. McGarvey, Josiah T.	November 10, 1925
158. Fitzgerald-Brown, John F.	Nov. 15, 1925
159. Teaney, Robert W.	December 1, 1925
160. Rousseau, Eugene	December 4, 1925
161. Hauptman, Carl	December 7, 1925
162. Hines, Lewis C.	December 12, 1925
163. Roehrig, Archibald	January 1, 1926
164. Rasmussen, Hans O.	January 8, 1926
165. MacLellan, Wallace S.	May 25, 1926
166. Murphy, John H.	June 1, 1926
167. Saumigalski, Roman	June 4, 1926
168. Gifford, James	June 5, 1926
169. Moberly, Lee	June 5, 1926
170. Wright, Claude	June 11, 1926
171. Coyle, Joseph G.	June 15, 1926
172. Buckey, Harry M.	June 24, 1926
173. Barton, Edward J., Jr.	June 30, 1926
174. Carberry, James	July 15, 1926
175. Selfridge, Edwin	July 20, 1926
176. Stroud, Homer C.	July 20, 1926
177. Thek, John R.	July 26, 1926
178. Schuler, Carl G.	July 28, 1926
179. Talbert, William E.	September 7, 1926
180. Jones, Raymond G.	September 18, 1926
181. Anderson, Godfrey N.	September 20, 1926
182. Stinson, Fred	September 24, 1926
183. Gau, Herbert W.	October 1, 1926
184. Dahlgren, John G.	October 2, 1926
185. Cartmell, Hall V.	November 17, 1926
186. Kiley, Thomas M.	November 18, 1926
187. Daleiden, Christy J.	November 23, 1926
188. Homer, James T.	November 23, 1926
189. Sweet, Mord E.	December 3, 1926
190. Buchanan, Fred M.	February 21, 1927
191. McKelvey, Frederick H.	Feb. 21, 1927
192. Gauss, John M.	February 25, 1927
193. Martin, Edwin L. E.	March 17, 1927
194. Burkhardt, Albert	April 12, 1927
195. Johnson, John	April 12, 1927
196. Salesky, Jack	April 12, 1927
197. Shambough, Elmer R.	April 12, 1927
198. York, Joseph	April 12, 1927
199. Killen, Dewey	April 25, 1927
200. Owens, Gilbert L.	April 25, 1927
201. Woody, Tom	May 1, 1927
202. Moore, Archie A.	June 13, 1927
203. Cooke, Walter M.	June 14, 1927
204. Stephens, Charley W.	June 14, 1927
205. Hughes, Edgar C.	July 1, 1927
206. Reynolds, Howard E.	July 7, 1927
207. Hedges, Howard J.	July 15, 1927
208. Carlton, John A.	July 15, 1927
209. Costello, Philip J.	July 15, 1927
210. Reitmeyer, Nicholas	July 19, 1927
211. Welas, Mike	August 1, 1927
212. Kimes, John W.	August 6, 1927
213. Sharp, Marmaduke	August 15, 1927
214. Fortner, Ferris D.	September 10, 1927
215. Marts, Albert C.	September 12, 1927
216. Yalowitz, Emanuel	September 14, 1927
217. Halsey, William	September 14, 1927
218. Oldridge, James A.	September 14, 1927
219. Steele, Edward E.	September 14, 1927
220. Haggarty, Ira C.	September 15, 1927
221. Bernick, Joseph A.	September 19, 1927
222. Riewe, Fred	September 28, 1927
223. Carlson, Earl O.	December 1, 1927
224. Ruetsch, William E.	December 1, 1927
225. Alguire, Percil M.	December 1, 1927
226. Hyde, Donald M.	December 1, 1927
227. Wilson, Robert L.	December 1, 1927
228. Knowles, Elwell F.	December 1, 1927
229. Brigham, Leland L.	December 1, 1927
230. Davison, Edward G.	February 11, 1928
231. Roos, Otto N.	February 11, 1928
232. Lyon, Horace E.	February 11, 1928
233. Beck, Ernest W.	February 11, 1928
234. Miller, Matthew H.	February 11, 1928
235. Tivey, Francis	February 11, 1928
236. Hill, Felix W.	February 11, 1928
237. Vieten, Louis	February 11, 1928
238. Farley, William T.	February 13, 1928
239. Glaser, Elmer G.	February 13, 1928
240. Bellora, John D.	February 14, 1928
241. Sanford, David	February 15, 1928
242. VanHorn, Joseph O.	March 22, 1928
243. Fonger, Oliver S.	April 3, 1928

REENLISTMENTS

Fegley, Leo P., at Philadelphia, 3-17-28, for MB, Annapolis.
Seidler, Adolph, at Washington, 3-23-28, for Hdqrs., Washington.
Long, Willie L., at Columbia, 3-22-28, for MB, Hampton Roads.
Lyle, Roy H., at San Francisco, 3-17-28, for DQM, San Francisco.
Hopkins, Jesse J., at Hampton Roads, 3-23-28, for MB, Hampton Roads.
Goadby, George E., at Philadelphia, 3-23-28, for MB, Parris Island.
Solarz, Stephen S., at Chicago, 3-23-28, for MB, Quantico.

Owens, Thomas G., at Vallejo, 3-19-28 for MB, Mare Island.

Hildebrand, Arthur T., at Boston, 3-26-28, for MB, Parris Island.

Wenhold, Warren, at New York, 3-26-28 for MB, New York.

Waite, Luther P., at Atlanta, 3-22-28, for Rctg., New Orleans.

Weinfield, Samuel, at Houston, 3-23-28, for MB, Parris Island.

Hord, Joplin C., at San Diego, 3-20-28 for MB, Puget Sound.

Fitzgerald, Laurence J., at Quantico, 3-25-28, for MB, Quantico.

Darragh, Clyde R., at Quantico, 3-21-28, for MB, Quantico.

Rasmussen, Hans O., at USS "Texas," 3-8-28, for USS "Texas."

Broderick, Joseph M., at Detroit, 3-7-28, for MB, Hampton Roads.

Howard, Carl A., at Seattle, 3-3-28, for MB, San Diego.

Reising, Charles G., at Quantico, 3-9-28, for MB, Quantico.

Eden, Russell E., at Wheeling, 3-15-28, for MB, New York.

Kinna, Roy L., at Washington, 3-16-28, for Hdqrs., Washington.

Thompson, Rudolph A., at St. Paul, 3-14-28, for MB, NY, Washington.

Parsons, William H., at Denver, 3-6-28, for MB, New Orleans.

Burnham, Roy A., at Sacramento, 3-7-28, for MB, San Diego.

Hack, Lawrence A., at San Francisco, 3-5-28, for MB, San Diego.

Johnson, George D., at San Francisco, 3-7-28, for DQM, San Francisco.

McClain, William H., at Los Angeles, 3-5-28, for MB, Keyport, Wash.

McIntosh, John W. C., at Spokane, 3-6-28, for MB, San Diego.

Morgan, Leslie S., at San Francisco, 3-3-28, for San Diego.

Schmidtke, Emil K., at Los Angeles, 3-7-28, for MB, San Diego.

Huff, Louis W., at Louisville, 3-8-28, for MB, Hampton Roads.

Garney, Ira D., at Memphis, 3-11-28, for MB, New Orleans.

Davis, Wilton L., at New Orleans, 3-10-28, for MB, New Orleans.

Mobley, Troy S., at Charlotte, 3-12-28, for MB, Parris Island.

Brothers, James F., at Boston, 3-12-28, for MB, Boston.

Blaxton, Lester M., at Port au Prince, 2-28-28, for Const. Port au Prince.

Leonard, Hal A., at Baltimore, 3-14-28, for Rctg., Philadelphia.

Wilt, George C., at Fairmont, 3-14-28, for MB, Charleston, W. Va.

Abrahams, Ensie G., at San Diego, 3-5-28, for MB, NAS, San Diego.

Bellora, John D., at Tientsin, 1-26-28, for MD, 6th Regt.

Crosby, Clarence H., at Boston 3-15-28, for 10th Regiment.

Hansen, Hans M., at Tientsin, 2-1-28, for Rctg., Boston.

Jordan, Eugene W., at Boston, 3-15-28, for MB, Indian Head.

Quinn, Rogers R., at Buffalo, 3-12-28, for MB, Parris Island.

Cain, Paul G., at Cleveland, 3-17-28, for MB, Parris Island.

Loygren, Gustav C., at Denver, 3-9-28, for MB, San Diego.

Cooler, Alfred R., at Vallejo, 3-12-28, for MB, Key West.

Evans, James, at San Diego, 3-13-28, for MB, San Diego.

Shatto, Kenneth E., at Long Beach, 3-12-28, for MB, San Diego.

Steimer, William A., at Quantico, 3-17-28, for MB, Quantico.

Chambers, Charles W., Jr., at Boston, 3-19-28, for MB, Quantico.

QUARTERMASTER PERSONNEL

Quartermaster Sergeants

Ray W. Pickering, promoted, 27 Feb. 28.

Maurice Massey, promoted, 22 March 28.

James W. Edwards, Guam to San Diego.

Thomas W. Dench, Third Brigade, to San Diego.

Herbert England, Hampton Roads Depot to Nicaragua.

William C. Reach, Philadelphia to Nicaragua.

Supply Sergeants

Ernesto R. Beavers, Headquarters to Parris Island.

Edward K. Jameson, West Coast to Quantico.

William B. Euless, promoted 22 Mar., 1928.

ROSTER FOR PROMOTION

The following roster has been prepared by the Noncommissioned Officers Promotion Board and will be used as far as practicable in filling existing vacancies in the first three noncommissioned grades.

For Sergeant Major

First Sergeant Harry Sharpe Remington.

First Sergeant William Lockie McKenzie.

First Sergeant Ruben Blay.

First Sergeant Henry Cummings.

First Sergeant Earl Clinton Harrah.

First Sergeant Joseph Albert Plumadore.

For First Sergeant

Sergeant Claude Denny.

Sergeant Charles Cecil Terry.

Sergeant Harry Albert Ervin.

Sergeant Edward Gates Davison.

Sergeant Horace Edson Lyon.

Pvt. ICL Frank Stubbe.

Sergeant Ernest William Beck.

Sergeant Matthew Herman Miller.

Sergeant Otto Nissen Roos.

Sergeant Francis Tively.

Sergeant Felix Warren Hill.

Sergeant William Thomas Farley.

Sergeant Louis Vieten.

Sergeant Elmer George Glaser.

Staff Sergeant (Technical) Theodore Louis Roennigke.

Sergeant John David Bellora.

First Sgt. (SW) Hans Otto Rasmussen.

Sergeant David Sanford.

Sergeant Homer Jarvis.

Sergeant Joseph Ord Van Horn.

Sergeant Frank Miller.

Sergeant Ambrose Joseph Cain.

Sergeant Ralph Garrie.

Sergeant Oliver Sarschell Fonger.

For Gunnery Sergeant

Corporal Elmon Edward Lindow.

Sergeant William Edward Jefferson.

Sergeant Henry Pierson Crowe.

Staff Sergeant George Noell, Jr.

Sergeant James Gaddis Blalock.

Sergeant John Elder Leiter.

Sergeant Orval Clyde Gilstrap.

Sergeant Arthur Arnold Gourley.

Sergeant John Linder.

Sergeant Charles Frankenfeld.

Sergeant John Mauer.

Sergeant Robert Edward Cason.

Sergeant Charles Dyer Hensch.

Sergeant Stephen John Zalga.

For Staff Sergeant

Corporal William Goldsmith.

Sergeant Arthur Herman Steinhardt.

Sergeant Robert Harold James McKay.

Sergeant Charles William Tooker.

Sergeant Harry LeRoy Brooks.

Sergeant Charles Seller.

Sergeant Walter Augustus McArthur.

Sergeant William George Thimsen.

Sergeant Herman Fransen.

Sergeant Wallace Harry Smith.

Pvt. ICL Carl Raymond Wirl.

Sergeant Nicola Francis Lopardo.

Sergeant Burleigh Whitney Rogerson.

WHY SANDINO SURVIVES

The following three items have been translated from newspaper clippings taken from a Tampico (Mexico) newspaper:

THE FEDERATION OF LABOR AT TAMPA

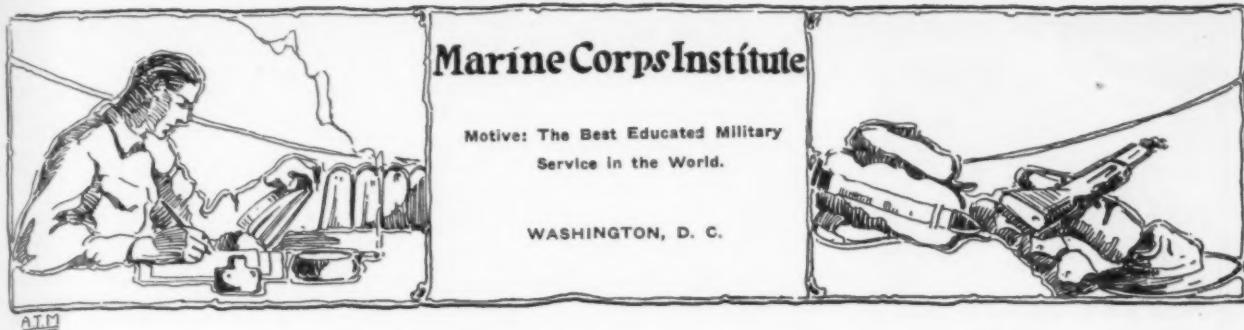
Has the pleasure of inviting you and your distinguished family to a ball to be given with the purpose of contriving funds to send medicaments to the patriotic Nicaraguans who, under the command of the brave General C. A. Sandino, are fighting against the Yankee's imperialism, and which will be held on the floor of the Restaurant Employees Union, situated in the corner of Comercio and Aurora Streets, with the purpose of contriving funds to send medicaments to the brave General Augusto C. Sandino, who is fighting for the liberty of Nicaragua against the imperialism of the United States of America.

In order to give this entertainment the utmost splendor, there will be a concert given by the Municipal Band, through the courtesy of the Honorable Mayor Manuel M. Arriaga.

THE PRO-SANDINO BALL

Very happy was the effect of the ball held last Saturday night in the hall of the Restaurant Employees Union, and given by the Federation of Labor of Tampico for the benefit of the Pro-Cesar Augusto Sandino's Committee.

Various speeches and songs were rendered, and the performers were heartily applauded.



ATM

April 10, 1928—Monthly Report

Total number individuals enrolled	7,400
Total number enrolled since last report	375
Total number disenrolled since last report	439
Number examination papers received during period	2,644
Total number graduates to date	3,837

Nashville, Tennessee.

Colonel T. E. Backstrom,
Director, U. S. Marine Corps Institute,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

I have just received your card advising me that my son Jule had completed Arithmetic in the Electrical Engineering Course and had made ninety-nine per cent.

That is a most excellent report and makes us quite proud of him.

We trust he may continue to do so well and his mother and myself thank you for sending the card to us.

Respectfully,

(_____)

The above is a true copy of a letter recently received from the parent of a Marine student in the M. C. I. This letter is typical of the many such letters received by the Institute. They show that parents are very proud of their sons' progress in their courses. Parents know how to appreciate an education. Many of them did not have the chance to get an education themselves but they know the value of one and are always anxious to have their children have better opportunities than they themselves had. The open door is through the Marine Corps Institute.

Enroll for That Course Today! Just Fill in the Blank Below!

The Marine Corps Institute offers a selection of 233 academic and vocational courses containing the latest information about the subjects to which they pertain. The average cost of these courses if taken by a civilian with a correspondence school would be One Hundred Fifty (\$150.00) Dollars. THEY ARE GIVEN FREE TO ALL MARINES.

Ask your school officer for a catalogue, select a course in which you are interested and then fill out the attached slip and mail it to the Marine Corps Institute.

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, D. C.:

I DESIRE TO ENROLL IN THE COURSE.

Rank

Name

Organization

Place

Orders-Inquiries

Can be Secured by MAIL

POLK'S REFERENCE Book and Mailing List Catalog

Gives counts and prices on over 8,000 different lines of business. No matter what your business, in this book you will find the number of your prospective customers listed. Valuable information is also given as to how you can use the mails to secure orders and inquiries for your products or services.

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Mailing List Compilers—Business Statistics
Producers of Direct Mail Advertising

WELSH IN THE U. S. MARINE CORPS

Continued from page 9

member nor have posterity recall the battles they had fought in America against men of their own blood." So it was that we were not there affronted by such names as Lexington, Bunker Hill, Brandywine, Germantown, Monmouth, Eutaw Springs, Guilford Court House, Yorktown, and others emblazoned on the British standards that floated over us! Then our Welsh comrades added: "We served also as Marines in that same war. General Sir William Howe, our honorary Colonel, who commanded the British forces in America, was the brother of Admiral Howe who commanded the British Fleet. When d'Estaing's French Fleet sailed to dispute command of the sea, General Howe had gone home. Admiral Howe's Fleet being insufficiently manned, the Welsh regiment proffered their services as Marines out of compliment to the Admiral's brother—there they rendered notable service as sea soldiers." It is an old saying with us: "Once a Marine, always a Marine."

The emblem of your Society, the Red Dragon, with the White Horse of Hanover, are on their standards. And on the buttons of their uniforms are the Three Feathers won for the House of Wales by Edward Plantagenet on the battle-field of Crecy. And the standards also carry the Rising Sun, all of the badges of the House of Wales. These emblems all symbolize illustrious deeds of the 23rd Regiment of Foot, of ages ago. One badge, however, distinctive of their service in America, they do wear. The Three Black Ribbons—they call it the "Flash." In those days soldiers as well as civilians wore the periwig with its pigtail or queue. After the surrender of Yorktown the Royal Welch were sent to Nova Scotia. There they learned, a year after its discontinuance, that the queue was no longer the fashion. As the last regiment to wear the periwig they took the ribbons with which it was tied and sewed them to the backs of the collars of their tunics. Later, in 1823, question arose as to their right to wear this badge. An order followed from the Crown, reading: "The King has been graciously pleased to approve the 'flashes' now worn by the officers of the 23rd Foot, or Royal Welch Fusiliers, being henceforth worn and established as a peculiarity whereby to mark the dress of that distinguished regiment."

Many were the conflicts in North China during the summer of 1900, when we Marines were supported by, or came to the assistance of, the Royal Welch Fusiliers. The official archives of our headquarters contain numerous documents testifying to the mutual admiration of one for the other. As the World War drew American assistance, we Marines read with pride of a later historic incident. When John J. Pershing, on June 10, 1917, as the Commander of the American Forces about to embark in our Great Adventure, stepped on British soil, at Liverpool, from the gangplank of the steamer "Baltic" mid the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner," he was

welcomed by our British cousins with notable ceremonies. The guard of honor selected to receive him, so distinguished from the millions of others of the British under arms, was of the 23rd Foot, the Royal Welch Fusiliers! None doubted their right to be there. And their military band then played the one air to which the words "God Save the King," and "America" are set.

A year ago we exchanged cablegrams with the Welch on this very day—Saint David's Day. Another occasion, two years ago, the British Military Attaché at Washington called and delivered, at the request of the present-day officers of the Royal Welch, two volumes of their regimental history carried down almost to date. In acknowledging this gift, General Lejeune wrote to the Military Attaché, as follows:

"That common service of our First Regiment in the Boxer War in North China in 1900 with those temporary British sea soldiers of one and one-half centuries ago has ever remained the proud memory of the entire United States Marine Corps. To receive this evidence that the officers, past and present, of the Royal Welch Fusiliers have not forgotten that association awakens the most agreeable sentiments.

"The United States Marine Corps learned much from the Royal Welch Fusiliers. That regiment, we found, exemplified in many ways the great value of historic tradition as the proper foundation of esprit de corps. It is needless for me to say that it has been and ever will be our effort to indoctrinate the American Marine with this essential of military efficiency. That the officers of the United States Marine Corps, present and future, should now be the possessors of these attractive volumes, containing the complete record for two and one-half centuries of the distinguished services of that famous regiment adds to their equipment in these efforts to make the American Marine a better soldier."

At Yorktown, on October 19, 1781, the Royal Welch were surrendered with other components of the Army of Lord Cornwallis. In his official report of the capitulation, their "uncommon gallantry" is mentioned. They occupied, with some British Marines, presumably from the dismantled ships "Charon" and "Guadeloupe," a star-shaped redoubt on the right of the British line. It was located beyond a ravine on the bank of the River York, close to the River Road from Williamsburg. That garrison was commanded by Captain Aphorpe, the second in command being Captain Thomas Saumarex. There they held back our French allies. So formidable was their resistance that the whole plan of the allied attack had to be changed.

It has long been the wish of many of us of the Marine Corps that some memorial be erected to commemorate in enduring form our comradeship with the Royal Welch. The British Marines, some years ago, placed in The Mall, London, a tablet commemorating our joint service with them in defense of the Legations at Peking.

The late General Waller of the Marine Corps, who spent his last days as a resident of Philadelphia, made, three years ago, a proposal so to memorialize that

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friendship and association. He wrote, as the senior of the surviving officers of the Marine Corps of the China Relief Expedition of 1900, saying that all of us cherished the memory of that comradeship in arms. The Welsh regiment, he said, shortly after the termination of the China campaign, sent him a large silver loving cup, beautifully inscribed, in memory of North China and of the year 1900. General Waller proposed that we should endeavor to mark the site of that redoubt at Yorktown, known as the Fusilier's Redoubt, by a suitable memorial testifying particularly to the Marine Corps' association with the Royal Welch in 1900 and incidentally commemorating their "uncommon gallantry" on that historic ground during our War of the Revolution. General Waller's proposal represents an opportunity to accomplish something useful and in an altogether novel way, to place before the American public a testimonial to a British Regiment expressive of the sentiments of the United States Marine Corps. The authorities of the Marine Corps at Washington gave it their approval at the time—expressing the hope that it might be found possible for something to be done to bring about the desired result. It is not enough to be content with the cloudy abstract idea; such sympathetic friendship and understanding should be exemplified by a beautiful symbol, unfolding to the American public what we cherish and why it is so cherished. General Waller felt that such a memorial, if erected, would perhaps further a better understanding of the mutual interests of the English speaking peoples of today. He ventured to say that American public opinion would approve of his proposal.

That war fought on American shores, though remembered by Americans as our War of the Revolution, was not by any means the first movement of English speaking people for greater freedom. For centuries Anglo-Saxon skies have resounded with combats for liberty. The Revolution of 1776 was our third major revolution. The first was by the Barons at Runnymede in 1215; the Long Parliament marked another in 1640. The honor later came to our forefathers on American shores to contribute the third. King John, King Charles the First, and King George the Third, alike, stood against the liberty of the people. Yorktown was but an adjourned meeting. What was there accomplished was, in reality, the final disposal of the "unfinished business" from Marston Moor and Nasby. Yorktown, in this relation, was important. It in a way ended what was begun at Runnymede five centuries before. Yorktown's distinction, however, rests upon one solid basis of fact; it was the greatest of all three contributions to the development of liberty on both sides of the Atlantic.

The British Throne learned from Yorktown how best to govern free peoples. Our War of the Revolution brought into being under the flag of Old England the best system of colonial government the world has ever seen. Whence England's interests have since been at stake, her colonies have not failed to rally in loyal support. The tie that binds England and her Colonial Empire is of far greater strength than the

iron shackles George the Third tried to forge; it is one golden thread of confidence and inspired loyalty.

America, in seeking her happiness and in winning it in the Battle of Yorktown, served mankind. American ideals and policies stand before the eyes of all nations as a shining example that a country may establish and maintain a people's government of lasting strength. America and England as adversaries in our Struggles for Independence, learned much from each other. England's own illustrious Burke framed in that relation this thought: "He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill."

That happy association with the Royal Welch in the glorious moments of arduous service on China's field of honor, did in truth establish a British-American friendship, universal in its dimensions. The generosity of the liberal mind cannot be circumscribed either by the bounds of the greatest nation or the limits of the most extensive empire. Men of one race, men of a common ancestry, are alike inspired by identical motives. Both love liberty. And the love of country is inherent to each. That ardent sentiment stands above all others in our manifold affections.

In these days of doubts and perplexities, a sympathetic understanding among all men is full of promise for civilization. It represents a bond between nations stronger than any treaty can create. The banners of Old England and those of the United States, despite recent predictions to the contrary, will only meet on a battlefield, when entwined, as in North China, in common defense of a cause of holy justice, to succor the oppressed, to enfranchise the downtrodden, to advance liberty, progress and civilization. In that relation, this memorial—to the erection of which the American Marine is being persuaded to turn his hands—would raise a symbol on American shores which would lead the minds and hearts of all to a path of genuine peace contributing not only to the security of each nation but to the orderly progress and enlightenment of all the peoples of the world.

Kupid's Konfidential Klub
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to see Corporal Bogart standing before him. Corporal Bogart saluted. "Sir, Corporal Bogart has the first sergeant's permission to speak to the captain."

"Yes, Bogart. What is it?"

"Sir, about Private Kemper. Private Kemper was in my squad—our squad, sir, and the squad sort of feels—the squad would thank the captain if the captain would let the twelfth squad furnish the escort an' all—Private Kemper bein' in the twelfth squad."

"Surely, Bogart. No word yet about services. But the twelfth squad will have the detail, and I'm glad you feel that way."

"Thank the captain. The twelfth squad will turn out early, an' practise snappin' in on volleys."

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FROM MAST TO MAST

Continued from page 2

in the bay and moving in his turn to the locks. Fosdick—Milter reckoned—would get his ship through to Chicago. But Clem Milter knew that now he would never get the "Blaine" out of Superior; these last three hours of night and cold had determined that. He realized that by his own choice, and his own will, he had finally condemned himself with the Red Arrow Line.

His wife, he thought, would understand him, and, for what he tried to do, love him as much, though he had ruined himself by it; but his boys—he thought—would only be sorry for him when they heard. They would say they were proud; but Clem suspected that they could not help feeling contemptuous of him for getting so little out of his long, hard life. Neither of them would have anything to do with the water. Walt was in the real estate business in Detroit, and Clem owned a garage in Chicago; they were on their way to becoming rich; they would not be left at the end of their lives with nothing but a drawerful of watches to wind, and a cottage window to sit in and see the ships go by.

At nine o'clock the men of the "Grand Marais"—those who survived—had about given up hope of rescue. Of the twenty-two who had left Marquette, seven remained—five clinging to the foremast, two in the aftermast. Of the missing, six had been lost in the smash of the yawl when they attempted to get away from the sinking "Grand Marais"; the rest probably were swept off as the water came over. None of the seven survivors knew. Of the five on the foremast, no one knew, even, how many had reached the spars of the aftermast; of the two aft, neither knew more than that some men were on the foremast.

Among the five, an oiler named Eldridge had a pocket flashlight, which he turned on now and then. But communication between the masts was impossible, for the vessel had sunk in about thirty feet of water, with only her masts above the waves. Her master and second mate were among the missing, so First Mate Boynton, a man about thirty years old, assumed what command there was. This consisted chiefly in attempts to keep up the courage of the men, and in taking away the flashlight from Eldridge so he would not burn it out when nobody was about to see.

Boynton knew the lakes well, and guessed pretty closely the "Grand Marais's" position. He knew that tonight there was no possible help from the shore; for it is a lonely, ugly stretch in there, with nothing but copper mines up in the hills; and if someone guessed they were there, nobody could come out in small boats through the ice-filled water.

The sole hope was from the lake; and every man could remember, without need of Boynton's reminding, that after the "Grand Marais" had become helpless, unable even to blow, they had heard the

blasts of a steam whistle, which they distinguished as coming from a vessel which seemed to be searching for them. Shots had been fired on the "Grand Marais," in response; rockets sent up and tar barrels burned; the "Grand Marais," when overwhelmed by water, with her firehold flooded, had gone down with an oil barrel burning on her forward deck. But no one had seen it for the blinding snow; so, about five o'clock it had seemed that the steamer which had been blowing had gone on; but at seven o'clock, more than an hour after the "Grand Marais" struck the reef, everyone on the foremast had clearly heard the regular, strong blasts of a steam whistle; every man on both masts had yelled himself to exhaustion screaming in the wind to make the vessel hear, and Boynton burned Eldridge's battery continuously, waving the little light above his head as long as the whistle could be heard. But it had gone.

Now they were covered with ice, all of them; some—the weakest and most despairing—froze to the mast and could not move. But Boynton kept his arms free and kept Eldridge and Svenson, who were next him, somewhat free; for it was not in Boynton to give up. Yet it seemed of no possible use. For almost three hours—Boynton had a watch which he could see when he flashed Eldridge's light—no one saw or heard anything. Then two of them heard, at the same time, a steam whistle, closer than ever before.

That brought some of the blood back to Boynton's freezing limbs; he called out to the men, who had sunk into a stupor, that the ship had come back for them. He yelled and got them to yell cries, which were hardly whispers now. No one could hear them; no one could see Eldridge's dim little light, he knew. Yet the ship came closer; her master, whoever he might be, was bringing her along almost on the shoals, swinging her searchlight before her. Oh, pull, pull the light this way! It seemed to Boynton, with his numbed hands outstretched, he must reach that beam and drag it to him. How close it came, sweeping through the snow, and yet missed them. They screamed, but the light did not halt or waver; it swept on; then God sent it back. It caught them; the green glare was in their faces and they saw one another; saw the mast, the ice which covered them. They saw and they were seen! Now the light was gone to the aftermast; it gleamed on the water between them where the hull ought to be. Loud, short, and again and again the steam whistle of the vessel blew, telling them that they were seen. Then they saw that the steamer was an ore carrier, deep laden.

Clem Milter, on his ice-crusted bridge, stared down the beam of his searchlight, trying to see whether some of the figures moved. The masts were a quarter of a mile from the "Blaine," for the snow had thinned again with the coming of the night cold and one could see with the searchlight for several hundred yards. Milter could see that the masts themselves were shaking from the impact of the water; he could see shadows cast by the searchlight, shifting; but he could not be confident that what he saw

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was any man moving. Seven men seemed to be there.

"Seven!" said Heron to Milter.

"Seven!" counted Tinsman. "Five on one mast; two on the other."

He looked at the lake, at the masts, and back to Milter; it was plain to him, as it was to Heron and everyone else on the "Blaine" that, if those on the masts lived, there was only one possible way to save them; the "Blaine" must go in beside those spars in that ice-filled, gale-swept sea. Too frightful a risk for anyone to take unless he was sure he was going to rescue men who still lived; too frightful a risk in any case, perhaps.

Tinsman gazed at the masts again, and suddenly jerked.

"A flash there, sir! A light! See it!"

There on the mast to the left which at that instant was dark as the searchlight played on the water, a dim, yellow glow showed and vanished, and showed again.

"I see it," Milter said, and found himself strong again in his triumph and joy—and under the new challenge which was now put to him.

"They're alive there, sir," Heron said, and turned away and went down to order what must be done; for he knew Milter was taking the "Blaine" in.

"They're alive there; yes," Milter said aloud, but to himself. "It's like the 'Kelvin'." Memories again, you see; the grip of the past on him. Well, he knew just what to do. Twenty-six years ago, when he had become master of the "Patrick Way," he had put her beside the "Kelvin," sunk like the "Grand Marais" in about five fathoms of water and with the seas going over her; and had taken off five men. Seven were here, and on two masts, not just one. The "Patrick Way" had been light in ballast that night; the "Blaine" besides being longer and bigger, was heavy with four thousand tons of ore. That was another difference, but not all disadvantage. The "Blaine," therefore, was steadier.

Thus Clem Milter half recollects, half thought out his plan as he climbed down to his pilothouse. That night, on the "Patrick Way," he had taken the wheel; and now himself he took the "Blaine's." Steady and strong—how strong she was, how powerful and dependable her engine, even when reduced now to half-speed and now to half that again. He was comparing his task of handling the "Blaine"—you see—not with his ordinary daily work, but with that night on the "Patrick Way." And how that load of ore deadened the shock of the waves and lessened the swing of the wind; it was like a platform tonight, his deck, compared with that leaping, swaying, tossing deck of the old "Patrick Way." But he was drawing more water; the "Way" wanted barely three fathoms; now he must have more than four. Ten he had; now eight; six! Five and a half! Five! Ah, six again! That's better; he must remember that. He needed near five fathoms, not the scant three which would float the "Patrick Way," and when the waves dropped you, you needed a full fathom more to spare. He must remember he was not back on the old "Patrick Way," though here on the masts just ahead and now closer, closer, steadily

closer, were men—five men tearing themselves, and helping each other pull themselves free from those ice-covered spars, so they could drop on his deck as he offered it under them—just as they had dropped on the "Patrick Way's."

One; now two together, two more. Heron, there, caught that last man; good man, Heron—or he'd been carried away. Two more were fallen there on the foredeck. From the other mast, of course. Out now, out; out; steady! Not even a touch of the hull of the "Blaine" against the hull, below the waves, of the "Grand Marais." Partly that was the angle the "Grand Marais" spars had leaned to lakeward; partly it was the steady weight of that iron ore; partly it must have been something an old man learned twenty-six years ago when he was young and master of the "Patrick Way."

"Ten fathoms, sir!" Now, fifteen, twenty! Now, no bottom with a twenty-fathom line! That meant he had brought the "Blaine" in and out again, and safely in deep water once more; just as, twenty-six years ago, he'd brought off the "Patrick Way." As good a man as ever . . . no, after all, not quite. For twenty-six years ago, when he'd brought out the "Patrick Way," he'd stepped back from the wheel and handed it over when he was through; but tonight they had to take it from him. His head fell over, and he fainted there.

They flashed "things" about Clement Milter from mast to mast all over the lake that night; for about Superior, as nowhere else, they could appreciate what Milter had done. But in Chicago, too, in the room where the directors of the Red Arrow Line met, men also understood, though to most of them the coast of Keweenaw was only a rugged line on a chart on the wall.

It was only two days later that the directors assembled for their end of the season meeting to hear reports on their ships for the year. All vessels were where they should be, with cargoes discharged and ready for the lay-up for the winter—all but two: the "Blaine," with her four thousand tons of iron yet in her hold, back in Duluth; and the "Howell," also with four thousand tons of ore, frozen in Whitefish Bay. For the "Howell" did not get to the Soo. That meant extra risks, extra insurance and all-around costs for the "Howell" all winter; trouble for Fosdick in that. For Milter, with his ship back in Duluth—well, that was better than having her frozen in Whitefish Bay, just from the dollars and cents of it. Even the ledgers could appreciate that. But no director talked of Milter's ledger record that day.

"He's done a big thing for all the line," said Robert Howell, the youngest director, somewhat ashamed of the ship named after him. "And he's an old man now. I say we don't merely give him another watch and a gift of money and the regular vote of thanks. I say we let him take his ease from now on, and retire him with full pay on a pension!"

"Retire him to reward him?" snorted old Blaine, who was proud of his namesake ship and who, besides being the oldest director, was the president of the line. "That man has a ship as long as he wants it. That's what he has from me over my name today."

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SANTA ANA PLAZA
PANAMA CITY

A Naval Episode of 1899

Continued from page 5

the Island of Upolu, where she arrived shortly after dawn the next day and found H. B. M. S. "Porpoise," commanded by Commander F. C. D. Sturdee, and the old square-rigged British sloop "Royalist."

Anchored not far away from these two craft was the trim, neat and modern looking German gunboat "Falke." With these men-of-war, the "Philadelphia" was destined to have numerous contacts during the following weeks.

As soon as the anchor struck bottom, the ship was surrounded by Samoan canoes, the latter staunchly constructed from logs hollowed out and fitted with a single outrigger on one side. Considering their size, it seemed remarkable that these small craft should be capable of carrying so many persons, but as we grew to know the Samoans we discovered their superiority as boatmen. The canoes that surrounded the ships were filled with men and women, boys and girls. With them they brought fruit and flowers, articles made of wood carved in various ways, fans, mats, and tapa cloth; things for which Samoa had always been celebrated. The fascinating and distinctive odor of the tropics was in the air. Evidences of cocoanut oil used on the bare shoulders and bodies of the natives was strongly noticeable. Hair of considerable length, standing out in a style considered by the Samoan as most imposing, and bleached with lime was common. All men were tattooed in a uniform fashion, each adult male wearing a variegated lace-work pattern extending from waist to knees. The lava lava or breech cloth of tapa was the dress worn by the men. Women dressed in a single garment of cotton, built on the lines of a Roman toga, though shorter. The officers and men of the "Philadelphia" regarded these representatives of an old and stalwart line of sea-faring people with the keenest interest for the wonderful physique and beautiful figures so plainly exposed, belonged to a race containing the finest physical specimens to be found anywhere in the world.

The Samoans were keen to trade food stuffs and various articles of native manufacture for foreign commodities. Matches, soap and tobacco were in far greater demand than money. Each one of our many visitors seemed intent on securing a patron from amongst the crew and knowing the needs of those who lived in ships, they presented documents testifying as to their abilities as washman or washwoman and all were insistent upon taking on laundry responsibilities.

Apia and the Surrounding Country

The harbor of Apia is formed by a fissure in the reef of sharp coral which completely surrounds the island. Such breaks occur where fresh water streams, flowing into the sea, destroy the life of the tiny builders of the coral fringe. In this exposed anchorage, ten years before, had occurred a dreadful naval tragedy in which there was a considerable loss of life in a fleet assembled in Samoa, because of international and political unrest.

From the deck of the "Philadelphia," and not far away, one saw the wreck of the "Adler," one of the German vessels lost in the hurricane of the previous decade, and the sight of the reddish members of the wreck, close in by the beach and lying on its beam ends, had a depressing effect.

The settlement was scattered along the waterfront, and behind it and high in the hills, one could see Vailima, where Robert Louis Stevenson had lived and died. To the right of the house, as viewed from the anchorage, could be distinguished the green eminence of the almost inaccessible summit to which his body was taken with great difficulty by his Samoan friends and laid to rest.

To the left, as viewed from the ship, and on the flank of the town, was the American Consulate, home of our representative, Mr. Osborne, and his wife. At this place, the marine detachment from the U. S. S. "Philadelphia," under the command of Lieutenant C. M. Perkins, was soon to be posted behind the ramparts of sandbags and a small amount of barbed wire, employed to strengthen the defenses of the wooden building standing on the point forming the eastern side of the harbor. To the right, and separated from this building by a distance of about 200 yards, stood the house of the British consular representative. Here during the entire period of active hostilities lived Mr. Maxse and his courageous and devoted wife. This small household, which declined to leave its post, held the unqualified admiration of the allied contingents, for bullets flew very frequently thereabouts. Protection was being afforded their consul by men from the British ships and after our arrival a machine gun and crew from the "Philadelphia" assisted at this point. To the westward of the British Consulate, the buildings of the town began and were scattered along both sides of a road paralleling the beach for a distance of a mile or two. About the center of this line was the Tivoli Hotel, the "Ritz" of Apia. The British lines extended on beyond their consulate and into the town to the neighborhood of the "Tivoli." Some distance to the westward of the Tivoli Hotel stood the German Consulate and the buildings containing the offices for the management of the German commercial enterprises. The Germans for long had controlled numerous plantations in the Samoan archipelago on which large quantities of copra was produced. The cultivation of the cocoanut resulted in the building up of a very considerable trade with the consequence that Teutonic business interests in Samoa predominated at this time.

A little farther on and beyond the German settlement the American lines later began and were commanded in this neighborhood by Lieutenant Lansdale, assisted by Ensign Monaghan and Naval Cadet Sweet. Farther on by half or three quarters of a mile, an American line was soon to be stretched across the neck of the Mulinuu peninsula. Here were posted American sailors under Lieutenant Ford Brown. This officer first had command of Mulinuu, the seat of government, and to him belonged the responsibility for the protection of the thousands of natives occupying this settlement. He was assisted by Naval Cadet J. F. Babcock and Gunner Jaffe.

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May, 1928

THE LEATHERNECK

Fifty-one

Lieutenant Brown's health failed him after a time and he was then relieved by Ensign T. T. Craven.

The extremity of Mulinuu Point was destined to become a British outpost at which a machine gun was situated. This post, intended to prevent invasion from the rear by boats of unfriendly natives, was placed under the command of the American officer controlling the defenses of the peninsula.

There being no docks at Apia, the flat coral reef at Mulinuu, extending for some distance off shore and exposed at low tide, supplied what seemed a serious obstacle to the landing of a British 4.7-inch gun for service at this place. The matter was given attention finally in a good old-fashioned Samoan way. The boat containing the ordnance was brought in at high tide until she grounded. The gun was then slung under the middle of a nest of bamboo poles, and when all preparations had been completed to their satisfaction, the piece was picked up and carried ashore on the shoulders of a couple of hundred stalwart aborigines to the accompaniment of grunts and native chants.

During the latter days of the war and after the ambush at Vailele a native contingent consisting of several hundred Samoans, armed with British rifles, from New Zealand, and commanded by Acting Lieutenant Guy Gaunt, R. N., were quartered at Mulinuu. Gaunt, who later became a vice admiral, was taken into the regular British service as a lieutenant because of his activity here in Samoa. Subsequently, during the World War, destiny took him to Washington, where he served his country ably as its naval attache and became the successful underrunner of the German system of espionage in the United States. The warriors actively commanded by the British lieutenant soon took on an air of smartness and pride in their organization and began the boat expeditions along the coast and the forays into the jungle back of Apia, undertaken almost daily with the view of keeping the followers of Mataafa at a distance.

Some Samoan Customs

Mulinuu, at this time housing a population of between four and five thousand followers of Malietoa gathered from many sources, was a particularly interesting place for those not familiar with South Sea life. Here the typical Samoan houses, consisting of circular thatched roofs supported by posts, were scattered about without any particular plan of arrangement. In passing, when the matted side screens had not been lowered one might acquaint himself completely with every detail, however intimate, of housekeeping. In Samoa, as unhappily is not uncommon in other parts of the world, women did most of the work and labor, which, insofar as man was concerned, ended when the food supply for the day had been provided.

The best authorities are in agreement as to the importance of food in times of war and we soon learned to like the various and simple articles of fare to be found in the islands. Baking and roasting was done in a pit lined with stones, raised to a very high temperature by a fire of dry dead wood. The wood coals having been raked aside, a chicken, fish, or pig wrapped in leaves, placed in the

pit and then covered over and left in this primitive oven until cooked retained its flavor remarkably and became truly delicious. While their women were occupied with household duties, the men slept or sat together puffing native cigarettes of curious appearance and odor while discussing details of Samoan politics. The fly was ever present and the bare backs of the Samoans, coated freely with coconut oil, seemed to be especially inviting to these troublesome insects. To brush them off, the native supplied himself with a fui, or sort of switch, of horse hair or coconut fiber, which he waved about over his shoulders.

There were but very few horses in the island and horse hair fuis were at a premium. It was reported that shortly before our appearance a steam propelled "merry-go-round" had visited Apia. This novel apparatus had greatly pleased the natives but the tails soon disappeared from the rears of the wooden horses and an immediate improvement became noticeable in the style of the fuis belonging to many of the best native families.

The Samoan was not addicted to the use of alcohol, but in each house kava, a concoction in high favor, was brewed. If taken in excess, the legs were affected by the drink and walking might become impossible, though the mental faculties remained unimpaired.

The Samoans attached great importance to the number of legs belonging to their curiously carved bowls, in which the refreshment was prepared. To the lowly in station, a kava bowl with few props sufficed, but to the vessel of the chief, many supports were necessary.

The same dictates seemed also to apply to the umbrella, an appliance greatly in demand in a country where the sun beat furiously and tropical downpours were common. The first stock of umbrellas taken to Samoa as substitutes for the broad leaves of the banana tree was of the conventional type, but the desire for an increase in the number of ribs by native dignitaries met with prompt response on the part of foreign manufacturers and imported multi-ribbed umbrellas soon ceased to be of more than very casual interest.

Estimating the Situation

Upon the arrival of the "Philadelphia" the newly arrived admiral and the captains of the different ships were soon busily engaged in exchanging salutes, calls and information. The situation on shore manifestly was acute and armed natives of the Mataafa faction everywhere were strongly in evidence.

At this time, their chief was living in a hut near the eastern edge of Mulinuu in a region where the residence of other Samoan high chiefs were found and in a vicinity where, a short time later, the trenches were dug for the protection of the Samoan town located behind them. Some of the younger officers of the "Philadelphia" visited Mataafa and were received in a very cordial and dignified way and, through the medium of an interpreter, he talked with them regarding Samoan problems for half an hour or more.

While the youngsters were engaged in making a preliminary survey of the town and in speculation as to the outcome of the controversy, the admiral and

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the captains, together with the consular representatives and Judge Chambers, met in conference and sought a remedy for the unhappy condition and outlook prevailing in Samoa. All the circumstances leading up to the situation were carefully gone over and finally the admiral definitely reached the decision that he must place himself beside the British in supporting the terms of the treaty under which the government presumed to operate.

Soon after the adjournment of this conference, the following proclamation in both the English and Samoan languages appeared and was given to the natives of Samoa:

"To High Chief Mataafa and the thirteen chiefs associated with him, in particular, and to all the people of Samoa, both foreign and native, in general:

"1. Whereas at a meeting held this day on board the U. S. Flagship 'Philadelphia,' at anchor in the harbor of Apia, at which were present the Consular representatives of the three signatory powers of the Berlin Treaty of 1889, and the three senior naval officers of the same powers, it was agreed that the so-called Provisional Government under High Chief Mataafa and thirteen other chiefs can have no legal status under the Berlin Treaty, and can therefore not be recognized by the consular and naval representatives. It is hereby ordered that the High Chief and the thirteen other chiefs aforesaid go quietly to their respective homes and obey the laws of Samoa, and respect the Berlin Treaty.

"2. It is further ordered that all the chiefs and their people who have been ejected from their homes and who have been sent to different points in the Samoan Islands return quietly to their aforesaid homes without molestation.

"3. The guarantee of protection, as far as lies within the power of the Naval Force now in this harbor, is given to all who quietly obey this order. On the other hand, it will be used against all who disregard it or the rights of quiet and peacefully disposed people.

"4. The Treaty of Berlin recognizes the Chief Justice of Samoa as the highest officer under the existing government and as long as he holds his office his authority must be respected and the decree of the Court must be carried out.

"5. Trusting that all residents of Samoa will have the good sense to observe the requirement of this proclamation, which is issued in the interests of peace, with an earnest regard for the rights of all, both foreign and native, and that there may be no occasion to use military power to enforce it,

"I am respectfully,

ALBERT KAUTZ,
Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy, Commander-in-Chief, U. S. Naval Forces on Pacific Station."

March 11, 1899.

It being evident that the well-armed Mataafa contingent had decided upon a plan of action not in agreement with our proposal, preparations were made to land in support of the British armed party then posted as a guard at their consulate and in the town for the preservation of peace.

Unity of command on shore was recognized as a prerequisite to success and in Samoa, in 1899, American sailors served

under the direct command of a British officer and a party of British bluejackets was commanded by a young American.

The direction of operations of both the British and Americans on shore was placed under the immediate charge of Commander Sturdee, already well known in his own service as an officer remarkable for his activity and zeal. Years later, he was destined to serve his country with distinction as an admiral during the World War. It was a satisfaction to all of those in that landing party of nearly thirty years ago to feel that the keen eye and live supervision of Commander Sturdee continuously watched and guarded their interests and we were pleased to learn of his government giving him a decoration for his services shortly after the close of this affair.

Some weeks later, upon the arrival of Captain Stuart in the "Tauranga," that officer relieved Commander Sturdee of the general control of the situation on shore.

Fitness of Personnel

The crew of the "Philadelphia," made up largely of men enlisted for service during the Spanish-American war, contained a far larger percentage of native-born Americans than had been usually found on board our vessels. They were a splendid lot, very formidable in boats and beach trenches, but in the jungles of the tropics they labored under serious disadvantages because of unfamiliarity with a form of conflict for which the Samoan warrior had been bred and in which he was a practiced adept.

The ship had been busily employed in covering the large area comprising her station and there had been no opportunity for drilling the landing force on shore—always an inconvenient exercise for a cruising unit.

Many of the crew had never fired a rifle and they were entirely without information of the art of bush warfare which they were now to be called upon to practice. Nevertheless, they responded cheerfully and willingly to the demands now made upon them, as has always been true of the American seaman. During the many days and nights that followed, fraught with danger and discomfort, they carried on without a murmur or complaint.

Our naval uniforms were poorly adapted for tropical service on shore. White clothes were too conspicuous and blues far too warm for a war conducted under a tropical sun, and there was no khaki available. The white caps for both officers and men are no better today as tropical headpieces than they were twenty-eight years ago. Our sailors envied the British seamen their dressy flannel undershirts while straw hats and the pith helmets worn by the British officers seemed very satisfactory for warm weather service. Our people had no tents and so had to improvise abodes in which the different contingents lived very primitive, supplementing the standard rations sent from the ships with fruits and other articles obtainable ashore.

The Landing Force

On the morning of Monday, March 13, numbers of boats filled with the Mataafa warriors left Mulinuu and disappeared to the westward while natives of the Maletoa party were seen to be coming into

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THE LEATHERNECK

Fifty-three

town from the bush. It being evident that the Samoans, who with some success in past years had opposed foreign interference, once again had determined to resist the demands of their self-appointed directors, preparations were made to land. Twenty-five men under the command of Ensign John H. Monaghan, with Naval Cadet Sweet as his junior officer, left the ship and proceeded to the American Consulate. This detail was relieved by the marines the following morning.

The next day a landing party consisting of the full guard of marines under Lieutenant Perkins, proceeded to the consulate and sixty-seven men under Lieutenant H. A. Field, with Ensign Monaghan as junior officer, then occupied lines beginning at and extending to the westward of the German settlement. Lieutenant Lansdale subsequently took over this command. A detachment under Lieutenant Brown and Cadet Babcock took up their residence at Mulinuu Point. Trenches were dug and walls of coral and sand erected where such were deemed necessary for protection from the bullets which the Mataafa snipers freely sprayed about, and shelters were built over these to furnish protection from sun and the frequent and violent showers.

Hostilities Begin

The Mataafa warriors having actively begun hostilities, on the afternoon of March 15, the "Philadelphia" and the "Royalist," from their anchorages, bombarded localities over and behind Apia designated as in the possession of our opponents. The "Porpoise" left the harbor upon this occasion to fire on the woods back of Vailoa.

The "Philadelphia" wallowed deeply in the heavy swell, and in obedience to the orders of the captain, all guns were aimed and fired personally by the junior watch officer. Shells were not infrequently defective in those days when naval gunnery was neglected, and a premature burst from one, exploding over the U. S. Consulate, inflicted a severe injury to the leg of Private J. E. Mudge, U. S. M. C., who subsequently died as a result of this wound. A warm rifle fire was directed into the town by the Mataafa warriors which was continued after dark when, as subsequently became the practice, the ship's searchlights were brought into service. Numerous refugees—men, women and children—came to the "Philadelphia" for safety, and at about nine o'clock in the evening a party of twenty-two bluejackets, and marines under the command of Lieutenant Lansdale was sent on shore to reinforce our lines.

The next afternoon, the "Porpoise" stood out and buried the bodies of her men killed during the engagement of the previous day. During the afternoon the areas behind Apia were once more bombarded with unhappy results for the Ensign who again directed the artillery from the "Philadelphia." A portion of a defective shrapnel fired from No. 7 six-inch gun, and exploding prematurely, went through the German Consulate, while other fragments struck the German gunboat "Falke," anchored nearly in line. Apologies were promptly tendered to the Germans for this unfortunate episode, the responsibility for which our

captain appeared to consider as possibly belonging to his young gunner.

The little war continued day and night in a very lively fashion. Mataafa natives posted in the brush back of the town constantly amused themselves by firing into the settlement, and their activities were particularly troublesome during the hours of darkness when rest was frequently broken by the sharp flashes and reports of musketry and the blast and concussion of shell fire. It being evident that foreign influence was to be strongly arrayed with them, the Malietoa forces were augmented from time to time by parties of warriors eager to participate in the excitement and brought from Savaii and outlying villages in Upolu by the "Royalist" and "Porpoise."

On the morning of March 17, Private Thomas Holloway, U. S. M. C., was killed near our consulate. His body was buried at Mulinuu, together with that of a man from the "Royalist" also slain this same day. The "Philadelphia," being the largest ship present, seemed a very popular refuge, though, as already mentioned, the vessel rolled deeply in the heavy swell sweeping through the reef.

Guard Trips

The paymaster of the British sloop "Royalist," a splendid young fellow, acted as boat officer and once every day made a round of ships and camps in order to distribute mail and messages. An amusing incident occurred in connection with one of his cruises and on an occasion upon which he undertook to bring several missionaries who were desirous of seeking refuge to the "Philadelphia." Upon approaching the ship, the gallant paymaster was observed to be seated in the stern sheets of his small dinghy and holding a pink parasol over the fairest member of his convoy. So engrossing was his pleasant occupation that he failed to care for his boat, which managed to get itself under the lower grating of the "Philadelphia's" gangway, and, the ship, taking a heavy roll, the officer of the deck was horrified to see the boat, crew, and all passengers disappear beneath the waves. As there were numerous children embarked in the small dinghy, the situation was serious, but it seemed to the officer of the watch that at least half the men remaining on board ship immediately went over the side and the danger of the children drowning became less than that of having them injured in handling. Mothers were seen holding firmly to one end of a child while a bluejacket pulled with frantic eagerness at the other. Which part of the youngster remained above water was of minor importance to either of the would-be rescuers. Soon, however, the stronger efforts of the bluejacket prevailed and all of the shipwrecked party were recovered and brought aboard, wet but otherwise none the worse for their brief experience in the warm waters of the Pacific.

The Coronation of Malietoa

In order to impress upon the natives the fact that the governments of Great Britain and the United States were together in accepting and in recognizing Malietoa Tanu as the sovereign of Samoa, it was manifestly desirable to induct the king into office with due pomp

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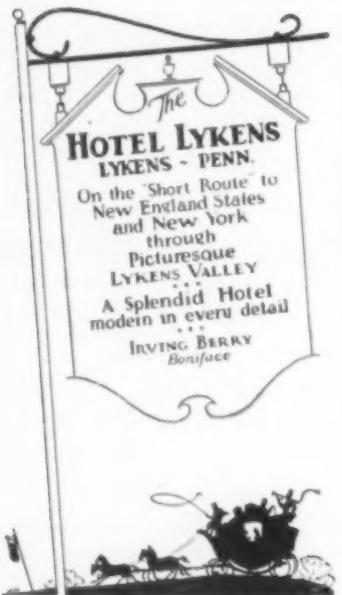
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and ceremony. March 23 was the day decided upon for the momentous occasion, which was one of splendor for the Samoans. In the proceedings, comedy was so intimately mingled with dignity that it was very difficult for youth to suppress smiles at times when such would have given offense to our serious-minded allies, to whom the ceremony meant much.

Malietao, for some weeks, had been given refuge on board of one of the British ships, but it now seemed timely to place him in the house of the high chief and in the seat of government at Mulinuu. There he would be a neighbor of Tamasese, who, surrounded by his warriors, was looked upon and accepted as a leading figure in Samoan affairs.

The full dress uniforms of French and British naval officers, which had been discarded here years before and adopted by the Samoan high chiefs as imperial regalia, were located and these were donned by the two dusky monarchs. A search had been made for shoes which their majesties, the King and the Vice King, might wear. None of sufficient size to fit the vice regal foot of Tamasese could be found, but a pair of white canvas low cut shoes was unearthed into which would go the younger feet of Malietao. Needless to state, to us their majesties looked neither comfortable nor imposing in their unaccustomed garments, and the eye of the observer could not but occasionally wander from the pair of huge brown feet belonging to the Vice King and protruding from the bottom of his gold laced trouser legs to the white canvas covering on the feet of Malietao. An incongruity was apparent which to the western eye did not at all harmonize with the other splendors of the royal costumes.

The King and Vice King, perspiring freely and manifestly self-conscious, were conveyed to Mulinuu, seated on chairs placed in an ancient wagon drawn by a single bony and weather-beaten horse, preceded by a band and escort of British and American sailors. There the administration became formally recognized and, as the Samoan flag was raised at this point, the British and American ships anchored off Apia fired national salutes. Probably this is the only occasion where the sailors of the Navy of the United States have assisted so directly in the coronation of a king. The ceremony partook of the ridiculous but was carried through with dignity and solemnity, and probably it was deeply impressive to the Samoans. To me a detail particularly amusing and which closed the proceedings was the alacrity with which the giant Tamasese rid himself of his tight trousers and confining coat and resumed the comforts of his native lava lava. The young Malietao, however, was manifestly pleased with the high honors shown him. He appeared to fancy his gorgeous apparel and while clad in it posed for his picture while attended by his bodyguard.

On the Conduct of War

The South Pacific is the area where today better than elsewhere in the world, effects of the penetration of western ideas can be definitely pointed out. There until very recently, strife constituted a normal and usual feature of everyday life. War between islands or communi-

ties being a commonplace incident a very slight reason was generally sufficient to result in a resort to arms.

Martial affairs, in which, usually, the loss of life was not great, generally took the place of the heated political controversies, and probably they replaced as stimulators the present day football games or the automobile or air races in a more advanced society. Battles have seemingly often supplied the zest to life in warm latitudes where other forms of diversion and excitement are not common.

From earliest times, in the South Seas, quite definite rules of war have existed, which, though unwritten, have been nevertheless scrupulously observed as regular and customary features of combat.

One rule observed in Samoa was that a chief could not be attacked, except by an enemy of his own rank. He, on the other hand, might attack any and all of his adversaries. If he fell, his head was taken as a trophy, while the ears of those slain of lesser rank were removed as souvenirs of victory.

A surprise assault was considered as entirely unethical and due warning was always given before battle. Generally, the assailant heartened himself and disturbed his victims by prolonged and loud chants, yells, and jibes, and by pounding on native drums.

The "Haka" as practiced in far off New Zealand is a type of an organized and wonderful prologue to battle, which was used probably for the last time in war by the Anzac-Maori contingent to bring terror to the hearts of the Turk in the trenches at Gallipoli. The efforts of our opponents, the Samoans, were less finished but along the same lines as those followed by the belligerent first tenants of the islands farther to the south.

One evening at Mulinuu, where an attack was expected at any time after darkness, the air was pierced by the penetrating blasts of a bugle. The author of the sounds evidently was not a master of music but he nevertheless understood noise making.

The British and American tars stood "to arms," trenches were manned at once, and weapons prepared. The noises continued to come from a point not far away in a cluster of palm trees and in the general direction of where a native sentinel had been posted.

The officer in command stole forth to investigate. He approached the spot with care and finally sprung upon a native youth who, seated behind a palm, blew lustily into a mouthpiece of a dilapidated bugle.

When dragged into camp, the native stated in reply to a demand for an explanation as to why he should disturb the quiet of the night when everyone was intent on listening for the enemy, that his friend had been posted as a sentry and that he and his boon companion understood that if a sentry slept, he would be killed, in accordance with American custom. He therefore had arranged a plan by which his bugle would insure the wakefulness of his "buddy."

H. M. S. "Tauranga" Arrives

In the early afternoon of March 24, H. M. S. "Tauranga," under the command of Captain Stuart, arrived at Apia and Captain Stuart became the senior

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British naval officer present. The "Tauranga" immediately landed a party of men to reinforce the British lines, bringing up to about two hundred and fifty the strength of the allied white forces on shore.

Assisting British Landing Party

On March 31, Ensign Sellers with a cutter from the "Philadelphia" accompanied a landing party embarked in five British boats and three native canoes in an expedition against the natives to the westward of Apia.

Health Conditions

Fear of an epidemic among our men due to exposure, or among the natives because of the congested conditions at Mulinuu, gave constant and grave concern. The Samoans had very little knowledge of either surgery or medicine and were seriously opposed to losing a leg or arm, preferring death to mutilation. As a result of the close attention given to sanitation, health conditions remained normal. In this connection, the efficient and devoted services rendered by Passed Assistant Surgeon G. A. Lung and Assistant Surgeon H. E. Odell should be recorded. Both these officers were tireless and by them all camps and the native settlements were visited daily. They relieved much suffering and saved the lives of numerous natives who must have died of gunshot wounds had they not been given surgical attention. Thanks to them, Samoan ideas of what could be done for the unfortunate victims of illness or injury were almost completely changed, and as a result, the work of these two officers was continuously augmented in response to ever-growing demands.

The Expedition of April 1

For some time the investigation of the situation to the eastward of Apia had been under consideration, as the Mataafa warriors were reported to be encamped near Vailele and in the neighborhood of the German plantation.

Early Saturday morning, April 1, a column of British and Americans, accompanied by natives, conducted a reconnaissance in this direction for the purpose of discovering and breaking up the camp of the Mataafa natives.

Shortly before the departure of the expedition, H. M. S. "Royalist" weighed and stood to the eastward, close to the reef, with a view to keeping the party under the cover of her guns. The American sailors and marines were led by Lieutenant P. V. Lansdale, Ensign Monaghan, Lieutenant Perkins, U. S. M. C., and Passed Assistant Surgeon Lung. The British detachment was in charge of Lieutenant Cave and Lieutenant Hickman, R. N., of H. M. S. "Porpoise," and all were commanded by Lieutenant Freeman, R. N., first lieutenant of H. M. S. "Tauranga." The American force was made up of sixty officers and men, including twenty marines. The British force was composed of sixty-two officers, seamen, and marines. The friendly natives present numbered between 100 and 150, indifferently armed and without discipline.

With the column went interpreters Mackie, Scanlon, George Reid, MacDonald, Missionaries Wright and Hendrickson, of the Mormon mission, and the sec-

retary to the consul general, who had volunteered as an aid.

The expedition proceeded eastward for about a mile and approached a village called Matafagalele, where it halted. H. M. S. "Royalist" was then shelling the village and upon signal from the shore fire ceased and the column then advanced farther along the beach.

Reaching Fagalii it stopped for fifteen or twenty minutes, while the friendlies reconnoitered the higher ground in advance. The party then forded the Fagalii River, and took the road leading into the Vailele plantation, which brought the column, after a march of about a mile, to the village of Letenga held by the Mataafa faction. The forces did not go to this village, but halted a short distance away at a point where the road suddenly drops into the ravine in which the village is located. Freshly cooked food, still warm, was found in the houses, showing that the villagers had suddenly and shortly before been driven away by the firing of the "Royalist."

Here at about 3:00 p.m., not a single hostile having been seen, it was decided to return by the same road and the movement was begun with the troops in reverse order.

As the column was passing the first crossroad, hostile natives were discovered on the left flank about 300 yards distant. Our people immediately opened fire and about a dozen hostiles scurried across the road apparently uninjured. The Colt gun failed to operate and was taken apart, readjusted, and successfully tested.

The route of return was then changed. Instead of going back immediately to the beach it was decided to return by a road half a mile or more back from the sea and running more or less parallel with the shore line. This road led through extensive coconut plantations, and extended along the lower levels of the foothills, interrupted in three places by deep ravines through which ran small streams. It was the intention to follow this road to a point where it swung to the north and thence march back into the town of Apia.

The column continued to the west by the road parallel to the sea, and proceeded until reaching the Fagalii River. As the road leads through the ravine at this place it winds in several curves, thus making easy grades on both slopes. Using great caution against a surprise, the party passed through this depression and up, on double time, to the next level stretch of road, where the natives had prepared an ambush.

The Ambush

On the left the terrain in this vicinity sloped gently upward for a distance of fifty or seventy-five yards, where it formed a crest extending parallel with the road. On the right and towards the shore line it was a little more level, extending back from the road about fifty yards, where it dropped off abruptly, for forty or fifty feet, into a swampy patch nearly level with the sea. Both sides of the road were lined with a barbed wire fence about five feet high of six or eight strands of wire very securely fastened to trees and posts. This obstruction could not be readily broken down and our men were not equipped with instruments for cutting the wires. A similar fence fringed

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the edge of the level land where it dropped off into the swamp. The trap was well prepared and the situation was a most unfavorable one for our small column.

Suddenly, as the leaders reached the level road and before the rear guard of British marines and friendlies had emerged from the ravine, fire was opened on the left of the column. The hostiles behind a ridge were well entrenched and could fire at will, resting their rifles on the crest of the ridge and being concealed by short grass. Our people, first apprised of the presence of the enemy by the reports and smoke of rifles extending the entire length of the left flank, a distance of 100 yards or more, dropped into the ditch at the side of the road and promptly returned the volleys. The Colt gun failed again and this fact helped to bring on the disaster that followed. Our men continued their fire, while endeavoring to advance down the road to the westward. It was soon noticed that the enemy was closing around the rear of the formation and a few minutes later they began to appear around the head of the column, all the while maintaining a very vigorous fire. A retirement became imperative and, accordingly, a retreat in good order was accomplished toward the beach through the barbed wire fence on the right and into the field on the north side of the road.

A stand was now undertaken but the enemy, concealed by natural ridges, closed in while our party was exposed on a level spot, where but poor protection was afforded by scattered coconut trees. Here within a few minutes two of our sailors, two British bluejackets, and two friendly natives were killed and at this place, Lieutenant Freeman was slain and Lansdale struck by a bullet which broke his leg below the knee.

The Colt gun had been employed extensively on the several excursions into the bush back of Apia made during the last ten days of March. Very few natives had been observed on these occasions, but when seen and fired upon with the Colt automatic they fled in terror. Lieutenant Lansdale had great reliance in the gun, frequently operating it himself. Valuable time had been lost in overhauling the piece and in trying to get it through the wire fence. Lieutenant Lansdale, however, was loath to abandon it, but the fire was so galling that before he was wounded he was compelled to scatter important parts and leave it behind.

Death of Lansdale and Monaghan

Lansdale, unable to march, was assisted by his men, one of whom, N. E. Edsall (ordinary seaman), was mortally wounded while so doing. It is not clear when Lieutenant Lansdale received the wound later discovered in his chest, but it is certain that when Ensign Monaghan observed that his senior was wounded he used his best endeavors to convey him to the rear, and seizing a rifle from a disabled man, made a brave defense. Undoubtedly Monaghan fell very shortly thereafter when hostile natives, flushed with success, bore down on our men in his vicinity. To quote from Captain White's report: "The men were not in sufficient numbers to hold out any longer, and they were forced along by a fire

which it was impossible to withstand. Ensign Monaghan did stand. He stood steadfast by his wounded superior and friend—one rifle against many, one brave man against a score of savages. He knew he was doomed. He could not yield. He died in heroic performance of duty."

The Retreat

In a short time everybody remaining on the high ground came through the second wire fence in a confused retreat, floundering, staggering, and falling in the deep mud, tangled grass, and trees. The enemy followed persistently and poured in a terrific fire.

The retreat continued for a quarter of a mile until the beach was reached, and here Lieutenant Perkins gathered together his and a few British marines. This officer did not know of the loss of the officers in command of the bluejackets until arrival at the beach, and he therefore did not assume command of the entire American force during the latter part of the action. "He commanded his own detachment in a creditable manner." Upon reaching the shore Surgeon Lung assumed command of the bluejackets.

H. M. S. "Royalist" had remained nearly abreast of Fagalii and the place where the party emerged from the jungle. She now fired several shells into the ravine just left of our people, whereupon the fire of the enemy ceased. Just after resuming the march a British bluejacket ran down from the ravine, made straight for the sea and was picked up by two boats containing reinforcements from the "Royalist." It was discovered that the man had lost his right ear and from appearances, it had been cut off, though he insisted that it had been shot away. He was very much dazed and evidently had been hit by a grazing shot and stunned. The enemy, thinking him dead, had then cut off his ear. At that moment a shell arriving from the "Royalist," the natives ran, the bluejacket then happily recovered consciousness and fled.

Casualties

Upon this unfortunate occasion the following were killed: Lieutenant Freeman, R. N., and two British bluejackets; Lieutenant Lansdale, U. S. N.; Ensign Monaghan, U. S. N.; J. Butler, coxswain, U. S. N.; N. E. Edsall, ordinary seaman, U. S. N.

The British had two men wounded and the five following named men from the "Philadelphia" suffered injuries from rifle fire: E. Andrews, fireman second class; J. C. Johns, landsman; J. W. Laird, landsman; J. H. Wellington, coxswain; J. F. McCarthy, private, U. S. M. C.

There were also numerous casualties in the friendly Samoan contingent.

The enemy beheaded all the officers killed, and in the case of the enlisted men they cut off the right ears of the British and both ears of the Americans. Lieutenant Freeman's ears were also removed.

The best information available was to the effect that there were several hundred natives in the party which conducted the ambush and from sources that appeared reliable it was reported that about forty were killed and some fifty wounded.

Commendations

With regard to the services of Dr. Lung, Captain White states the following in his report of this affair:

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May, 1928

"From conversations with British officers and our own men I am gratified to be able to commend in the strongest terms the work of Passed Assistant Surgeon G. A. Lung. At times when the fire from the concealed natives was thickest, and at all times, by his example, he encouraged the young and inexperienced men to the proper performance of duty. On the completion of the work of his profession he assumed command of our bluejackets and marched them to the United States Consulate and reported to me, reaching there at dusk."

Captain White further states:

"I have to commend the steadiness of E. D. Fisher, gunner's mate first class, in charge of the Colt automatic gun, for coolness and steadiness in twice dismantling and overhauling the gun under fire. J. S. Ranlet, ordinary seaman, assisted Ensign Monaghan in binding up Lieutenant Lansdale's leg with a neckerchief belonging to B. Callaghan, blacksmith, and assisted in carrying him when first wounded."

Burying the Dead

At daylight Sunday morning, April 2, Chief Tamasese, with a strong contingent of natives, visited the scene of the ambush of the day before and brought in the seven bodies of the British and American dead. During the afternoon, these were buried with customary honors beside those in our little cemetery at Mulinuu. Later in the day, the heads of the three officers were brought in and the bodies were exhumed and the heads placed in the caskets.

Hard service forms close attachments and it was a very sad Easter Sunday for the associates of those who had made the supreme sacrifice in this far-off place. The memory of the still, hot morning, of the air laden with the scent of cocoanut oil and of tropical vegetation, of the flies and the general depression, incident to the loss of friends and shipmates, must always last in the minds of those present.

Reprisals

The Americans and British were keen to punish their enemies for this disastrous encounter. It was reported that before the ambush occurred, the column had met and interviewed the manager of the German plantation and that he had informed Lieutenants Lansdale and Freeman to the effect that no natives were about. The idea that the Germans had been concerned in the affair, directly or indirectly, stirred a feeling of intense resentment on the part of the Americans and British and this feeling of bitterness had not been softened by the attitude of aloofness assumed from the first and since continued by the German element ashore and on board the "Falk."

On Monday, April 3, an extensive bombardment was carried on, the British ships getting underway for the purpose; the "Porpoise" proceeding to the westward while the "Royalist" and "Tau-ranga" operated to the eastward of the port. These vessels, together with the "Philadelphia," shelled areas back of the town but damages could only have been slight as the ships fired at points where the natives were supposed to be but where precise targets were not well defined.

During the next few days the British vessels were active in moving along the

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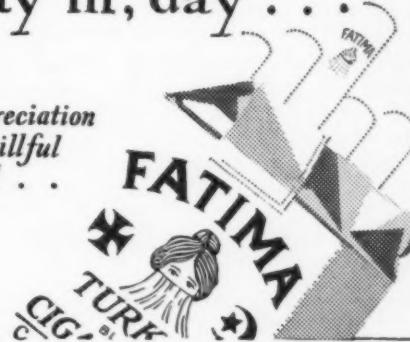
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coast and attacking the villages of the Mataafa party. The "Philadelphia's" steam launch accompanied these expeditions and her one-pounder gun was used in covering landings.

The barometer began to give indications of unsettled weather, and on April 5, the "Philadelphia" was swung around and headed to sea and a stern anchor carried out to hold her in this direction. Conditions remained somewhat ominous with rain and wind for several days and all ships prepared to weigh and leave their anchorages, untenable in a gale. The "Falke" finally stood out and was absent for several days and until the weather cleared.

The Last Sortie

On April 12, the junior watch in command of the first steamer of the "Philadelphia" accompanied H. M. S. "Porpoise" to the eastward and covered a landing by a native contingent under the command of Lieutenant Guy Gaunt. On this occasion a native village was burned after opposition in which two or three of our friendly natives were wounded.

On April 13, the "Philadelphia" got under way to coal from the small supply maintained at Pago Pago. Remaining in that port until the evening of April 17, the ship again departed, taking with her a party of fifty native warriors from Tutuila, who, under the command of their chief Mauga, had decided to participate in the war at Apia on the side of Malietoa.

Proclamations to the Natives

On April 21, H. M. S. "Torch" arrived with news from the outside world and instructions as to future proceedings.

In compliance with the latter, the following proclamation was issued:

"Apia, Samoa, April 23, 1899.

"To High Chief Mataafa and all other chiefs acting with him:

"Whereas we have received official information from our respective governments that a commission, representing the three signatory powers, will sail from San Francisco in a few days for Apia, with power to adjust existing difficulties in Samoa, we therefore, in the interest of peace, direct that you and your people keep beyond the following limits, to-wit: A line drawn from Falcula, the western limit, in a southern direction to the Tuasivi, and on the east of a line drawn from Laulii in a southerly direction of the Tuasivi.

"By complying with this order you will avoid conflict with our forces. A prompt compliance with the conditions herein set forth will be required.

"We await your reply.

"ALBERT KAUTZ,

"Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy, Commander-in-Chief, U. S. Naval Forces on Pacific Station."

"LESLIE C. STUART,

"Captain, Royal Navy, Commanding Her Majesty's Ship 'Tauranga' and Senior Naval Officer."

On this same day a skirmish of considerable extent took place in the rear of the town between our native contingent and the Mataafa forces.

On April 25 the senior American and British naval officers issued the following proclamation to the natives who apparently were not desirous of considering

favorably the proposition extended to them two days before:

"Apia, Samoa, April 25, 1899.

"To High Chief Mataafa and the chiefs acting with him:

"We have received your letter of yesterday and regret that you seem to have no appreciation of the generous proposition made to you and that you oblige us to use force.

"We now give you notice that if you and your people are not outside the limits prescribed in our letter of the twenty-third instant, we will open fire on your forces wherever they can be reached in Samoa, after 8:00 A. M., April 26.

"ALBERT KAUTZ,

"Rear Admiral, U. S. Navy, Commander-in-Chief, U. S. Naval Forces on Pacific Station.

"LESLIE C. STUART,

"Captain, Royal Navy, Commanding Her Majesty's Ship 'Tauranga' and Senior Naval Officer."

The natives complied with the order of the Commander-in-Chief and active hostilities now practically ceased.

A Farewell Dinner

On the evening of April 28, Lieutenant Guy Gaunt gave a remarkable farewell dinner to the senior British and American officers and to the others who had served with him at Muliuu, the setting of which could not be equalled on any stage.

The party was seated about a long table set on the grass among the coconut trees and thatched native huts at Muliuu. Illumination was supplied from huge bonfires. Hundreds of natives in gala attire gathered around to observe the ceremonies, and at the close of the dinner competitive siva dances took place. Highly trained dancing teams of many settlements, not only from the Island of Upolu but from Savii and Tutuila, participated in what was probably the largest and most spectacular performance of its kind ever given in Samoa.

Ship Movements

On April 29, the collier "Brutus," commanded by Captain Cottman, arrived with much needed fuel.

On Tuesday, May 2, we witnessed the departure of H. M. S. "Royalist." The "Philadelphia" manned the rigging and cheered ship as she passed, all hands greeting the end of association with those of this old sloop who had served with us so well during many trying days. The arrival of the "Mariposa" during the evening of this same day brought five much needed officers to the "Philadelphia."

The End of the Work

On May 3, the command of Muliuu was turned over to the British, and the American party at that place moved into the town of Samoa and was merged into the command of Lieutenant H. A. Field, who had succeeded Lieutenant Lansdale in command in Apia.

The arrival of the vessel assigned to transport the commission detailed to investigate the situation was eagerly awaited. Early in the morning of Saturday, May 13, the U. S. S. "Badger," a naval auxiliary, arrived bringing the expected delegates from the German, British and American governments.

With the arrival of the peace commis-

May, 1928

THE LEATHERNECK

Fifty-nine

sioners, the pacification of the natives became a problem for that body. The "Philadelphia's" work was ended. Our landing force was withdrawn from the beach and, on May 16, coaling from the "Brutus" was begun in preparation for a return to Honolulu.

On the afternoon of Saturday, May 20, a party was sent ashore to disinter the remains of Lieutenant Lansdale and Ensign Monaghan and to bring them back to their shipmates for transportation to San Francisco. After the accomplishment of this sad duty, on the morning of May 21, the flagship departed on her homeward voyage to the northward, heartily cheered by her consorts remaining at Apia.

Honors to the Marines

The Marine Corps included the Samoan affair as among those to be marked by their campaign badge.

Sergeants B. A. Forsterer and M. J. McNally and Private Henry L. Hulbert were given letters of commendation by the Secretary of the Navy, and each received the Congressional Medal of Honor for distinguished conduct in the presence of the enemy.

Private Hulbert, an outstanding figure in the affair of April 1, was made a noncommissioned officer immediately and this splendid soldier, after a magnificent exhibition of gallantry and devotion to duty, ended his long career under the colors, on the fields of France in 1918 as a first lieutenant of marines.

Conclusion

The cooperative effort of the "Philadelphia" upon this occasion was passed by the Navy as a mere incident of service and since has dropped from the recollection of all except those who were participants therein.

The years that have passed since 1899 have seen radical alterations in the management of Samoa.

The three governments that then had concerned themselves with conditions thereabouts promptly decided that a change from the "tripartite" plan was necessary. By the Anglo-German agreement, ratified in Washington in January, 1900, Great Britain withdrew from the Islands, and Germany was given Savaii and Upolu, with the smaller islands nearby. Germany relinquished to England her claim to the harbor of Vavau in Tonga and made other concessions in the Solomon Group and in Zanzibar. The United States acquired Tutuila and the smaller islands to the eastward, the 171st meridian being decided upon as separating the United States and Germany in the Pacific. The Samoan affair then was closed insofar as the United States was concerned.

During the World War, years later, for the first time in the history of the British Empire, one of its dominions provided the invading force sent overseas to capture foreign territory, and on August 30, 1914, an expedition from New Zealand took possession of German Samoa so that today Great Britain and the United States are close neighbors in this remote and now peaceful corner of the Pacific.

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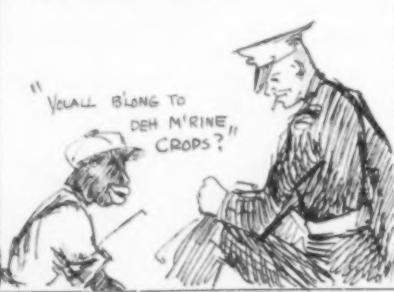
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